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Poetry.

A SONG.

MARJORIE.

A song for the girl I love—
God love her!
A song for the eyes that tender shine
And the fragrant mouth that melts on mine
The shimmering tresses uncontrolled,
That clasp her neck like tendrils of gold;
Oh, that smiling mouth and that dainty chin
With the dimples out and in—
The girl I love—
God love her!

A song for the girl I love—
God love her!
A song for the eyes of faded life
And the cheek whose red rose waned to white,
For the quaint brow, with its shadow and gleam,
And the lashes, drooped in a long, deep dream,
The white hands clasped for their endless rest,
And the lilies upon her sweet white breast—
The girl that I loved—
God loved her!

TAKE A SWIM.

"Will you walk into my parlor,
And enjoy a social drink?
But of course I mean my bar room,"
Says the keeper, with a wink.

"You can load yourselves with liquor
All the happy, livelong day,
And you needn't be afraid of
Any wolf in sheep's array.

"So then walk into my parlor
Every Sunday, if you choose;
For a man's house is his castle,
Even if he deals in booze."
—*Felix Fax.*

Our Story Teller.

A DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

We will be bold to say, that there is scarcely a man in the constant habit of walking, day after day, through any of the crowded thoroughfares of London, who cannot recollect among the people whom he "knows by sight," to use a familiar phrase, some being of abject and wretched appearance whom he remembers to have seen in a very different condition, whom he has observed sinking lower and lower, by almost imperceptible degree, and the shabbiness and utter destitution of whose appearance, at last, strike forcibly and painfully upon him, as he passes by. Is there any man who has mixed much with society, or whose avocations have caused him to mingle, at one time or other, with a great number of people, who cannot call to mind the time when some shabby, miserable wretch in rags and filth, who shuffles past him now in all the squalor of disease and poverty, was a respectable tradesman, or clerk, or a man following some thriving pursuit, with good prospects, and decent means?—or cannot any of our readers call to mind from amongst the list of their quondam acquaintance, some fallen and degraded man, who lingers about the pavement in hungry misery—from whom every one turns coldly away, and who preserves himself from sheer starvation, nobody knows how? Alas! such cases are of too frequent occurrence to be rare items in any man's experience: and but too often arise from one cause—drunkenness—that fierce rage for the slow, sure poison, that oversteps every other consideration; that casts aside wife, children, friends, happiness, and station; and hurries its victims madly on to degradation and death.

Some of these men have been impelled, by misfortune and misery, to the vice that has degraded them. The ruin of worldly expectations, the death of those they loved, the sorrow that slowly consumes, but will not break the heart, has driven them wild; and they present the hideous spectacle of madmen, slowly dying by their own hands. But by far the greater part have wilfully, and with open eyes, plunged into the gulf from which the man who once enters it never rises more, but into which he sinks deeper and deeper down, until recovery is hopeless.

Such a man as this once stood by the bedside of his dying wife, while his children knelt around and mingled low bursts of grief with their innocent prayers. The room was scantily and neatly furnished; and it need but a glance at the pale form from which the light of life was fast passing away, to know that grief, and want, and anxious care, had been busy at the heart for many a weary year. An elderly woman, with her face bathed in tears, was supporting the head of the dying woman—her daughter—on her arm. But it was not toward her that the wan face was turned; it was not her hand that the cold and trembling fingers clasped; they pressed the husband's arm; the eyes so soon to be closed in death rested on his face, and the man shook beneath their gaze. His dress was slovenly and disordered, his face inflamed, his eyes bloodshot and heavy. He had been summoned from some wild debauch to the bed of sorrow and death.

A shaded lamp by the bedside cast a dim light on the figures around, and left the remainder of the room in thick, deep shadow. The silence of night prevailed without the house, and stillness of death was in the chamber. A watch hung over the mantle shelf; its low ticking was the only sound that broke the profound quiet, but it was a solemn one, for well they knew, who heard it, that before it had recorded the passing of another hour, it would beat the knell of a departed spirit.

It is a dreadful thing to wait and watch for the approach of death; to know that hope is gone, and recovery impossible; and to sit and count the dreary hours through long, long nights—such nights as only watchers by the bed of sickness know. It chills the blood to hear the dearest secrets of the heart—the pent-up, hidden secrets of many years—poured forth by the unconscious, helpless being before you, and to think how little the reserve and cunning of a whole life will avail, when fever and delirium tear off the mask at last. Strange tales have been told in the wandering of dying men; tales so full of guilt and crime, that those who stood by the sick person's couch have fled in horror and affright, lest they should be scared to madness by what they heard and saw; and many a wretch has died alone, ravings of deeds the very name of which has driven the boldest man away.

But no such ravings were to be heard at the bedside by which the children knelt. Their half-stifled sobs and moans alone broke the silence of the lonely chamber. And when at last the mother's grasp relaxed, and turning one look from the children to the father, she vainly strove to speak, and fell backward on the pillow, all was so calm and tranquil that she seemed to sink to sleep. They leaned over her; they called upon her name, softly at first, and then in the loud and piercing tones of desperation. But there was no reply. They listened for her breath, but no sound came. They felt for the palpitation of the heart, but no faint throb responded to the touch. That heart was broken, and she was dead!

The husband sank into a chair by the bedside, and clasped his hands upon his burning forehead. He gazed from child to child, but when a weeping eye met his, he quailed beneath its look. No word of comfort was whispered in his ear, no look of kindness lighted on his face. All shrunk from and avoided him; and when at last he staggered from the room, no one sought to follow or console the widower.

The time had been when many a friend would have crowded round him in his affliction, and many a heartfelt condolence would have met him in his grief. Where were they now? One by one, friends, relations, the common acquaintance even, had fallen off from and deserted the drunkard. His wife alone had clung to him in good and evil, in sickness and poverty; and how had he rewarded her? He had reeled from the tavern to her bedside in time to see her die.

He rushed from the house and walked swiftly through the streets. Remorse, fear, shame, all crowded on his mind. Stupefied with drink, and bewildered with the scene he had just witnessed, he re-entered the tavern he had quitted shortly before. Glass succeeded glass. His blood mounted, and his brain whirled round. Death! Everyone must die, and why not she. She was too good for him; her relations had often told him so. Curses on them! Had they not deserted her, and left her to whine away the time at home? Well—she was dead and happy perhaps. It was better as it was. Another glass—one more! Hurrah! It was a merry life while it lasted; and he would make the most of it.

Time went on; the three children who were left to him, grew up, and were children no longer. The father remained the same—poorer, shabbier, and more dissolute-looking, but the same confirmed and irreclaimable drunkard. The boys had long ago run wild in the streets, and left him; the girl alone remained, but she worked hard, and words or blows could always procure him something for the tavern. So he went on in the old course, and a merry life he led.

One night, as early as 10 o'clock—for the girl had been sick for many days and there was consequently, little to spend at the public house—he bent his steps homeward, be-thinking himself that if he would have her able to earn money, it would be as well to apply to the parish surgeon, or, at all events, to take the trouble of inquiring what ailed her, which he had not yet thought it worth while to do. It was a wet December night; the wind blew piercing cold, and the rain poured heavily down. He begged a few half-pence from a passer-by, and having bought a small loaf (for it was his interest to keep the girl alive, if he could,) he shuffled onwards as fast as the wind and rain would let him.

At the back of Fleet street, and lying between it and the water side, are several mean and narrow courts, which form a portion of Whitefriars; it was to one of these that he directed his steps.

The alley into which he turned, might, for filth and misery, have competed with the darkest corner of this ancient sanctuary in its dirtiest and most lawless time. The houses, varying from two stories in height to four, were stained with every indescribable hue that long exposure to the weather, damp, and rottenness can impart to tenements composed originally of the roughest and coarsest materials. The windows were patched with paper, and stuffed with the foulest rags; the doors were falling from their hinges; poles with lines on which to dry clothes, projected from every casement, and sounds of quarrelling or drunkenness issued from every room.

The solitary oil lamp in the center of the court had been blown out, either by the violence of the wind or the act of some inhabitant who had excellent reasons for objecting to his residence being rendered too conspicuous; and the only light which fell upon the broken and uneven pavement, was derived from the miserable candles that here and there twinkled in the rooms of such of the more fortunate residents as could afford to indulge in so expensive a luxury. A gutter ran down the center of the alley—all the sluggish odors of which had been called forth by the rain; and as the wind whistled through the old houses, the doors and shutters creaked upon their hinges, and the windows shook in their frames, with a violence which every moment seemed to threaten the destruction of the whole place.

The man whom we have followed into this den, walked on in the darkness, sometimes stumbling into the main gutter, and at others into some branch repositories of garbage which had been formed by the rain, until he reached the last house in the court. The door, or rather what was left of it, stood ajar, for the convenience of the numerous lodgers; and he proceeded to grope his way up the old and broken stair, to the attic story.

He was within a step or two of his room door when it opened, and a girl, whose miserable and emaciated appearance was only to be equaled by that of the candle which she shaded with her hand, peeped anxiously out.

"Is that you, father?" said the girl.

"Who else should it be?" replied the man gruffly. "What are you trembling at? It's little enough that I've had to drink to-day, for there's no drink without money, and no money without work. What the devil's the matter with the girl?"

"I am not well, father—not at all well," said the girl, bursting into tears.

"Ah!" replied the man in the tone of a person who is compelled to admit a very unpleasant fact, to which he would rather remain blind if he could. "You must get better somehow, for we must have money. You must go to the parish doctor and make him give you some medicine. They're paid for it, damn 'em. What are you standing before the door for? Let me come in, can't you?"

"Father," whispered the girl, shutting the door behind her and placing herself before it, "William has come back."

"Who?" asked the man with a start.

"Hush," replied the girl, "William; brother William."

"And what does he want?" asked the man with an effort at composure—"money? meat? drink? He's come to the wrong shop for that, if he does. Give me the candle—give me the candle, fool—I aint going to hurt him." He snatched the candle from her hand and walked into the room.

Sitting on an old box, with his head resting on his hand, and his eyes fixed on a wretched cinder fire that was smouldering on the hearth, was a young man of about two-and-twenty, miserably clad in an old coarse jacket and trousers. He started up when his father entered.

"Fasten the door, Mary," said the young man hastily, "Fasten the door. You look as if you didn't know me, father. It's long enough since you drove me from home; you may well forget me."

"And what do you want here, now?" said the father, seating himself on a stool, on the other side of the fireplace. "What do you want here, now?"

"Shelter," replied the son, "I am in trouble; that's enough. If I'm caught, I shall swing; that's certain. Caught I shall be, unless I stop here; that's as certain. And there's an end of it."

"You mean to say you've been robbing, or murdering, then?" said the father.

"Yes I do," replied the son. "Does it surprise you, father?" He looked steadily in the man's face, but he withdrew his eyes, and bent them on the ground.

"Where's your brothers?" he said after a long pause.

"Where they'll never trouble you," replied his son, "John's gone to America, and Henry's dead."

"Dead!" said the father, with a shudder, which even he could not repress.

"Dead," replied the young man. "He died in my arms—shot like a dog, by a gamekeeper. He staggered back, I caught him, and his blood trickled down my hands. It poured out from his side like water. He was weak, and it blinded him, but he threw himself down on his knees, on the grass, and prayed to God that if his mother was in heaven He would hear her prayers for pardon for her youngest son. 'I was her favorite boy, Will,' he said, 'and I am glad to think now that when she was dying, though I was a very young child then, and my little heart was almost bursting, I knelt down at the foot of the bed and thanked God for having made me so fond of her as to have never once done anything to bring the tears into her eyes. O Will, why was she taken away and father left?' There's his dying words, father," said the young man; "make the best you can of 'em. You struck him across the face in a drunken fit the morning we ran away; and here's the end of it."

The girl wept aloud; and the father, sinking his head upon his knees, rocked himself to and fro.

"If I am taken," said the young man, "I shall be carried back into the country, and hung for that man's murder. They cannot trace me here, without your assistance father. For aught I know, you may give me up to justice; but unless you do, here I stop until I can venture to escape abroad."

For two whole days all three remained in the wretched room, without stirring out. On the third evening, however, the girl was worse than she had been yet, and the few scraps of food they had were gone. It was indispensibly necessary that somebody should go out; and as the girl was too weak and ill, the father went just at nightfall.

He got some medicine for the girl, and a trifle in the way of pecuniary assistance. On his way back he earned sixpence by holding a horse; and he turned homewards with enough money to supply their most pressing wants for two or three days to come. He had to pass the public house. He lingered for an instant, walked past it, turned back again, lingered once more, and finally slunk in. Two men, whom he had not observed, were on the watch. They were on the point of giving up their search in despair, when his loitering attracted their attention; and when he entered the public-house, they followed him.

"You'll drink with me, master," said one of them, proffering him a glass of liquor.

"And me too," said the other, replenishing the glass as soon as it was drained of its contents.

The man thought of his hungry children and his son's daughter. But they were nothing to the drunkard. He did drink, and his reason left him.

"A wet night, warden," whispered one of the men in his ear, as he at length turned to go away, after spending in liquor one-half the money on which, perhaps, his daughter's life depended.

"The right sort of a night for our friends in hiding, master Warden," whispered the other.

"Sit down here," said the one who had spoken first, drawing him into a corner. "We have been looking arter the young un. We came to tell him, "it's all right now, but we couldn't find him, 'cause we hadn't got the precise direction. But that ain't strange, for I don't think he know'd it himself, when he came to London, did he?"

"No, he didn't," replied the father.

The two men exchanged glances.

"There's a vessel down at the docks, to sail at midnight, when it's high water," resumed the first speaker, "and we'll put him on board. His passage is taken in another name, and what's better than that, it's paid for. It's lucky we met you."

"Very," said the second.

"Capital luck," said the first, with a wink to his companion.

"Great," replied the second, with a slight nod of intelligence.

"Another glass here quick"—said the first speaker.

And in five minutes more the father had unconsciously yielded up his own son into the hangman's hands.

Slowly and heavily the time dragged along, as the brother and sister, in their miserable hiding-place, listened in anxious suspense to the slightest sound. At length a heavy footstep was heard upon the stair; it approached nearer it reached the landing, and the father staggered into the room.

The girl saw that he was intoxicated, and advanced with the candle in her hands to meet him; she stopped short, gave a loud scream, and fell senseless to the ground. She had caught sight of the shadow of a man reflected on the floor. They both rushed in, and in another instant the young man was a prisoner and handcuffed.

"Very quietly done," said one of the men to his companions, "thanks to the old man. Lift up the girl, Tom—come, come, it's no use crying, young woman. It's all over now, and can't be helped."

The young man stooped for an instant over the girl, and then turned fiercely round upon his father, who had reeled against the wall, and was gazing upon the group with drunken stupidity.

"Listen to me, father," he said, in a tone that made the drunkard's flesh creep. "My brother's blood and mine is on your head; I never had a kind look or word, or care from you, and alive or dead, I never will forgive you. Die when you will, or how, I will be with you. I speak as a dead man now, and I warn you, father, that as surely as you must one day stand before your Maker, so surely shall your children be there, hand in hand, to cry for judgment against you." He raised his manacled hands in a threatening attitude, fixed his eyes on his shrinking parent, and slowly left the room; and neither father nor sister ever beheld him more on this side of the grave.

When the dim and misty light of a winter's morning penetrated into the narrow court and struggled through the begrimed window of the wretched room, Warden awoke from his heavy sleep, and found himself alone. He rose, and looked round him; the old flock mattress on the floor was undisturbed; everything was just as he remembered to have seen it last; and there were no signs of any one, save himself, having occupied the room during the night. He inquired of the other lodgers, and of the neighbors, but his daughter had not been seen or heard of. He rambled through the streets and scrutinized each wretched face among the crowds that thronged them, with anxious eyes. But his search was fruitless, and he returned to his garrett when night came on, desolate and weary.

For many days he occupied himself in the same manner, but no trace of his daughter did he meet with, and no word of her reached his ears. At length he gave up the pursuit as hopeless. He had long thought of the probability of her leaving him, and endeavoring to gain her bread in quiet, elsewhere. She had left him at last to starve alone. He ground his teeth, and cursed her.

He begged his bread from door to door. Every half penny he could wring from the pity or credulity of those to whom he addressed himself was spent in the old way. A year passed over his head; the roof of a jail was the only one that sheltered him for many months. He slept under archways and in brickfields—anywhere, where there was any warmth or shelter from the cold or rain. But in the last stage of poverty, disease, and houseless want, he was a drunkard still.

At last, one bitter night, he sank down on a doorstep faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollow and livid, his eyes were sunken and their sight was dim. His legs trembled beneath his weight, and a cold shiver ran through every limb.

And now the long-forgotten scenes of a misspent life crowded thick and fast upon him. He thought of the time when he had a home—a happy, cheerful home—and of those who peopled it and flocked about him then, until the forms of his elder children seemed to rise from the grave and stand about him—so plain, so clear and so distinct they were that he could touch and feel them. Looks that he had long forgotten were fixed upon him once more; voices long since hushed in death sounded in his ears like the music of village bells. But it was only for an instant. The rain beat heavily upon him; and cold and hunger were gnawing at his heart again.

He rose and dragged his feeble limbs a few paces further. The street was silent and empty; the few passengers who passed by, at that late hour, hurried quickly on, and his tremulous voice was lost in the violence of the storm. Again that heavy chill struck through his frame, and his blood seemed to stagnate beneath it. He coiled himself up in a projecting doorway, and tried to sleep.

But sleep had fled from his dull and glazed eyes. His mind wandered strangely, but he was awake and conscious. The well-known shout of drunken mirth sounded in his ear, the glass was at his lips, the board was covered with choice rich food—they were before him; he could see them all; he had but to reach out his hand and take them—and, though the illusion was reality itself, he knew that he was sitting alone in the deserted street, watching the raindrops as they pattered on the stones; that death was creeping upon him by inches—and that there were none to care for or help him.

Suddenly he started up, in the extremity of terror. He had heard his own voice shouting in the night air, he knew not what or why. Hark! A groan!—another! His senses were leaving him; half-formed and incoherent words burst from his lips; and his hands sought to tear and lacerate his flesh. He was going mad, and he shrieked for help till his voice failed him.

He raised his head, and looked up the long, dismal street. He recollected that outcasts like himself, condemned to wander day and night in those dreadful streets, had sometimes gone distracted with their own loneliness. He remembered to have heard many years ago that a homeless wretch had once been found in a solitary corner, sharpening a rusty knife to plunge into his own heart, preferring death to that endless, weary wandering to and fro. In an instant his resolve was taken, his limbs received new life; he ran quickly from the spot, and paused not for breath until he reached the river side.

He crept softly down the steep stone stairs that lead from the commencement of Waterloo bridge down to the water's level. He crouched into a corner and held his breath as the patrol passed. Never did prisoner's heart throb with the hope of liberty and life half so eagerly as did that of the wretched man at the prospect of death. The watch passed close to him, but he remained unobserved; and after waiting till the sound of footsteps had died away in the distance he cautiously descended, and stood beneath the gloomy arch that forms the landing place from the river.

The tide was in, and the water flowed at his feet. The rain had ceased, the wind was lulled, and all was, for the moment, still and quiet—so quiet, that the slightest sound on the opposite bank, even the rippling of the water against the barges that were moored there, was distinctly audible to his ear. The stream stole languidly and sluggishly on. Strange and fantastic forms rose to the surface and beckoned him to approach; dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation, while hollow murmurs from behind urged him onwards. He retreated a few paces, took a short run, a desperate leap, and plunged into the river.

Not five seconds had passed when he rose to the water's surface—but what a change had taken place in that short time, in all his thoughts and feelings. Life—life in any form, poverty, misery, starvation—anything but death. He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head, and screamed in agonies of terror. The curse of his own son rang in his ears. The shore—but one foot of dry ground—he could almost touch the step. One hand's breadth nearer and he was saved—but the tide bore him onward, under the dark arches of the bridge, and he sank to the bottom.

Again he rose, and struggled for life. For one instant—for one brief instant—the buildings on the river's banks, the lights on the bridge through which the current had borne him, the black water, and the fast-flying clouds, were distinctly visible—once more he sunk, and once again he rose. Bright flames of fire shot up from earth to heaven and reeled before his eyes, while the water thundered in his ears and stunned him with its furious roar.

A week afterwards the body was washed ashore some miles down the river, a swollen and disfigured mass. Unrecognized and unpitied, it was borne to the grave; and there it has long since mouldered away.

Changed Their Minds.

Husband (first night after returning from wedding tour)—I'm going down to the club to-night, love, and, as I haven't seen the boys for a long time, I may be late, so you needn't wait for me.

Wife (who has been warned by her mother that the crisis in the matrimonial history was sure to arrive.)—As you have never left me alone before, dear, since our marriage, I am afraid I would feel very lonely in your absence, so I think I will go to the theater. If you are home before me you need not wait, for I can let myself in with the latchkey.

Husband—But you cannot go to the theatre unattended, my love.

Wife—I will not go unattended. Cousin Jack is home from his yachting cruise. I will call on him and ask him to be my escort. If he isn't in I shall find somebody else. You needn't worry about me, dear.

Husband (who used to be dreadfully jealous of cousin Jack)—Your cousin Jack is home, then?

Wife—Yes, and you needn't fear I shall be dull in his company. Jack is very entertaining, you know.

Husband (after pondering for awhile)—On second thoughts I don't think I'll go to the club, love.

Wife (demurely)—On second thoughts I don't think I'll go to the theater, dear.—*Boston Courier.*

She Flew Away.

"Ma!"

"Well, Mabel?"

"Do angels have wings?"

"I suppose so, child."

"Don't it make them uncomfortable to wear corsets and dresses over them?"

"Why, child, what are you talking about?"

"Oh, nothing. Only I thought if there were angels here on earth they must fold their wings pretty tight."

"What nonsense!"

"Ma!"

"Well?"

"May I sleep with Cousin Edith to-night?"

"Why?"

"Because I want to see her wings. I heard pa tell her last night she was an angel."

"She won't be here to-night, Mabel, I guess."

"Why, is she going away?"

"Yes, dear. If your father told her she is an angel I'm very much afraid she will fly away before night."

After Dinner.—"How much mamma knows," said Mabel. "She said Edith would fly away before night, and there is her trunk already packed in the hall for the evening express. I'm going to try and keep awake to see the flying racket."—*San Francisco Wasp.*

Naturally Dejected.

The white horse was paddling down the street in a dejected fashion, looking neither to the right nor the left, but keeking his eyes fixed on the cobblestones beneath him.

"What is the matter?" asked a dun mule that was coming down in the opposite direction.

"I'm getting about tired of this business," said the white horse, disgustedly.

"Of what business?"

"Why, this thing of having somebody at my heels every step I take. There's one thing certain—either I or the red-headed girl will have to stop living."—*Merchant Traveler.*

It Moved Him.

"And this," exclaimed the tourist from New England, wiping his spectacles and looking from the summit of the Mount of Olives, with a long-drawn, quivering sigh, at the City of Jerusalem spread out before him, "is the Holy City! Ah, well!"

"It moves you strongly, sir?" said the guide sympathetically.

"It does—it does. When I look out over this historic landscape, this decaying city, and reflect that probably none of the unfortunate beings now residing here have ever—ever—seen—Boston——"

And the New England tourist wept softly.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Not a Fair Shake.

"Smith is a mighty mean man, I say," exclaimed Bjenkins, warmly.

"Why, what has Smith ever done to you?" asked Blenkensop, surprised.

"Bet me $10 I couldn't hit a barn door with a revolver at five paces, said Bjenkins, angrily. "Taunted me into taking him up. Got me to put up the money. Measured off the five paces in presence of a lot of witnesses. Give me a revolver loaded—and then set the barn door up edgewise."—*Somerville Journal.*

Dark Days Ahead.

Stranger (to Arizona citizen)—What's wrong in this town? It's as quiet as a graveyard.

"A big calamity, pilgrim. Colonel Bilks is dead, and I don't see how we'll get along without him."

"Why? Was he necessary to the town?"

"Necessary? Guess so, stranger. He was the only man in these parts that could make a hangman's knot."—*Lincoln Journal.*

Nothing Is Perfect.

Agent (to woman who has bought a Bible on instalments)—I've called, ma'am, for the monthly payment.

Woman—All right; I've got it tied up in a rag for you. I'll fetch it.

Agent—You are pleased with the book, of course, ma'am?

Woman—Well, yes; I like the kivver, but neither me nor the old man are much sot on the readin' matter.—*Life.*

What the Young Man Meant.

"Amanthy," said the old lady from the head of the stairs, "what does that young fellow mean by stayin' so late?"

"Excuse me one moment, Mr. Herring," said Amanthy, and she closed the parlor door softly and whispered hoarsely up the stairs:

"I think he means business, ma; you go to bed."—*Epoch.*

Domestic Discipline.

Jones—Why, Smith, what's the matter with your eye?

Smith—Oh, nothing.

Jones—It looks black. Have you been splitting wood?

Smith—N-n-o. I spilled soup on a new tablecloth and my wife observed me.—*Boston Courier.*

Looking for Work.

Gentleman (to Mrs. O'Toolihan): "I understand that your husband is looking for work."

Mrs. Toolihan: "Ah, yis, Soor; poor Moike has been out of a job fur two wakes."

Gentleman: "Where can I see him?"

Mrs. O'Toolihan: "Ye'll foind him in the corner saloon beyant."—*Epoch.*

Subtle.

"Don't call me Mr. Lovell, Miss Macolm. Call me Cornelius!"

"I'd call you Corn if—if"

"If what, Ethel?"

"If I thought you'd pop."

And he popped.—*Puck.*

A SMILE OR TWO.

He—"Doesn't it make you dizzy to swing in a hammock?"

She (frankly)—"I don't believe I could be any giddier than I am."—*Burlington Free Press.*

An exchange says it knows a grocer who is supposed to be the honestest man in the world. He chases the flies off the beam of his scales before he allows them to balance. —*Smithville News.*

A young lady in this city who teaches a Sunday school class of eight-year-olds recently asked them the question, "What is an altar?" "I know," said one irrepressible; "it's where they burn insects."—*Augusta Journal.*

"Yes, it is true that young Mr. Soker does drink too much; but we can look over that, as he is such a fine, genial, whole-souled fellow."

"He will need to be half-soled before long, and he is badly worn out."—*New York Despatch.*

New to the Business.

He was a new conductor on his first trip.

As the car passed the corner a handsomely dressed young woman nodded her head graciously.

The new conductor tipped his hat with the utmost politeness, and turning to a passenger on the platform, said:

"How's that for a mash, eh?"

"She wanted you to stop the car," replied the passenger.

"B'gosh," exclaimed the new conductor, "I never thought of that. It may turn out a smash instead of a mash."—*Epoch.*

She Was All Right.

"That Mrs. Ostentatious is outside, sir," said the clerk, entering the private office. "She wants to open an account with us."

"Umph!" returned the tailor, begining to meditate. "Do you know anything about her, Griggs?"

"No, sir; but she says she is prominent in social circles."

"How often did she return the last dress to be altered?"

"Fifteen times, sir."

"That's all right, Griggs. Credit her with all she needs."—*Life.*

Proceeding Cautiously.

Rural deacon—Yes, Mr. Devine, all the congregation was pleased with y'r sermon, an' the committee is thinkin' of givin' you a call, but the fact is we ain't quite sure whether you'll suit or not.

Preacher—Would you like another trial sermon?

"Wall, no, that ain't necessary; but, ef you don't mind, we'd like you to send y'r wife to this town for a few days so the wimin folks kin git a look at her."—*Philadelphia Record.*

In Anticipation.

She—And will you always be so thoughtful, so generous, Harry?

He—How can you doubt it, Henrietta, dearest? It will be ever my aim to anticipate your slightest wish.

She—Harry, I'm going down town to day and I shall probably need a little money.

He—H'm! I thought I gave you a quarter day before yesterday.—*Boston Transcript.*

His Memory Fails Him.

Bobby—Where are you going, ma?

Mother—I'm going to a wedding breakfast, Bobby, and you must be a good boy while I'm away.

Bobby—Did you have a wedding breakfast when you were married, ma?

Mother—Yes, dear.

Bobby—Is that so? Why, I don't remember anything about it.

The Injury Was Done.

Here is one of those little things from an Eastern paper, which is applicable almost everywhere:—

Bride a Month—We must not forget the Goodarts, Alfred. If it had not been for their house party this time last year we should never have met and married.

Bridegroom of Ditto—Nonsense, my dear! They didn't mean any harm.—*Peck's Sun.*

Consequences of a Celebration.

Ryder—"Why, Spilkins, I never expected you would go into trade, and into the tin business last of all."

Spilkins (apologetically)—"Well, you see, Ryder, circumstances drove me to it. My wife and I celebrated our tin wedding last month, and this is simply an endeavor to get rid of the consequences."—*Burlington Free Press.*

An Act of Charity.

Mr. Isaacstein—I sells you dot coat, my frent, for sayventeen tollar; you take him along. Customer—I thought, Isaacstein, that you didn't do business on Saturday; isn't this your Sunday? Mr. Isaacstein (in a low, reverent tone of voice)—My frent, to sell a coat like dot for sayventeen tollar vas not peesness, dot vos charity.—*Troy Standard.*

She Consented.

She stood upon the platform scale,
Her lover by her side;
Her dimpled cheeks were rosy red;
He murmured: "Be my bride."

With downcast eye and faltering hand,
Love's summons to obey,
She placed a nickel in the slot
And gave herself a weigh.
—*Lurana W. Sheldon, in Puck.*

Proof Positive.

Said William to Martha—But you must remember, my dear, that my taste is better than yours.

Said Martha to William—Undoubtedly, when we come to remember that you married me and I married you.

And William said not a word, but seemed to be thinking.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Foolish Complaints.

Old Mrs. Bently—"I see that the bakers are making their bread lighter than they used to——"

Old Mr. Bently—"Yes, and the poor people are kicking like thunder."

Old Mrs. Bently—"Why, I don't see why they should. To me heavy bread is an abomination."—*Epoch.*

A Feeling Recollection.

"Who's this Marshal Benzine that has just died?" asked old man Sordust of Col. Sozzle.

"Well, said the colonel thoughtfully, "the only marshal benzine I know of was the commissary whisky down South.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Infants.

Freeman—Don't you think this doctrine of infant damnation a horrible one?

Sours (slowly)—Well, I don't know. I used to think that way, but since the Howler family and their new baby moved next door to me I am kind of wavering.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A Restful Suggestion.

Bobby's father complains at dinner of feeling tired and worn out.

"Now, Pa," suggested Bobby, "I don't feel very well myself; s'pose you give up goin' back to business this afternoon and take me to a matinee and that'll rest us both."—*Epoch.*

The Bustle.

It has been rumored that the bustle is liable to explode. Possibly, though, an accident of this kind occurs only when the fair wearer substitutes a magazine for the newspaper in its construction. — *Terre Haute Express.*

A Vital Objection.

Husband (to wife with pet dog)—You should have married Fido instead of me.

Wife (regretfully)—But poor Fido hadn't any money, don't you know.—*Washington Post.*

Music of Language.

First Professor (enthusiastically)—What music there is in language!

Second Professor—True. Even Volapuk suggests Wagner.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Hebrew Melodies.

Says Aaron to Moses,
"A garden of roses!"
Says Moses to Aaron,
"All roses of Sharon!"
—*London Punch.*

Our Serial Story.

THE TALISMAN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[Sir Walter Scott's intensely thrilling story, "The Talisman," was commenced in the Weekly BLADE of October 4. New subscribers desiring the complete story, should write for back numbers at once.]

CHAPTER VI—CONTINUED.

That however, which Cœur de Lion could least excuse, was the general inactivity which prevailed in the camp of the Crusaders, so soon as his illness assumed a serious aspect; and the reports which he extracted from his unwilling attendants gave him to understand that the hopes of the host had abated in proportion to his illness and that the interval of truce was employed, not in recruiting their numbers, reanimating their courage, fostering their spirit of conquest, and preparing for a speedy and determined advance upon the holy city, which was the object of their expedition, but in securing the camp occupied by their diminished followers, with trenches, palisades, and other fortifications as if preparing rather to repel an attack from a powerful enemy so soon as hostilities should recommence, than to assume the proud character of conquerors and assailants.

The English king chafed under these reports, like the imprisoned lion viewing his prey from the iron barriers of his cage. Naturally rash and impetuous, the irritability of his temper preyed on itself. He was dreaded by his attendants, and even the medical assistants feared to assume the necessary authority which a physician, to do justice to his patient, must needs exercise over him.

One faithful baron, who, perhaps, from the congenial nature of his disposition, was devoutly attached to the king's person, dared alone to come between the dragon and his wrath, and quietly, but firmly, maintained a control which no other dared assume over the dangerous invalid. Thomas de Moulton only exercised, because he esteemed his sovereign's life and honor more than he did the degree of favor which he might lose, or even the risk which he might incur, in nursing a patient so intractable and whose displeasure was so perilous.

Sir Thomas was the Lord of Gilsland, in Cumberland, in an age when surnames and titles were not distinctly attached as now, to the individuals who bore them, he was called by the Normans the Lord de Vaux, and in English, by the Saxons, who clung to their native language, and were proud of the share of Saxon blood in this renowned warrior's veins, he was termed Thomas, or more familiarly, Tom, of the Gills or Narrow Valleys, from which his extensive domain derived their well-known appellation.

This chief had been exercised in almost all the wars, whether waged between England or Scotland, or amongst the various domestic factions which then tore the former country asunder, and in all had been distinguished, as well for his military conduct as his personal prowess.

He was, in other respects, a rude soldier, blunt and careless in his bearing, and taciturn, nay almost sullen in his habits of society, and seeming, at least, to disclaim all knowledge of policy and of courtly art. There were men, however, who pretended to look deeply into character, who asserted that Lord de Vaux was not less shrewd and aspiring, than he was blunt and bold, and who thought that, while he assimilated himself to the king's own character of blunt hardihood, it was, in some degree at least, with an eye to establish his favor and gratify his own hopes of deep-laid ambition. But no one cared to thwart his schemes, if such he had, by rivaling him in the dangerous occupation of daily attendance at the sick bed of a patient whose disease was pronounced infectious, and more especially when it was remembered that the patient was Couer de Lion, suffering under all the furious impatience of a soldier withheld from battle, and a sovereign sequestered from authority; and the common soldiers, at least in the English army, were generally of opinion that De Vaux attended on the king like comrade upon comrade, in the honest and disinterested frankness of military friendship contracted between the partakers of daily dangers.

It was on the decline of a Syrian day that Richard lay on his couch of sickness, loathing it as much in his mind as his illness made it irksome to his body.

His bright blue eye, which at all times shone with uncommon keenness and splendor, had its vivacity augmented by fever and mental patience, and glanced from among his curled and unshorn locks of yellow hair, as fitfully and as vividly as the last gleams of the sun shoot through the clouds of an approaching thunder storm, which still, however, are gilded by its beams.

His manly features showed the progress of wasted illness, and his beard, neglected and untrimmed, had overgrown both lips and chin.

Casting himself from side to side, now clutching towards him the coverings, which at the next moment he flung as impatiently from him, his tossed couch and impatient gestures showed at once the energy and the reckless impatience of a disposition, whose natural sphere was that of the most active exertion.

Beside his couch stood Thomas de Vaux, in face, attitude and manner, the strongest possible contrast to the suffering monarch. His stature approached the gigantic, and his hair in thickness might have resembled that of Samson, though only after the Israelitish champion's locks had passed under the shears of the Philistines, for those of De Vaux were cut short, that they might be enclosed under his helmet. The light of his broad, large hazel eye, resembled that of the autumn morn, and it was only perturbed for a moment, when from time to time it was attracted by Richard's vehement marks of agitation and restlessness. His features, though massive like his person, might have been handsome before they were defaced by scars; his upper lip, after the fashion of the Normans, was covered with a thick moustache which grew so long and luxuriantly as to mingle with his hair, and like his hair, were dark brown, slightly mixed with gray. His frame seemed of that kind which most readily defies both toil and climate, for he was thin flanked, broad chested, long-armed, deep breathed, and strong limbed.

He had not laid aside his buffcoat, which displayed the cross-cut on the shoulder, for more than three nights, enjoying but such momentary repose as the warden of a sick monarch's couch, might by snatches indulge.

This baron rarely changed his posture, except to minister to Richard the medicine or refreshments, which none of his less favored attendants could persuade the impatient monarch to take; and there was something affecting in the kindly, yet awkward manner in which he discharged offices so strangely contrasted with his blunt and soldierly manners.

The pavilion in which these personages were, had, as became the time, as well as the personal character of Richard, more of a warlike than a sumptuous or royal character.

Weapons offensive and defensive, several of them of strange and newly-invented construction, were scattered about the tented apartment, or disposed upon the pillows which supports it. Skins of animals slain in the chase were stretched on the ground or extended along the sides of the pavilion, and, upon a heap of these silvan spoils lay three alans, as they were then called (wolf-grayhounds, that is,) of the largest size, and as white as snow.

Their faces, marked with many a scar from clutch and fang, showed their share in collecting the trophies upon which they reposed, and their eyes, fixed from time to time with an expressive stretch and yawn upon the bed of Richard, evinced how much they marveled at and regretted the unwonted inactivity which they were compelled to share. These were but the accompaniments of the soldier and huntsman; but, on a small table close by the bed was placed a shield of wrought steel, of triangular form, bearing the three lions passant, first assumed by the chivalrous monarch, and before it the golden circlet, resembling much a ducal coronet, only that it was higher in front than behind, which, with the purple velvet and embroidered tiara that lined it, formed then the emblem of England's sovereignty. Beside it, as if prompt for defending the regal symbol, lay a mighty curtal ax, which would have wearied the arm of any other than Coeur de Lion.

In an other portion of the pavilion waited two or three officers of the royal household, depressed, anxious for their master's health, and not less so for their own safety, in case of his decease.

Their own gloomy apprehensions spread themselves to the warders without, who paced about in downcast and silent contemplation, or resting on their halbreds, stood motionless on their post, rather like armed trophies than living warriors.

"So thou hast no better news to bring me from without, Sir Thomas?" said the king, after a long silence, spent in the feverish agitation which we have endeavored to describe. "All our knights turned women, and our ladies turned devotees, and neither a spark of valor nor of gallantry to enlighten a camp which contains the very choicest of Europe's chivalry—Ha!"

"The truce, my lord," said De Vaux, with the same patience with which he had over twenty times repeated the explanation—"the truce prevents us bearing ourselves as men of action; and, for the ladies, I am no great reveler, as is well known to your Majesty, and seldom exchange steel and buff for velvet and gold—but thus far, I know, that our choicest beauties are waiting upon the Queen's Majesty and the Princess, to a pilgrimage to the convent of Engaddi, to accomplish their vows to your Highness's deliverance from this trouble."

"And is it thus," said Richard, with the impatience of indisposition, "that royal matrons and maidens should risk themselves where the dogs who defile the land have as little truth to man, as they have faith toward God?"

"Nay, my lord," said De Vaux, "they have Saladin's word for their safety."

"True, true!" replied Richard, "and I did the heathan Soldan injustice—I owe him reparation for it. Would God I were but fit to offer it to him upon my body between the two hosts—Christendom and Heathenesse both looking on."

As Richard spoke, he thrust his right arm out of the bed, naked to the shoulder, and, painfully raising himself on his couch, shook his clenched hand, as if it grasped sword or battle-ax, and was then brandished over the jeweled turban of the Soldan. It was not without a gentle degree of violence which the king would scarce have endured from another, that De Vaux, in his character of sick nurse, compelled his royal master to replace himself in his couch, and covered his sinewy arm, neck and shoulders, with the care which a mother bestows upon an impatient child.

"Thou art a rough nurse, though a willing one, De Vaux," said the king laughing with a bitter expression, while he submitted to the strength which he could not resist; "methinks a coif would become thy lowering features as well as a child's biggin would beseem mine. We should be a babe and nurse to frighten girls with."

"We have frightened men in our time, my liege," said De Vaux; "and trust, may live to frighten them again. What is a fever-fit, that we should not endure it patiently, in order to get rid of it easily?"

"Fever-fit," exclaimed Richard impetuously; "thou mayst think, and rightly, that it is a fever-fit with me, but what is it with all the other Christian princes—with Philip of France—with that dull Austrian—with him of Montserrat—with the Hospitalers—with the Templars—what is it with all of them? I will tell thee—it is a cold palsy—a dead lethergy—a disease that deprives them of speech and action—a canker that has eaten into the heart of all that is noble and chivalrous, and virtuous among them—that has made them false to the noblest vow ever knights were sworn to—has made them indifferent to their fame, and forgetful of their God!"

"For the love of heaven, my liege," said De Vaux, "take it less violently—you will be heard without doors where such speeches are but too current already with the common soldiery, and engender discord and contention in the Christian host. Bethink you that your illness mars the mainspring of their enterprise; a mangonel will work without screw and lever better than the Christian without King Richard."

"Thou flatterest me, De Vaux," said the king; "and, not insensible to the power of praise, he reclined his head on the pillow, with a more deliberate attempt to repose than he had yet exhibited. But Thomas De Vaux was no courtier; the phrase which had been offered had risen spontaniously to his lips; and he knew not how to pursue the pleasing theme, so as to soothe and prolong the vein which he had excited. He was silent, therefore, until, relapsing into his moody contemplations, the king demanded of him sharply:

"Despardieux! This is smoothly said to soothe a sick man, but does a league of monarchs, an assemblage of nobles, a convocation of all the chivalry of Europe to droop with the sickness of one man, although he chances to be the king of England? Why should Richard's illness, or Richard's death check the march of thirty thousand men as brave as himself? When the master stag is struck down, the herd does not disperse upon his fall—when the falcon strikes the leading crane, another takes the guidance of the phalanx—Why do not the powers assemble and choose some one, to whom they may intrust the guidance of the host?"

"Forsooth, and if it please your Majesty," said De Vaux, "I hear consultations have been held among the royal leaders for some such purpose."

"Ha!" exclaimed Richard, his jealousy awakened, giving his mental irritation another direction. "Am I forgotten by my allies ere I have taken the last sacrament? —do they hold me dead already? But no, no, they are right—and whom do they select as leader of the Christian host?"

"Rank and dignity point to the King of France," said De Vaux.

"Oh, ay," said the English monarch—"Philip of France and Navarre—Dennis Mounsjoie—his Most Christian Majesty!—mouth-filling words those! There is but one risk—that he might mistake the words *En arriere* for *En avant*, and lead us back to Paris, instead of marching to Jerusalem. His politic head has learned by this time, that there is more to be gotten by oppressing his fendatories, and pillaging his allies than by fighting with the Turks for the Holy Sepulchre."

"They might choose the Archduke of Austria," said De Vaux.

"What! because he is big and burly like thyself, Thomas—nearly as thick-headed, and carelessness of offence? I tell thee that but without thy indifference to danger, Austria has in all that mass of flesh no bolder animation than is afforded by the peevishness of a wasp, and the courage of a wren. Out upon him!—he is a leader of chivalry to deeds of glory! Give him a flagon of Rheinish to drink with his besmirched baaren-hunters and lanceknechts."

"There is the Grand Master of the Templars," continued the baron, not sorry to keep his master's attention engaged on other topics than his own illness, though at the expense of the characters of prince and potentate. "There is the Grand Master of the Templars," he continued, undaunted, skilful, brave in battle, and sage in the council, having no separate kingdoms of his own to divert his exertions from the recovery of the holy land—what thinks your Majesty of the Master as a general leader of the Christian host?"

"Ha, Beau-Seant!" answered the king. "Oh, no exception can be taken to Brother Giles Amaury—he understands the ordering of a battle, and the fighting in front when it begins. But, Sir Thomas, were it fair to take the holy land from the heathen Saladin, so full of all the virtues which may distinguish unchristened men, and give it to Giles Amaury, a worse pagan than himself—an idolater—a devil-worshipper—a necromancer—who practices crimes the most dark and unnatural, in the vaults and secret places of abomination and darkness?"

"The Grand Master of the Hospitalers of St. John, of Jerusalem, is not tainted by fame, either with heresy or magic," said Thomas De Vaux.

"But is he not a sordid miser?" said Richard, hastily; "has he not been suspected—ay, more than suspected—of selling to the infidels those advantages which they never would have won by their fair force? Tush, man, better give the army to be made merchandise of by Venetian skippers and Lombardy pedlers, than trust to the Grand Master of St. John."

"Well, then, I will venture but another guess," said the Baron de Vaux—"What say you to the gallant Marquis of Montserrat, so wise, so elegant, such a good man-at-arms?"

"Wise? cunning, you would say," replied Richard; "elegant in a lady's chamber, if you will. Oh, ay, comrade of Montserrat, who knows not the popinjay? Politic and versatile, he will change you his purposes as often as the trimmings of his doublet, and you shall never be able to guess the hue of his inmost vestments from their outward colors. A man-at-arms? ay, a fine figure on horseback, and can bear him well in the tilt-yard, and at the barriers, when swords are blunted at point and edge, and spears are tipped with trenchers of wood instead of steel-pikes. Wert thou not with me, when I said to the same gay Marquis, 'Here we be, three good Christians, and on yonder plain there pricks a band of some threescore Saracens; what say you to charge them briskly? There are but twenty unbelieving miscreants to each true knight?'"

"I recollect the Marquis replied," said De Vaux, "that his limbs were of flesh, not of iron, and that he would rather bear the heart of a man than of a beast, though that beast were the lion. But I see how it is—we shall end where we began, without any hope of praying at the sepulchre, until heaven shall restore King Richard to health."

At this grave remark, Richard burst into a hearty fit of laughter, the first which he had for some time indulged in. Why, what a great thing is conscience," he said, "that through its means even such a thick-witted northern lord as thou canst bring thy sovereign to confess his folly. It is true, that did they not propose themselves as fit to hold my leading staff, little should I care for plucking the silken trappings off the puppets thou hast shown me in succession. What concerns it me what fine tinsel robes they swagger in, unless when they are named in rivals in the glorious enterprise, to which I have vowed myself? Yes, De Vaux, I confess my weakness, and the wilfulness of my ambition. The Christian camp contains, doubtless, many a better knight than Richard of England, and it would be wise and worthy to assign to the best of them the leading of the host—," continued the warlike monarch, raising himself in bed, and shaking the cover off his head, while his eyes sparkled as they were wont to do, on the eve of a battle, "were such a knight to plant the banner of the Cross on the Temple of Jerusalem, while I was unable to bear my share in the noble task, he should, so soon as I was fit to lay lance in rest, undergo my challenge to mortal combat, for having diminished my fame, and pressed in before to the object of my enterprise. But hark, what trumpets are those at a distance?"

"Those of King Philip, I guess, my liege," said the stout Englishman.

"Thou art dull of ear, Thomas," said the king, endeavoring to start up—"hearest thou not that clash and clang? By heaven, the Turks are in the camp—I hear their lelies."

He again endeavored to get out of bed, and De Vaux was obliged to exercise his own strength, and also to summon the assistance of the chamberlains from the inner tent, to restrain him.

"Thou art a false traitor, De Vaux," said the incensed monarch, when, breathless and exhausted with struggling, he was compelled to submit to superior strength, and to repose in quiet on his couch. "I would I were but strong enough to dash thy brains out with my battle-ax."

"I would you had the strength my liege," said De Vaux, "and would even take the risk of its being so employed. The odds would be great in favor of Christendom were Thomas Moulton dead, and Coeur de Lion himself again."

"Mine honest and faithful servant," said Richard, extending his hand, which the baron reverentially saluted, "forgive thy master's impatient mood. It is this burning fever which chides thee, and not thy kind master, Richard of England. But go, I pray thee, and bring me word as to what strangers are in the camp, for these sounds are not of Christendom."

De Vaux left the pavilion on the errand assigned, and in his absence, which he had resolved to be brief, he charged the chamberlains, pages, and attendants to redouble their attention on their sovereign, with threats of holding them to responsibility, which rather added to than diminished their timid anxiety in the discharge of their duty, for next perhaps to the ire of the monarch himself, they dreaded that of the stern and inexorable Lyrd of Gilsland.

CHAPTER VII.

There was never a time on the March parts yet,
When Scottish with English met,
But it was marvel if the red blood ran not
As the rain does in the street.
BATTLE OF OTTERBOURN.

A considerable band of Scottish warriors had joined the Crusaders, and had naturally placed themselves under the command of the English monarch, being, like his native troops, most of them of Saxon and Norman descent, speaking the same languages, possessed, some of them, of English as well as Scottish demesnes, and, allied, in some cases, by blood and intermarriage.

The frank and martial character of Richard, who made no distinction between his own subjects and those of William of Scotland, excepting as they bore themselves in the field of battle, tended much to conciliate the troops of both nations. But upon his illness, and the disadvantageous circumstances in which the Crusaders were placed, the national disunion between the various bands united in the Crusade began to display itself, just as old wounds break out afresh in the human body, when under the influence of disease and debility.

The Scotch and English, equally jealous and high-spirited, and apt to take offence, the former the more so, because the poorer and the weaker nation, began to fill up, by internal dissention, the period when the truce forbade them to wreak their united vengeance on the Saracens. The same disunion began to show itself betwixt the French and English, the Italians and Germans, and even between the Danes and Swedes; but it is only that which divided the two nations whom one island bred, and who seemed more animated against each other for the very reason, that our narrative is principally concerned with.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BUBBLING JOYS.

One cannot wonder at the blunders made in Wall street when there are so many bulls there.—*Boston Gazette.*

The world is round. This is probably the reason so many people fail to get square with it.—*Boston Gazette.*

"Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us, as we forgive Old Hutch," was the way a little Chicago boy varied his usual petition the other night.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"I saw a cool deed this morning," remarked Fangle at the supper table. "What was it?" asked his wife, with deep interest. "The title to an ice house," replied the wretch.—*Exchange.*

"Pa," said Johnny to his father, who was an estate agent, "why does the earth quake?"

And his father replied, "On account of the size of the ground rent, my boy."—*London Tid-Bits.*

Youth (who got through college by a scratch)—Is this diploma of any use, professor?

Professor (dryly)—Yes, it will show that you have received a college education.—*Boston Beacon.*

Tested and Found Wanting.—Young Authoress—Have you looked over my manuscript, sir?

Magazine Editor—I have not looked over it myself, but I watched my chief reader as he looked over it. It won't do. He didn't blush once.—*Phila. Record.*

Little Tommy comes back from a trip to the mountains.

"Well, darling, did you enjoy yourself? Did you meet lots of your little friends?"

"Oh, no, ma'am—I was the only one of my little friends there."—*Truth.*

Recent Literature.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAY.

Blue Jackets of '76—A Frozen Jacket and Other Tales—John Winter—The Reign of the Stoics—Children's Stories of the GreatScientists—Prince Vance—The StoriesMotherNatureTold Her Children—A Start in Life Great Grandmother's Girls in New Mexico—Other Books—Literary Notes.

"Blue Jackets of '76" is a history of the naval battles of the American Revolution, to which is added a narrative of the war with Tripoli, by Willis J. Abbot, author of "Blue Jackets of 61," and "Blue Jackets of 1812." Like the two latter books, the present volume is a racy and most readable account of the struggles upon the water between the infant navy of the colonies and the ships of England. The story is told with a certain boldness of style and picturesque description that is attractive. The book is well illustrated, bound in much the same style as the others, and with an exceedingly clear typography. It comes from Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

"A Frozen Dragon and Other Tales" is a story-book of natural history for boys and girls, by Charles Frederick Holder, who has written several other works of a similar character that have been exceedingly popular. The wonders which have been here described by the author make of the natural world a veritable treasure trove of interest. A wide range of subjects are touched upon, the volume containing 39 chapters, each one devoted to a narrative about the habits or life of some living creature of the animal world. It is finely illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Another handsome volume from Dodd, Mead & Co. is "Mosby's War Reminiscences and Stuart's Cavalry Campaign," by John S. Mosby, who was the well-known and dashing Confederate officer. The book is well written from the Confederate stand-point, and will find many interested readers, not only at the South, but among those who fought him to the death. His style is bright and vivid, and though some of the details bring back a touch of the old feeling of hostility, yet admiration of a brave man can be felt now at this day comparatively unmixed with other feelings. The book is illustrated.

"John Winter," further entitled "A Story of Harvests," by Edward Garrett, the author of "The Crust and the Cake," "By Still Waters," "Doing and Dreaming," etc., begins with the coming home of the hero, a repentant prodigal. He has been absent many years and finds great changes, many of them most sorrowful ones, which render the home-coming sorrowful in the midst of gladness. The story teaches a healthful lesson. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, re-issue a book which will be a delight to the little folks. It is a giant story entitled "The Last of the Huggermuggers," which is profusely illustrated, by C. P. Cranch. The story is well told. A companion book and sequel is "Kobboltozo" by the same author and full of illustrations, the whole being calculated to make the young eyes open with wonder. Another pretty book of the same fascinating character is "The King of the Golden River," by John Ruskin, M. A., illustrated by Richard Doyle. It is an attractive book.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard and Charles T. Dillingham, in their series of "Good Company," send out three interesting books this week: "The Lover and Other Papers," by Richard Steele; "A Physician's Problems," by Charles Elam, and "Dreamthorpe," by Alexander Smith, spoken of last week. None of the most favored "series" now being issued is handsomer in print and binding and excellence and cheapness than "Good Company." They are excellent and handsome library books.

"Shoshone and Other Western Wonders," by Edward Roberts, with a preface by Charles Francis Adams, is published by Harper Brothers, New York. It is a very delightful book describing the grandeur of the mountain and desert scenery of Colorado, Eastern Utah to Great Salt Lake, then the Falls of Shoshone and the great lava beds of Idaho. It shows what wonders are to be found in this great central portion of this continent. The book is well illustrated.

People talk of the Stoics, often with a very limited idea of them as a class, or of their beliefs and aims. A book which tells about their religion, history and philosophy has been issued by Charles P. Somerby, 28 Lafayette Place, New York. The work is entitled "The Reign of the Stoics," and its author is Frederic May Holland. Their history has never been fully written in any language, and their literature little known. It was the object of this writer to supply this lack.

"The Order of Creation" which is further described as the "Conflict Between Genesis and Geology," is a controversy in which the following gentlemen took part: Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Prof. T. H. Huxley, Prof. Max Muller, M. Reville, and Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. Two of the articles are by Mr. Gladstone, two by Prof. Huxley and one by each of the other writers. The book is an interesting one so far as presenting the standpoint of each individual, but there is nothing new or convincing in anything advanced. Published by the Truth Seeker Co., Chicago.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, issue "Jesus in Modern Life" by Algernon Sydney Logan. The preface is supposed to explain the reason for the writing of the book. It is, of course, the view which the author takes of the life of Jesus, and his conception of the real truth of the narrative. It is interesting only as it shows the ingenuity of man in devising ways of looking upon religious theories, and as being very well written as to style.

"Children's Stories of the Great Scientists," by Henrietta Christian Wright, is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The author, who is well known as a writer of useful books for the young, has added one more to her series. In this case, the lives of the great scientists have been given, beginning with Galileo, and ending with Darwin and Huxley. The scientific achievements of each of these men are dwelt upon, and a very fair idea of the state of intellectual progress at the time in which any of them lived is also gained. A very desirable book, as can be readily seen, and one that would add immensely to the value of any child's library. The portraits in the book are most admirable.

"Prince Vance," which is further described as "The Story of a Prince with a Court in His Box," by Eleanor Putnam and Arlo Bates, is published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. It is a finely written story for the young folks, which cannot fail to fascinate and interest its readers. The illustrations are exceedingly quaint and funny, and there are many of them. They are the work of Frank Myrick. This volume is a pretty addition to the holiday literature.

"Would You Have Left Her?" by William F. Tip, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. There is nothing in the story out of the usual order. It is very quiet, indeed almost too much so, as it becomes sometimes dull. Yet the morality of the book is good and it will interest many whose appetite has not been whetted to desire the sensational.

"The Stories Mother Nature Told Her Children," by Jane Andrews, author of "Seven Little Sisters," etc., is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. There are something over a dozen stories with such taking titles as the following: "The Story of the Amber Beads;" "The New Life;" "The Talk of the Trees That Stand in the Village Yard;" "Water Lilies;" "How the Indian Corn Grows;" "Sea Life;" "What the Frost Giants Did to Nannie's Run," etc. The book is a very attractive one.

From Frederick A. Stokes & Brother, New York comes in the series of "Lives of the Presidents" sketches of Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan by William O. Stoddard, who is already well known by similar work. These sketches are short, but comprehensive, giving the principal events of the lives of these men who have sat in the Presidential chair of the United States.

"A Start in Life, A Story of the Genesee Country," by J. T. Trowbridge, is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. Mr. Trowbridge is always welcome to the boys and never more so than when he has a tale of pioneering hardship to tell, with its surroundings of a vigorous determination and sturdy blows which for the most part accompany the early efforts of the young to get a start in life, particularly in new countries. Of that description is the narrative of the career of Walden Westlake. It is a story of the time when the region lying west of the Mohawk river was mostly a wilderness, and being assigned to that epoch the adventures which are found in the book now and then are not unusual. The book has several good illustrations.

"Manners—"Happy Homes and Good Society All the Year Round" is by Sarah J. Hale. Lee & Shepard, Boston, and C. T. Dillingham, New York, send out a new and beautiful edition of this excellent book. It is written intimately entering into things of greatest value to every man and woman and boy and girl. Love, home, food, language, marriage, society, happy home life, and how to reach it. Scarcely a condition is left untouched, and in the most pleasant way brightened and beautified. It is a good book for every girl and every boy, and should be found upon drawing-room tables.

The fifth volume of the Knockabout Series, issued by Estes & Lauriat, Boston, is "The Knockabout Club in the Antilles," by Fred A. Ober, author of "The Knockabout Club in the Everglades." The club at first consists of the Antiquarian, the Historian and the author, but is afterward reinforced by the eccentric Doctor. Pushing hastily through the Bahamas, the club explores the coast line of Cuba and then proceeds to the South and West. Here, among the hundred and one islands that bound the Carribean Sea, most of the club's time and explorative energy is spent. A description and condensed history of Hayti, San Domingo and Jamaica is given. The matter of the book is, of course, mainly descriptive and historical, but enough dialogue and adventure is interspersed to render it readable for the young. Altogether, with its humorous details and interesting scraps of information, the book will be read with both pleasure and profit.

Another book from Estes & Lauriat, is "Zig Zag Journeys in the Antipodes," by Hezekiah Butterworth. It is profusely illustrated and is made up of stories of wild animals and strange creatures in that distant land. It contains a goodly number of solid facts of value. The stories are not arranged with much order or system, but the author never fails to interest his readers and inculcate good thoughts at the same time. This is the tenth volume of the series and will undoubtedly be as popular as its predecessors.

A beautiful volume, and one that cannot fail to arouse intense interest, is one entitled "Great Grandmother's Girls in New Mexico," by Elizabeth W. Champney, author of "Three Vassar Girls" series, etc. She says that she began her explorations at the southern boundary of Colorado, and took for her guide-book a chronicle written by a Franciscan friar describing journeys of over 300 years ago, which can be completely verified at the present day. The book is full of incident regarding the strange people who once lived in Mexico, and who were deprived of their rights by the Spaniards. There is a story running through the detail of facts which will hold the interest of the young readers. The volume is well illustrated. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

"Chatterbox" for 1888 is a pretty and attractive volume for the little folks, as it has always been in the past. The stories are varied and interesting, besides being abundantly illustrated. The book makes a very desirable holiday gift for the juveniles. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

A volume which is extremely attractive for holiday purposes is brought out by Ticknor & Co., Boston, is Henry C. Work's "Marching Through Georgia," the most stirring of all the many stirring war songs of rebellion days. The illustrations are by Charles Copeland, who followed the track of Sherman's army from Atlanta to the sea to catch the characteristic points of the landscape. He has imbued his sketches with a good deal of local color. The book has a capital half-length portrait of Sherman for frontispiece, and the music of the piece is given on the last page.

Messrs. Putnam's Sons, New York, have just sent out a portly library volume of 400 pages, handsomely printed, containing "The Omitted Chapters in the Life of Edmund Randolph," governor of Virginia and first attorney general of the United States. The work is by Moncure D. Conway. In his preface he says: "The centennary of our constitution has already brought a gallery of fresh historical portraits of its leading framers, but one panel is vacant; there is no portraiture of the statesman to whom the initiation and ratification were especially due, except a blackened effigy hung up by enemies in a moment of partizan passion. This traditional effigy of Randolph I have examined by the light of facts and documents to which historians appear to have had no access, with growing conviction that the nation knows very little of a very interesting figure of its early history." The matter is admirably arranged, and the literary work of Mr. Conway is of such marked excellence as to call for the best words of commendation. With the history and more sober facts are interwoven incidents and romances and personals that make the chapters charming. It is history well worth preserving in the beautifully printed volume.

"Quick Cooking," is a kitchen handbook which the compiler calls "a book of culinary heresies." It contains 630 recipes tested and vouched for by an experienced cook, more than half of which, if prepared according to directions, may be cooked in from five to fifteen minutes. The book is based on the belief that "there is no waste in the kitchen so much to be deplored as wasted time." Its aim is to economise labor and time, while at the same time it gives a wide choice of appetising fare. Published by the Putnams.

"A History of Greece," by Evelyn Abbott, is also brought out by the Putnams. It is a first volume of what will probably be a considerably extended work, this one carrying the events from the earliest times down to the Ionian Revolt. The author explains in his preface that, though nothing can be added to the existing records of Greek History, yet the estimate placed upon their value, and the conclusions drawn from them are constantly changing, so that the story needs to be told anew from time to time. The present work is intended for those readers who are already acquainted with the outlines of the subject, and have some knowledge of the Greek language.

"Clover" is a pretty little home story by Susan Coolidge, who is already well known by the long array of books for young folks that are so popular. It is illustrated by Jessie McDermot. The volume cannot fail to please. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

In the International Scientific Series, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, is a book by Sir John Lubbock, so well known for his observations of animal life, entitled "On the Senses, Instincts and Intelligence of Animals." This work has special reference to insects, and is full of interest to all who have paid attention to the wonders of this part of the world's life. The volume is fully illustrated, and forms a valuable addition to the series.

While we have little sympathy or belief in the theories which are so frequently advanced regarding the possibility of living comfortably upon next to nothing a year, many useful ideas will be found in a little pamphlet volume issued by the Appletons, entitled "How She Did It, or Comfort on $150 a year," by Mary Cruger.

In Appleton's "Gainsborough Series," which has so far contained some most excellent and entertaining novels, is "Orthodox," by Dorothea Gerard. The story is told by a looker-on, an Australian officer, and it relates the way in which the hero fell into the hands of the Jews and his subsequent experience.

"Hints about Men's Dress" is a sensible little book written by a New York club man, in which the right principles about men's clothing is inculcated. The writer seems to know what he is talking about.

Literary Notes.

Mrs. Deland's "John Ward, Preacher," is in the twelfth thousand.

Miss Amelia Barr can begin, finish and send to her publishers within six weeks a novel of 300 pages.

"A Milkmaid," by Louis Chester Loomis, in the *Art Age*, is a fine piece of artistic work.

Rand, McNally & Co. will publish at once "The Blackhall Ghosts," a story by Sarah Tytler (Henrietta Keddie).

Appleton's Town and Country Library contains Hawley Smart's novel, "The Master of Rathkelly."

The American News company will publish this month a story entitled, "The Curse of Marriage," by Walter Hubbell.

Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has reached its sixteenth thousand.

London *Truth* hears that "Miss Braddon is writing her literary reminiscences, which ought to be very interesting."

Edmund Gosse has discovered through the papers of his late father that he has American blood in his veins.

The book which Mrs. Molesworth has written, and which Walter Crane has illustrated for this winter season, is entitled "A Christmas Posy."

A. D. F. Randolph & Co. will publish on the 25th inst. "The Thumb Bible," by Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

"Irish Fairy Tales and Folk Lore," selected and edited by W. B. Yeats, will shortly appear in the Camelot series.

Charles W. Sever, of Cambridge, Mass., will publish on December 1, "Hesper," an American drama, by William R. Thayer, author of "Confessions of Hermes."

Reeves & Turner will soon reprint Mr. Browning's essay on Shelley, which he was trapped into prefixing to the volume of forged Shelley letters published some 35 years ago by Moxon.

Andrew Lang, it is said, prides himself on the fact that he has no aid to writing except his memory; he does not trouble himself about reference books, and has not one in his house.

Harper & Brothers have begun the publication of some of Walter Besant's stories in a library edition, 12mo., cloth. The first volume, "The World Went Very Well Then," is out and will be followed soon by "All Sorts and Conditions of Men."

De Wolf, Fiske & Co., will issue, next week, a new novel by Dr. Charles M. Newell, the second in the Fleetwing Series. It will be entitled "The Isle of Palms," and the advance sheets show that in vigorous description and freedom of handling it is fully equal to its predecessor.

Mr. Walter Besant has written a biography of the author of the "Gamekeeper at Home" and the "Amateur Poacher," and this "Eulogy of Richard Jefferies" will be shortly published in New York by Longmans, Green & Co.

"A Blockaded Family" is the name of a story by Parthenia A. Hague, who was governess in an Alabama planter's family during the war. It tells, among other incidents, of the expedients resorted to by the people of blockaded districts to procure the necessaries of life.

The *Season* is a first-class fashion magazine. Each number containing about 170 illustrations of the newest Paris fashions and the most elegant designs in fancy work, embroidery, crochet and needle work; plain sewing and lace work; lace stitch on muslin, cambric and tulle, etc.

Cupples, Hurd & Co. have in press for immediate issue a volume of charming verse by Effie Douglas Putnam, a young Michigan poetess. They have been read in manuscript and warmly praised by a number of critics. In typography and binding the publishers intend to make it one of the striking books of the year.

SARDINE FISHING AT FINISTERE.

A Wary Fish to Catch and a Complicated System of Seining.

Sardine fishing begins in May or June and sometimes lasts as late as November. Boats come from Douarnenez to take advantage of the early run, and, as the season wanes, return. At times there are as many as 1,200 boats engaged here in the pursuit. These boats are about 30 feet long, entirely open except a short deck at the stern, and carry two masts that can be readily taken down. The sails have no booms, and whenever a tack is made they have to be run down and put up on the opposite side of the mast—the windward side.

When at work the rigging is sometimes completely cleared away so that the boat has no appearance of being adapted to sails. It is then pulled along by huge sweeps. The fish are not caught by inclosing them as when a seine is used, but the net, which is of small mesh and made of linen thread, often dyed blue to render it less apparent in the water, for the sardine is wary, is made to trail straight behind the boat. That is, the net, about twenty feet long edge and buoyed with cork floats on the other, so that when it is in the water it assumes an upright position like a wall, and it is towed in this position through the water, by one end, as the boat is moved slowly along. The patron mounts the little deck at the stern with a bucket of bait called roug, the eggs of codfish, under one arm, and his keen, practiced eye ranging the wave. He scatters a little of the roug on one side of the net when he discovers the proximity of the fish, and they rise in a shoal to take it.

This is the critical moment. He throws a quantity on the opposite side, and the fish, making a dash for it, are entangled in the meshes. When the sardines are numerous the boat does not halt to take the net on board, but by giving it a certain pull the meshes are tightened, and with a buoy to mark it, it is cast off and left till a full catch is made. So many fish have been known to entangle themselves that their weight carried the net down and it was never recovered. Another net is immediately put out, and the operation is repeated till the nets are all used. Then comes the picking up and the extraction of the fish, the latter work being performed with great care, because handling the fish injures them. The net is caught up at the ends and see-sawed till the fish drops into the bottom of the boat, where they remain till the arrival in port.—*Bulletin American Geographical Society.*

POVERI! POVERIS!

"Feed my sheep."

Come, let us ponder; it is fit—
Born of the poor, born to the poor,
The poor of purse, the poor of wit,
Were first to find God's open door—
Were first to climb the ladder round by round
That fell from heaven's door unto the ground.

God's poor came first, the very first!
God's poor were first to see, to hear,
To feel the light of heaven burst
Full on their faces. Far or near,
His poor were first to follow, first to fall!
What if at last His poor stand first of all?

—*Joaquin Miller in November Century.*

Vegetarianism in England.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about such crazes as vegetarianism is their power to infect even those who do not seriously believe in them with an utter inability to see facts as they really are. On Friday, September 28, a conference of London clergy, convened by the Vegetarian Society, was presided over by Archdeacon Farrar. Though stating in his address that he was not a vegetarian, Archdeacon Farrar declared that "if ever the day came when vegetarianism should be widely adopted it would prove the one absolute remedy for the curse of drink," and went on to say that "he believed that no vegetarian was a drunkard." Yet surely Archdeacon Farrar must know that the Highlanders, who are practically vegetarians, are the greatest consumers of whisky in existence, and that the drunkards of India (and they are as bad as any drunkards in the world) are absolute vegetarians. No doubt the English vegetarians, whose simple creed, according to themselves, is contained in the three words, "fruit, grain, nuts," are not drunkards; but this is not because they are vegetarians, but because they are mild-minded, innocent faddists. Archdeacon Farrar's exaggerations are all the more to be regretted because vegetarianism, in teaching people how to make use of certain very cheap and nourishing forms of food, is a real benefit to the world, and ought not to be made ridiculous.—*London Spectator.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

A Man of Inventive Genius.

Carpenter—You say you want a bureau made on a new plan?

Citizen—Yes, sir. I want it made with legs so that I can get my head and shoulders under it.

Carpenter—Of course I will fill your order, but you might satisfy my curiosity as to why you want a bureau made in that way.

Citizen—Well, I want to be able to find my collar button when I want it without moving the bureau.—*Boston Courier.*

—Gray hairs prevented, dandruff removed, the scalp cleansed, and the hair made to grow thick by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

A JAUNT SOUTHWARD.

FAMILIAR, QUEER NEW ORLEANS,

Where Alligators Interfere With Real Estate Agents—The Things that Never Change—The Cemeteries and Other Cheerful Places.

ST. LOUIS CATHEDRAL.

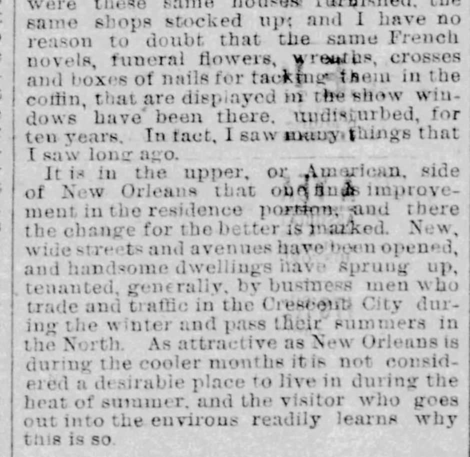
The Crescent City is no longer a crescent. It has been years since, by growing beyond the old confines on the bend, to include other and compound curves of the river within its limits, it has changed its shape from that of the new moon to the more terrestrial and familiar form of the letter S. Yet, Crescent City it is and will remain, even though it extends up and down the grand stream until its river front includes many more miles of the Mississippi's eccentric bends. Still, it will be no more of a misnomer than is Queen City for a place that has no queens, Gate City with no gates, or Corn City with no corn. Whatever may be the ultimate topography of New Orleans, its fame for cosmopolitanism will remain undisputed.

An interval of nearly ten years between visits to New Orleans seems but a brief lapse of time, when so many familiar scenes are found unchanged. In fact, the changes that have taken place in the business portion, either in American or French quarters, is so slight as to be scarcely observable by the traveler. The new business houses can be counted upon the fingers, but those that have been erected during that time are really fine. Canal street has the same concourse of people promenading before the identical shops. No one would naturally expect any transformation in this respect, of course. Sitting on the bench in Jackson Square, facing the time-battered facade of St. Louis cathedral, the peculiarly mixed architecture of which will long remain a monument to its projector—and shall I say inventor?—Don Almonaster, time is set back nearly a decade, when I first viewed the scene. To-day there are the same orange trees and the same magnolias in the park, the same dilapidated air about the cathedral and the buildings on its right and left—the Supreme court on one side and the Police court on the other. In this place, if we can forget that it is Gen. Andrew Jackson whose equestrian statue stands in the center of the square, it is easy to imagine that we are in a foreign country. In the buildings, ecclesiastical, judicial and otherwise, that inclose three sides of the square, there is a suggestion of France, Spain and Mexico. But the river side, now occupied by a railroad freight house, is too utterly American to permit the sentiments roving too far from home.

IN THE FRENCH QUARTER.

And yet, while we linger about the square, or the French market near by, or wander through the narrow streets of this, the French quarter, we are essentially in a foreign clime. There is nothing American in the houses, or in the people; and every true American thinks he sees an anomaly when he finds even the negroes talking French. Long before my time were these same houses furnished, the same shops stocked up; and I have no reason to doubt that the same French novels, funeral flowers, wreaths, crosses and boxes of nails for tacking them in the coffin, that are displayed in the show windows have been there, undisturbed, for ten years. In fact, I saw many things that I saw long ago.

It is in the upper, or American, side of New Orleans that one finds improvement in the residence portion, and there the change for the better is marked. New, wide streets and avenues have been opened, and handsome dwellings have sprung up, tenanted, generally, by business men who trade and traffic in the Crescent City during the winter and pass their summers in the North. As attractive as New Orleans is during the cooler months it is not considered a desirable place to live in during the heat of summer, and the visitor who goes out into the environs readily learns why this is so.



SCENE IN THE SUBURBS.

The real estate agent in New Orleans is handicapped. His prototype in the North and West, who plats additions a Sabbath day's journey from cities and towns and engineers gigantic booms, would be "up a stump" in the Crescent City. There is plenty of room around New Orleans for operations of the enterprising real estate speculators, but the ground is wet. Ground that is entirely submerged in water is usually so.

And then it discourages a land agent, when he takes a prospective purchaser out to look at some choice lots, to have an alligator or two appear on the scene in too close proximity.

The fact that the city is situated on alluvial soil, lower than the level of the river, is known to everyone. That the ground is so full of water that cellars, wells, and sunken cisterns are impossible is commonly understood; that the city is located in the midst of swamp lands is understood by anybody who ever heard of that section of the country; but the fact that the most dismal, gloomy cyprus swamps to be found anywhere are inside the city limits is not so generally known.

The city limits of New Orleans, includes the whole of New Orleans parish (or county) running back from the river the Lake Ponchartrain. Nearly all of this territory, excepting only what is already occupied by houses, cemeteries and gardens, is swamp. This somber waste of water and mud, trees, plants and noxious reptiles encroaches in some places into the city proper.

Every one who visits New Orleans either writes or talks about the cemeteries as the chief point of interest to tourists—not that any unusual gloominess about the region causes a melancholy which leads to the thoughts of so solemn a subject, for the city is always bright and cheerful. Even the cemeteries partake more or less of the general brightness, and are far from being sombre. To the Northern visitor these cities of the dead possess much curious interest.

For the same reason that New Orleans people cannot have cellars and wells they are deprived of the possession of graves, and the dead, instead of being buried in holes in the water-soaked ground, are laid away in stone tombs above the surface.

A ride on the canal street horse cars or dummies carries the visitor to the cemeteries, for there are a group of them, situated on the outer limit of the higher ground that it is not always under water. The smaller ones do not merit a visit.

Greenwood, the principal one of the old cemeteries, looks crowded, and within its limits is much to interest the student of grave yard history. Monuments in plenty are here, all worthy a description were this brief record devoted to such topics, and the great vaults are curious enough. In this cemetery are a large number of graves away off by themselves, where the unfortunate poor are advertised as paupers by being laid in the ground, while their more fortunate neighbors lie in their marble sepulchres to await the sounding of Gabriel's trumpet.

Adjacent to Greenwood, but separated by the New canal, is the Metairie cemetery which was laid out but a few years ago, and is more modern. To reach the Metairie one usually goes over the canal on a draw bridge, but when I arrived there I found it was undergoing repairs and consequently impassable. The bridge tender had arranged a temporary ferry over the black, stagnant water and he placed his flat bottomed boat at my disposal.

A solitary passenger, I was conducted over this river Styx by my boatman, whom in the fitness of things I called Charon, to his surprise, and safely arrived on the further shore. Entering the imposing gateway I found before me a beautiful picture of green trees and grass, contrasted with the snow-white shell-walks and driveways winding their serpentine lines in all directions. The most conspicuous object, as viewed from the gate, is the equestrian statue of Gen. Albert Sydney Johnson, crowning a mound raised in his memory.

Bordering the pearly paths are the houses of the dead—not the dark and narrow homes to which we consign our loved ones—but real palaces in miniature, of marble granite and sandstone, large enough to contain a family of dead, and, in some instances, with room, also, for a family of living mourners. Here, amid the great beds of flowers, beneath the shade of orange trees, in an atmosphere fragrant with the perfume of the magnolia, and, in silence, broken only by the shrill screech of the locusts, or the occasional sweet snatches of song from a mocking bird, I looked upon the last glories of the dead.

Only the rich can lie in Metairie, for every lot between Gen. Johnston at the gate and Stonewall Jackson opposite, is valued highly. Lots, six feet by twelve, range in price from $40 to $125, and not much of a tomb can be erected for less than $500 to $1,000. Of course, the cost of some of these marble sepulchres was away up in the thousands, for vanity does not die with the body. Sculptured angels, allegorical figures and crosses crown the tombs, and on the marble doors are the inscriptions which possess the usual variety of truth and fiction.

Under the rays of a blazing hot noon sun, I strolled through Metairie. Then I turned my back upon it, left the orange trees, the great masses of vivid flowers, the intoxicating sweetness of the magnolia bloom, the shrill call of the cicada and the sweet song of the mocking bird, I stepped once more in the rude ferry and said to the skipper:

"Tow me back again, Charon. It is a beautiful place, but I'd rather be somewhere else—and alive." REAM.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

Two American woman writers are fortunate individuals just at this present time of November, 1888. The two are Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and Amelie Rives Chanler. The first has concluded a contract by which she is to receive $15,000 for a single story, and the latter is under a contract with another New York weekly to furnish a story for which she will receive $7,000. The first has won an enduring reputation by hard work, the outcome of which has been what cannot fail to render the world better. The latter has, so far, won a questionable notoriety by productions that were, for morality's sake, better suppressed, though there are strong indications of genius in them which may blossom into something that is worth preserving. However, both have done what has brought money to their publishers, and both are now reaping a money harvest, but the salad-server would infinitely rather have written what Mrs. Burnett has, and receive the smaller sum, than to be the author of Mrs. Chanler's wild ravings for a much larger amount than is to come to either. *Chacun son gout.*

LAST week the salad-server quoted some severe remarks from a Buffalo paper, by a woman about the conduct of her fellow women upon the street cars—though perhaps, no more severe than was deserved. This week the other side of the house is treated to some hints:

First—Most men appear to think that they have a right to stand upon the back platform and puff smoke into the face of every lady who attempts to board the car. They also swing the lighted cigar in the most heedless manner while passing up to pay their fare, depositing often not only ashes, but burning sparks upon the dresses of the woman occupants of the seats.

Second—As a rule a man waits to see whether an incoming woman is young and pretty before yielding up his seat for her benefit.

Third—If she is not young, pretty or well-dressed, he becomes intensely interested in his paper or in conversation with his neighbor, which continues until she has disposed of herself in some way.

Fourth—Most men seem to think it perfectly proper to spit upon the floor of the car *ad libitum* to be wiped up by the dresses of the ladies who may occupy the seats after them.

Fifth—It does not seem to be considered rude for a man to stare a woman out of countenance in this public vehicle, at least those who claim to be gentlemen do it frequently.

The list goes on to sixthly and seventhly, but the above is enough to show that human nature is much the same in both sexes—selfishness and lack of refinement showing themselves always, whether existing in men or women.

IT seems that a hard question is up for settlement by the head of the Romish church—one that has agitated both Italy and France considerably. It is whether penitents can confess and be absolved by telephone. That it may be convenient is not denied, but whether the real presence of the confessor with the confessed is not more effective, is the thing under consideration. The holy fathers seem to differ considerably in their opinions about the matter, but the probable outcome is that the telephone will be excluded as a means of confession. Considering that prying curiosity might enter into the secrets intended only for the priest, such a decision seems the most sensible. It might have the effect of making the sins of many a poor soul go unconfessed.

THE American Council of Women which is an outgrowth of the International Congress of Women held last year in Washington has for its ultimate aim the establishment in every leading city and town in the country a Woman's Council formed of the presidents of the various associations of women in that place. Their object is to be the "means of spreading information of special interest to women among all classes of women and of arousing through the country a public feminine opinion on moral and social subjects," which would have its influence when a wrong was done that ought to be righted. The work that could be accomplished for good by these nuclei can hardly be calculated. The movement in itself is of the deepest significance, for it shows that women are arousing themselves to a thorough understanding and appreciation of the truth that whatever is to be accomplished for the advancement of the sex must be done by their own labor. The last few years has witnessed a wonderful change in this respect, and the next decade will see a movement forward of infinitely greater importance than all that has yet been done. Keep the ball rolling.

WHY is it that genius is so often ill at ease and heavy in general society? It often happens that a well stored mind and grand intellect finds itself completely routed and set aside by the glib tongue of a well-versed society woman, Society, to a great extent is frivolous, and cares only for frivolous things. It has fads, styles, manners and customs of its own which are as a sealed book to the uninitiated. A woman intellectually superior to many women of the world whom she meets, find herself their inferior in every quality essential to success in society. She is unversed in small talk, does not understand flying like a butterfly from one subject to another and though it is fashionable to be literary, still in a social book talk, the salient points of a new work are only discussed and as quickly dropped for something else. It is a difficult matter for genius to be light; it does not often understand accommodating itself to circumstances. Frivolity has the effect of shutting it up like a clam and therefore a great number of intellectual people have earned the reputation of being solemn. This truth was forcibly illustrated by the remark of a society gentleman, himself cultured and clever. In discussing a certain literary star the gentleman said, "I am in a panic if I am asked to take her in to dinner. I know I shall have to talk solemnities all through dinner, and dinner is not the time for solemnities."

IT is said that the hotel register must go, and at the most fashionable hotels it will soon be a thing of the past and among the list of forgotten things. People are either becoming busy or more lazy. Formerly travelers registered their names and the places from which they came, with accuracy and attention. Now many of the public men and lady travellers do not allow their names to appear on the books at all. The names and places of residence are simply given to the clerk who sticks the card upon which the information is written onto the office rack where it remains until required for reference. The original object of the register was to accommodate the outsider, but even in that respect it has fallen into disuse. In fact people no longer like to write their names and abiding place in books open to public inspection, and the register seems to be only in the way now upon many of the stylish hotel desks.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
Relieves Mental and Pysical Exhaustion.

THE CAMP FIRE.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

SURRENDER OF ATLANTA.

A Glimpse of General Sherman as He Appeared to Southern Eyes.

Beyond the red clay fortress, over the fragments of army wagons and caissons, with eyes averted from the skulls and bones that gleamed like so many white horrors in the fierce sunlight, the little band with the flag of truce rode on, the major at the head. They passed the rifle-pits and entrenchments of the enemy. Not a human being, not a living thing was in sight. Two, three, four miles, and not a sign of the enemy. A sudden turn in the road brought them face to face with a marching detachment of men in blue. A brief halt, a hurried explanation. A Federal colonel rode up to the spot and asked a few questions. The white flag, the appearance of the strangers in citizens' garb, and the calm, measured words of Mayor Calhoun satisfied the officer, and an orderly was at once detailed to guide the visitors to the commander's camp.

When the mayor and his friends were introduced to Gen. Sherman they saw before them a man of 45, who looked fully ten years older. His bronzed face, seamed with lines of care, and his eyes told a tale of sleepless nights. His wrinkled brow and his rough, closely-trimmed beard, together with his weather-beaten field uniform, made him look like anything but a holiday soldier, and his appearance contrasted strikingly with the glitter and flaring colors of the imposing staff around him.

Still there was an air of leadership and command about this man, and the messengers from Atlanta would have picked him out among a million. There was nothing stately or dignified about him. His face showed that it had never been a handsome one, and his head, phenomenally large and bulging at the top, sloped precipitately down to the neck at its back. The peculiar shape of this remarkable head had caused many officers at the beginning of the war to insist that its owner was mentally unbalanced; but our followers of the white flag did not waste any time in such idle speculations. They saw Slocum's corps moving rapidly onward and not a moment was to be lost in stating their business.

The stern commander, after a searching scrutiny of the faces before him, looked down at the ground, while Mayor Calhoun quietly informed him of the helpless condition of the city; and briefly surrendered it on condition that life, liberty and private property should be protected.

Then the general looked up again, and in a curt, business-like way said that he would grant the conditions requested. He said that the civil authorities had taken the proper course in seeking him, and expressed the hope that their relations would be pleasant and satisfactory.

"But this is war, you know," he said in his abrupt way; "yes, confound it, this is war, and I must place your town under martial law. That won't hurt good citizens, but it will play the devil with the bad ones."

"Now that we have surrendered," remarked one of the citizens, "you will probably come in at once?"

The General darted a quick glance at him.

"Come in!" he answered, "I think some of my men are already there—they are marching in that direction as fast as they can walk."

With a few words of parting, the committee started to return.

"One word more," said Sherman; "I suppose it is understood that none of your people will fire upon my soldiers?"

He was assured that nothing of the kind would occur, and the mayor and the others then rode back to the city, entering it with the advance guard of the Federals only a few hundred yards behind them.

Shortly after mid-day the streets were blue with companies and regiments of Federals.

All night the wagons and troops were moving into the city, and the next day the place was crowded. There were billiard-rooms and drinking-saloons over some of the stores, and bills were out advertising a minstrel show for that night on Decatur street.

A dozen Generals occupied the best houses, in some cases compelling the original occupants to move into other quarters. General Sherman established himself very comfortably in the present high-school building on the corner of Mitchell and Washington streets, and engaged for a housekeeper an old lady who two days before had been denouncing him as a savage for whom even the worst fate was too good. The two got along very agreeably, and in less than a week the housekeeper told her friends that the General was the nicest man in the world, and had been shamefully slandered.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THAT CAVALRY CAPTURE.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I wish to give my experience and knowledge of the capture of the 8th Ohio cavalry, referred to by J. A. Saunders, in the BLADE of July 26. Six companies of the 8th Ohio cavalry, with a detachment of Ohio infantry, numbering about the same, were present. The six companies were armed with union carbines, and the detachment in the Shenandoah Valley with the breech-loading Spencer rifle and sabres. At Beverly, W. Va., about 4 o'clock in the morning of the 11th of January, 1864, I was wounded in the foot in the affray referred to by J. A. Saunders. The above date has never been corrected in my pension papers, and is certainly correct.

Further: The six companies had their union carbines on the morning of the 11th and turned them over to the rebels. I got out in good shape and ran to the quarters of the guard near by and Lieut. Moore was the only one I recognized. There was at that time some 25 or 30 in line, and I cried out for them to make a charge, the lieutenant ordering a charge at the same time; we did charge and in that charge I was wounded. It was such a complete surprise that it was only a guard fight, with only a few men to join them—the remainder of the troops being captured in their quarters by a superior number. To give a full detail of the affair would require too much space. Let it be remembered that some of the Johnnies went down that morning as well as some of the Yanks. I remember that it was a stormy, cold night. I must say that the 8th Ohio cavalry stood among the average of Ohio troops for good service and detachments of it at different times did great feats of valor. I have Col. S. A. Gilbert's speech at the reorganization of the 44th into the 8th cavalry when veteranized. Comrades, do you remember the Lewisburgh fight, and how some of the boys edited a paper there.—W. H. ROBBINS, Millgrove, Ind.

A "TARHEEL" UNIONIST.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Allow me to sit by your fire and I will go back to North Carolina and fetch a pine knot to keep a light while I chat with the boys who wore the blue in 1861. I was at my home in North Carolina in the midst of bloodthirsty rebs. I was 17 years old, and my brother 15. We were the only children at home. My father and mother were old, and we were their only chance for support. My father was an Union man, and declared himself as such, which soon gained the hatred of the rebs. I was arrested and carried to Richmond, and there put in a prison called by the soldiers "Castle Thunder." I staid there several weeks. Then they started with me to the army of Gordonsville. I jumped off the train and made my escape. I was 35 days making my way through the mountains back to my home. The news of my escape had reached my home before I did, so the rebs were watching for me. I had to scout in the mountains while my neighbors were watching my home for me. My brother carried rations to me until the rebs said they would kill him on sight. Hearing the Union soldiers were in East Tennessee, I took my brother, bidding my mother farewell. Never shall forget her last words. She took hold of our hands and said, "God bless you, children." I imagine I can hear her voice ringing in my ears till this day.

We scouted through the mountains to the Federal soldiers and joined the 13th Tennessee cavalry to fight our way back to our dear old home. My brother did not live to get back. He sleeps in an unknown grave in Gallatin, Tenn., surrounded by rebel Democrats, who looks on a Union soldier's grave with contempt. I fought my way back to my home, and I am confident I killed two Johnnies. The first vote I ever cast, our company was put in line, and I gave it to Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson. I never have given a Democratic vote, and never will. If the good old Union soldiers of the North could only realize what the Union men of the South suffered for the love they had for the stars and stripes they never would vote for a man that will put the same men in power over us that run us from our homes and friends.—S. C. CLARK, Gallatin, Tenn.

CAMPAIGNING IN UTAH.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I enlisted in Co. E, 3d I. C. V., June 17, 1862, was marched to Salt Lake, where I served my time hunting Indians and helping to keep down secesh Mormons, for they were the very dirtiest, meanest set of secessionists that God ever let live. They never had any cause to take sides with the South more than with the North—only pure cussedness. I do not need any pension nor do I want one, but if there is any comrade who does deserve one, I think our government ought to stand by us. I have read the BLADE for the last ten years, and hope to read it as long as I may live.—S. J. T., Garfield, Wash. Ter.

A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I see in the BLADE of August 16 a letter in the CAMP FIRE, headed "Before Petersburg," from Hugh Atkinson, Walworth, N. Y. On April 1, 1865, my husband, John Wyatt, of the 38th Wisconsin, Co. D, was wounded, dying soon after. I did not know the 37th was there. I was very much interested in that letter, he speaks of the gallant boys of the 36th Wisconsin (was it not the 38th?) It brings to me sad memories of the past. We will ever be proud of the noble boys in blue, who so nobly fought for their country, may their last days be their best. I see in the BLADE some time ago, do not remember date, some poetry written by T. Hollingsworth, "Out on Picket" I think was the title. I would like to hear from him through the BLADE or by letter.—MRS. ELIZA AUSTIN, Winnebago City, Minn.

AN INDIANA SPLINTER.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I will add a few dry splinters to the CAMP FIRE to keep it burning. I enlisted in the early part of the late war, and served my time out all but one month and a couple of days, and always voted as I enlisted to shoot, not for party purposes but principles, and, like the Apostle Paul, I could thank my Creator for endowing me with sufficient reasoning faculties to express and not be ashamed of the political faith to which I adhere. After losing my health in the field I, with others, were sent to Indianapolis to do prison duty, not according to my will but the United States authorities. After a brief stay taking care of the johnnies, I had the pleasure to be detailed on Gen. Allen P. Hovey's body-guard, now Republican Governor of this state, and I will say to his credit that I never met with a finer officer in my service.—H. H. FISHER, 100th O. V. I., Art. Ind.

A CORRECTION.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I wish to correct a misstatement of L. C. Johnson, Co. C, 60th Ills. The 14th Michigan was detailed from the brigade, and were guarding Franklin and Columbia, Tenn. We were mounted infantry. While there I stood on picket eleven days and nights, two hours on and four off. If any one says I didn't go to sleep walking they don't know. I think the comrade has reference to the 10th Michigan, as they were engaged at Buzzard Roost, and the 14th Wisconsin. No laurel roots were dug by the grand old 10th Michigan. The 14th Michigan was on the Atlanta campaign, and was the first regiment to carry the works at Jonesboro. It also made a double charge at Bentonville, which turned the (then) rascals out and turned defeat into victory. The 10th, 16th and 60th Illinois and 10th and 14th Michigan were one brigade for over three years. Then the 17th New York Zouaves were transferred, and always did themselves credit, even on the raid on the sutler at Goldsboro.—H. H. FELLOWS, Co. I, 14th Michigan, Manchester, Mich.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

A gentleman told me yesterday of a strange experience related by a friend of his. It was during the battle of Gettysburg that his friend, just before entering the action, took his canteen from his shoulder and hid it in a crevice in the rock. Then came that fiery hail of shot and shell that swept down regiments like fields of wheat before the reaper. At the close of the battle the soldier forgot all about his canteen, nor did it occur to him again until he visited the field at the late reunion. Then it flashed through his mind, and after a few minutes' search he found it where he had left it on that momentous day. It seems scarcely credible that it could have been overlooked during the minute exploration of the field ever since the war, but the gentleman who related the incident is of unimpeachable veracity.

CHAT AROUND THE FIRE.

In 1863 we lay at Romney, and had heaps of fun after the bushwhackers. If any of the old boys are living, write to the the CAMP FIRE.—A. T. HANEY, 13th W. Va., Flat Woods, Fayette Co., Pa.

Comrades C. W. Riley, Co. B, 5th Ohio Cav., W. H. Knee, Chase, Mich., and A. Brenneke, Gleadlee P. O., Ind., are informed that inquiries are published in this column at 50 cents for three lines. That is the easiest way to find old comrades.

I am a constant reader of the BLADE and the CAMP FIRE is the first thing I read, and I have looked a long time to see if I could find anything from the organization that I belonged to, but have failed as yet.—W. O. CHURCH, Co. H, 93d Ill., Big Rock, Scott Co., Iowa.

May I come in with a handful of splinters? I am only the wife of one of Wilder's brigade. My husband enlisted in Co. K, 72d Indiana, and served faithfully three long years; yet now he is called a "government pauper" by those who would destroy all our homes.—A REPUBLICAN WOMAN.

I come for the first time. I am a reader of the dear old BLADE, and have been for a number of years. I like it because it is a friend to the soldiers. I would like to hear from some of the comrades of my regiment through the CAMP FIRE.—WILLIAM COFFMAN, Co. K, 129th Ill., Columbia, Marion Co., Iowa.

My regiment was known as the "Bloody Half-hundred." I believe we did as hard work, and made as long marches as any regiment in the war. I am in favor of a pension for all disabled soldiers. I love the motto of the BLADE, "Pulverize the Rum Power."—MILES MENLFORD, Co. H, 50th N. Y. Engs., Cedar Springs, Mich.

Please let me join the CAMP FIRE column of the BLADE, for it makes me feel so good to read the pieces written by the old veterans. I don't see any thing from my old comrades, but I hope this will bring some of them into the CAMP FIRE column. I would like to hear from some of them.—W. H. GLESSNER, Co. H, 70th Ind., Underwood, Ind.

I see it stated in the BLADE that there are but two horses living that are known to have done duty in the late war. There is one other at least that you did not mention. It was owned by Dr. Charles D. Dally, assistant surgeon 5th W. Va. Inf. and surgeon of 13th W. Va. Inf., and is now in the care of Mrs. Martha Twinem, of Antioch, O. Can eat nothing but boiled or soft food. It is a sorrel mare and about 30 years old, yet raises a colt every year.—OLIVE L. DALLY.

I am an "Andersonville skeleton." I was captured and stripped of everything I possessed, and did not receive a morsel of food for five days and nights. After I was captured, while in prison, I was offered parole of honor, but I preferred death, and was in prison when McClellan was running against Lincoln. There was set two boxes of beans—one black, the other white—the black beans for Lincoln. Though but a boy, I hobbled up and voted a black bean. I have been voting the same kind of a bean ever since.—W. E. WHITTINGHILL, Co. B, 4th Ky., Scottsburg, Ind.

Information Wanted.

☞ Requests of this sort will be inserted in this department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

Wanted, the address of some officer or private of Co. L, 8th Michigan Cavalry, or some one that knew Lanson T. Griggs, of said company, and was taken prisoner. Answer through the BLADE or by postal card to JACOB FRETZ, Cavendish, Livingston county, Mo.

—MAKE NO MISTAKE.—If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people. For all affections arising from impure blood or low state of the system it is unequalled. Be sure to get Hood's.

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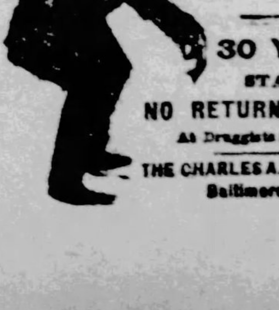

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GOOD-BYE, my Lover, Good-Bye, &c.

AS SOLDIERS SEE IT.

A BATTERY IN HOT ACTION.

A Battle Scene, Not as Historians Write—How it Sounds to Hear Shell and Canister Whizzing Trough the Air—A Rough Gallop.

One who has fought on many a battle-field writes the following thrilling description of the work of a battery of six guns:

Did you ever see a battery take position?

It hasn't the thrill of a cavalry charge, nor the grimness of a line of bayonets moving slowly and determinedly on, but there is a peculiar excitement about it that makes old veterans rise in their saddles and cheer.

We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. Every cartridge-box has been emptied once or more, and one-fourth of the brigade has melted away in dead and wounded and missing. Not a cheer is heard in the whole brigade. We know that we are being driven foot by foot, and that when we break once more the line will go to pieces and the enemy will pour through the gap.

Here comes help!

Down the crowded highway gallops a battery, withdrawn from some other position to save ours. The field fence is scattered while you could count thirty and the guns rush from the hills behind us. Six horses to a piece—three riders to each gun. Over dry ditches where a farmer would not drive a wagon, through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on the gallop, every rider lashing his team and yelling—the sight behind us making us forget the sight in front. The guns jump two feet high, as the heavy wheels strike a rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, not a cannoneer loses his seat. Six guns, six caissons, sixty horses, eighty men, race for the crow of the hill as if he who should reach it first should be knighted.

A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chests open, and along our line runs the command:

"Give them one more volley and fall back to support the guns." We have scarcely obeyed when boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and despaired.

The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours, as we form a line and lie down. What grim, cool fellows those cannoneers are. Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust in their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around; they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. That machinery loses just one beat, misses just one cog in the wheels and then works away again as before.

Every gun is using short-fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles, the roar shuts out all sound from a line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off, to mow great gaps in the bushes, hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their corpses can not be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye! press forward to capture the battery. We can hear their shouts as they form the rush.

Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and guns are fired so fast that all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniacal singing, purring, whistling grape shot, and the serpent like hiss of canister.

Men's legs and heads are torn from bodies and bodies cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the ranks as it crashes through. Grape and canister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other.

Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground, almost, as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screams and shouts blend into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out of the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accept it as a sign of wavering and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them the last shot. That discharge picks the living men off their feet and throws them into the swamp, a blackened, bloody mass.

Up, now, as the enemy are among the guns. There is a silence of ten seconds, and then the flash and roar of more than 3,000 muskets and a rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right nor left nor in front of us is a living foe! There are corpses around us which have been struck by three, four, and even six bullets, and no where on this acre of ground is a wounded man. The wheels of the guns can not move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men can not pass from caisson to gun without passing over windrows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood; every foot of grass has its horrible stain.

Historians write of the glory of war. Burial parties saw murder where historians saw glory.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THINGS HAVE CHANGED.

I sat beside my love that night;
My heart it did rejoice
To sit there in the softened light
And hear her dulcet voice.

But now two years my wife she's been;
No doubt it does seem queer,
But now I leave the parlor when
Her dull set voice I hear.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Circumstantial Evidence.

Brother George—Ah, Mamie, Blifkins has been here this evening, I see, and he has been at it again.

Mamie—Been here? At what, pray?

Brother George—Been kissing you, here and here and there.

Mamie—You mean thing. You've been watching.

Brother George—No, I haven't. The powder is off in those localities, that's all.—*Cartoon.*

His Birthday Present to His Wife.

"To-morrow, Maria, will be your birthday, and I want to give you some appropriate present. What shall it be?"

"Whatever your kind heart may suggest, John."

(Next day.) "Maria, you know how your poor back suffered from pulling off my boots in the evening. It will not suffer any more, my love. See! I have brought you a nice new bootjack which I will use hereafter instead."—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE best instruction is given by mail at student's home, in Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, etc., by Bryant's College, 457 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

How Mistaken a Man May Be.

Patient (recovered from a severe illness)—Yes, after the profession had given me up as incurable I went to a quack doctor, as you call him, and he saved my life.

Young Medical Practioner—Oh, no, that is not possible.

Patient—But I lived.

Young Medical Practioner—Oh, no, my friend. You may think you lived, but you didn't.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Earliest American Coinage.

G. E. L., Fort Wayne, Ind.:
The QUESTION BUREAU has given us the value of old coins; now will you tell the BLADE readers when the first United States mint was established and what was the first American coinage?
The act which established the first United States mint was passed on March 3, 1791. The corner-stone of the building was laid in a plot of ground in Seventh street, Philadelphia, in July, 1792, and work began late in the same year under David Rittenhouse, whom Washington had appointed director. It is recorded that the first purchase of metal for coinage consisted of six pounds of old copper. The earliest coinage that can be called American was ordered by the Virginia company, and was minted in the Bermudas in 1612. But then and for long afterwards the standard currency of Virginia was tobacco. In 1645, however, the Virginia Assembly, after reciting that it "had maturely weighed and considered how advantageous a quoine would be to this colony, and the great wants and miseries which do daily hap en unto it by the sole dependency upon tobacco, provided for the issue of copper coins of the denominations of twopence, threepence, sixpence and ninepence. But the law bore no fruit. Seven years later, in May, 1652, the General court of Massachusetts passed an order which created a "mint howse" at Boston, and which directed the coinage of "12 pence, 6 pence and 3 pence peeces, which shall be for forme flatt, and stamped on the one side with N. E., and on the other side with XIId., VId, and IId., according to the value of each peece." This mint produced the "oak-tree shillings" and the "pine-tree shillings," which are now worth from $3 to $4; and it continued its operations for 34 years. During the reign of William and Mary copper coins were struck in England for Carolina and New England; and for Maryland Lord Baltimore caused silver shillings, sixpences and fourpences to be coined in London. In 1785 Connecticut and Vermont established mints of their own for the striking of copper coins—none of which are, however, of great scarcity; and New Jersey followed in 1786. The rarest pieces of a date previous to 1793 are (with the exception of the oak-tree and pine-tree shillings) the New York "Excelsior" cent of 1783—worth perhaps $3.50 if in fine state; though these prices are much lower than what are generally exacted by dealers. The "Fugios," or "sundial cents," which have already been alluded to as having been struck by James Jarvis, bore devices which have been copied from earlier state coins. The device on one side was ordered to consist of "thirteen circles linked together, with the words 'United States' around it and the words 'We are One.' On the other side, a dial with the hours expressed on the face of it, a meridian sun above, one one side of which is to be the word 'Fugio,' on the other the year in figures, and below the dial the words 'Mind Your Business.'" All Jarvis's coins bear the date 1787; but none of them were actually coined before the 30th of September, 1788; and it is known that he had not finished his contract in 1790. It should be added that within each of the thirteen links that appear upon these curious coins is the name of one of the original states of the Union. The original mint, in Seventh street, Philadelphia, was removed in 1831 to more commodious premises in Chestnut street, where it still is. Until 1835 this was the only mint in the United States, but in that year branches were established at New Orleans, Charlotte, N. C., and Dahlonega, Ga., and in 1854 another branch was opened in San Francisco, and the coinage of each is denoted by an initial letter which appears upon the face of the coin. Philadelphia, as the parent mint, uses no initial.

The Mirage—Cleopatra's Scheme.

B. W. W., Massy Creek, Tenn.:
1. Please explain the phenomena of the mirage as seen occasionally by travelers on the deserts. 2. What is the meaning of the word ibid, as occasionally seen after quotations? 3. What was Cleopatra's grand scheme?
1. The mirage is an appearance of distant objects in the air, as if standing in the sky, or reflected from the surface of water. It is produced by refraction in strata of different densities, decreasing or increasing rapidly, and sometimes by refraction and reflection combined. The appearances are those which have received the unusual refraction. The phenomena of mirage are said to have been first explained by Monge while accompanying Bonaparte's Egyptian expedition. There are several phases, the following three being the most common: 1, the mirage of the desert, which has the appearance of inverted objects, or the reflections from the surface of water; 2, that which has the appearance of objects inverted in the air; 3, simple looming, when objects appear to be elevated above their real level, but are not inverted, the appearance usually taking place over the surface of water. In the first case the aerial strata decrease in density from above downward, in consequence of the cooling of the upper strata from radiation, and the warming of the lower by hot sand. In refraction there is a certain angle at which a ray of light, having passed through one medium, on coming to the surface, will not pass out of the medium into the next and suffer refraction, but will be totally reflected back into the first medium. This angle is called the critical angle, and varies with different media. Many remarkable cases of mirage have been recorded. The phenomena called Fata Morgana is a complicated case of mirage. 2. That it is taken from the same source as a preceding quotation. 3. Cleopatra, the last Queen of Greece, having disbanded her army after a defeat, determined to seek Cæsar in person, and resolved upon the daring venture which forms a celebrated episode in her career. With a single trusted attendant, she made her way at twilight in a little boat from a larger vessel out at sea into the harbor of Alexandria and succeeded in reaching, unobserved, the steps leading from the royal palace to the water. Wrapped in a heavy roll of carpet tied with cords, she was thus carried into Cæsar's presence. The Queen, whose beauty at this period of her life must, according to old historians, have been most brilliant and perfect, appeared for the first time before the astonished Roman. By the added influence of her personal fascination and this daring *coup de theatre*, Cleopatra's end was gained at once, and from this moment until Cæsar's death, her power over him does not appear to have decreased.

John Brown's Exploit.

W. H. H., Stewartstown, Pa.:
What were the charges upon which John Brown was condemned to death?
He was charged with murder, treason and arson. The charges grew out of the capture of the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry by John Brown on October 16, 1859. Brown had formed the great purpose of liberating the slaves, and in the attempt to carry it out he seems to have miscalculated the forces upon which he could rely. He trusted, also, that after the arsenal was taken large numbers of slaves would flock to his side. With these things in view, he appeared in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry and secured the lease of a farm. Here his forces gradually joined him and finally reached the number composing it at the time of the attack. October 24 had been the chosen day. But it was finally agreed on Sunday, the 16th, that no further delay would be advisable, and the little company proceeded at dark to the town of Harper's Ferry. The street lights were first extinguished, and then the arsenal was taken from the three men who served as watchmen. Persons about the town were made prisoners, among them Col. Washington, and other prominent citizens. A train from the west was detained until morning. To those who wished to know Brown's object he said he was going to free the slaves "by the authority of God Almighty." Brown's forces were besieged by citizens at the arsenal, and were reduced during the day to a very small number, but he strove to inspire his companions and displayed great self-possession in the very presence of his impending doom. Col. Robert E. Lee, with a company of United States marines and two pieces of artillery, reached the scene during the night and by a strong assault the place was captured and Brown taken into custody after a severe struggle in which Brown was knocked down and bayoneted. His trial began on the 27th and he was sentenced to be hung on December 2. He steadily disclaimed all evil intent upon lives or property. Upon leaving prison for the gallows he kissed a little negro child and this incident has been told all over the world. After the execution his remains were taken to North Elba, N. Y., for burial.

The Star of Bethlehem.

J. H. R., Dallas, Tex.:
Please tell the BLADE readers which of the stars in the heavens is meant as the star of Bethlehem referred to in the Bible.
There is a diversity of opinion among astronomers on this subject. No one has ever located the mythical star in the heavens. When in 1572 a star appeared in Cassiopeia, the idea took hold of some people that this was the same star. There had been a similar appearance about three hundred years before, although not in Cassiopeia; but going back from three years to three centuries, or rather making the time about 315 years, brings us to the year 3 B. C., and so the myth originated; and those wise men who make a (well-paying) profession to predict the fates of the people from the stars readily accepted this calculation. For those who know a little more about the stars, as people knew at that time, it will be self-evident that, letting alone the question whether the mythical star was a star or a comet, it could not have been in Cassiopeia. It follows from this that no star ever appearing in Cassiopeia could possibly be the same star; for while in the lapse of two thousand years some slight changes in the relative positive position of fixed stars may be observable by the aid of the finest instruments, even millions of years would not change the apparent position of a fixed star from one constellation to another. We are constantly being informed that the star of Bethlehem has been discovered, its place of appearance always varying. Sometimes it is reported from Yorkshire or Devonshire, in England, at another Algiers or Constantinople or Tobolsk, at another a village in Kentucky, at another Buenos Ayres or Rio Janeiro. There are certain times when the Star of Bethlehem is sure to be discovered somewhere or other. Napoleon Bonaparte was one of the discoverers of the Star of Bethlehem; but he made a better use of it than did the young lady in Texas or the professor in Kentucky. He pointed to it as it shone faintly in the heavens by day, and, instead of displaying ignorance, he took advantage of the ignorance of his officers, saying, "That is my star!" probably knowing quite well that the orb at which he pointed was Venus, a world nearly as large as that for a small portion of whose surface he had stained that surface with the blood of myriads of men. For all the announced apparitions of the Star of Bethlehem the planet of Love has been responsible.

Loans to National Banks.

R. M. W. Towsend, M. L.:
I saw in the Blade a few months ago also in other Republican papers that the present Administration had loaned sixty million dollars to National banks without interest, I have never seen it denied in Democratic papers, there are those here that will not take Republican papers as evidence upon it. Please inform me where evidence can be obtained from a National or Democratic source.
This question is one of vast importance to the government—and the action of the present Administration was forced upon it by the needs of the circulating medium of money among the American people. Of course the action of President Cleveland in placing the people's money in National banks without interest is open to censure from a partisan view, but when the necessities of the situation are considered without partisan prejudice, President Cleveland's act is not inexplicable. The danger confronting the country lies in the accumulation in the Treasury of over $100,000,000 per year of money needed by the business interests of the country. There is no outlet by means of the payment of bonds before 1891, and long before that time such accumulation would work inconceivable hardship and distress. The government has avoided this temporarily, by availing itself of a provision of the national bank laws permitting the deposit with certain of these banks of government funds secured by deposits of United States bonds with the Treasurer. These deposits have increased from $15,-439,904 in September 1886 to $52,199,917 on January 1, 1888. The relief thus afforded has been considerable.

Gold and Silver Product.

N. D., Throopsville, N. Y.:
What was the gold and silver product of 1884 in the United States by states?

	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
Alaska ..$	200,000	$..........	$ 200,000
Arizona..	930,000	4,500,000	5,430,000
Cal'for'a.	13,600,000	3,000,000	16,600,000
Colorado	4,250,000	16,000,000	20,250,000
Dakota..	3,300,000	150,000	3,450,000
Georgia..	137,000	....	137,000
Idaho ...	1,250,000	2,720,000	3,970,000
Montana	2,170,000	7,000,000	9,170,000
Nevada..	3,500,000	5,600,000	9,000,000
N.Mexico	300,000	3,000,000	3,300,000
N.Car'lina	157,000	5,500	160,500
Oregon ..	660,000	20,000	680,000
S.Car'lina	57,000	500	57,500
Utah	120,000	6,800,000	6,920,000
Virginia.	2,000	....	2,000
Wash'ton	85,000	1,000	86,000
Wy m'ng	6,000	....	6,000
Alabama, Ten'es'ee, etc.....	76,000	5,000	81,000
Total....	$30,800,000	$48,800,000	$79,600,000

The O Grab Me Act.

T. B. J., Nashvville, Tenn.:
Please inform your readers what was the O grab me act?
It is the embargo act of 1813, which prohibited, under severe penalties, the exportation from this country, or attempt at exportation, by land or water, of any goods, produce, specie or live stock. This act, and all similar ones, was called a "terrapin policy," and illustrative of this policy was a caricature representing a British vessel in the offing, some men embarking goods on the shore and a stout man carrying a barrel of flour toward the boat. The man is impeded in his progress by being seized by an enormous terrapin, which is urged on by a man who cries out, "D—n it, how he nicks 'em." The victim exclaims, "Oh! this cursed Ograbme!" Spell embargo backward, and you have "O grab me."

Natural and Native Born.

H. H. W., Evansville, Ind.:
What is the difference between a natural-born and a native-born citizen, and does it affect their right to vote?
There is the same difference between a natural-born and a native-born citizen that there is between a cow and an animal. A natural-born citizen may be native-born or foreign-born. He is one who either inherits citizenship from his parents or has it conferred by accident of birth. A native-born citizen is one born on the soil who may not necessarily inherit citizenship, but may have it conferred upon him by the accident of birthplace. All citizens born within the United States and not subject to any foreign power (that means not among the treaty Indian tribes) are native-born citizens of the United States. Of course, they are both entitled to vote.

Public Lands.

J. C. L., Lafayette, Ind.:
How much of the public domain was disposed of in 1886?
The total area was 20,991,967, for which was received $7,412,767. Original homestead entries were 61,638, covering an area of 9,145,-135 acres. The list of selections made by railroad companies under the different grants aggregate 2,311,537 acres. The number of timber culture entries made was 34,996, amounting to 5,389,309 acres. In addition to the area above given, final proof was made upon 19,356 homestead entries, embracing an area of 2,663,-532 acres, and upon final timber culture entries numbering 10,036, covering an area of 141,694 acres. In these tables are not included the disposal of Indian lands, amounting to 15,-562 entries, with an area of 1,132,596 acres, from which were received $1,607,729.

The Thousand Islands.

N. C., North Lewisburg, O.:
1. Locate and give sketch of the Thousand Islands. 2. What is the area of Borneo? 3. Please give a recipe for taking the hair off the back of the hand, without injuring the skin or flesh.
1. The Thousand Islands are located in the St. Lawrence river, about 60 miles from Lake Ontario. They are noted for their varied and picturesque beauty and the diversity of attractions, aquatic pastime, together with healthful recreation for summer tourists. Hundreds of little islands intermingle with the intricate passages of the river, and on many of the largest immense hotels have been erected to accommodate the thousands of visitors that visit this famous resort every summer. 2. Its estimated area is from 240,000 to 300,000 square miles. 3. We do not believe hair can be removed from the back of the hand without injury to the skin and irreparable injury to the appearance of the hand. Experiments of this kind are foolish, and generally result in sore hands. Nature has a purpose in growing hair upon the back of the hand, and the best recipe we know of is to let the hair grow if you wish to retain your health.

The Fortune Bay Trouble.

Henry J. B., Fremont, O.:
Please describe the Fortune Bay trouble a few years ago, and where did it occur?
In 1878 the crews of some American fishing smacks were attacked in Fortune Bay, Newfoundland, by some fishermen of the Island. They compelled the Americans to desist from seining herring, in which they were engaged, and in the struggle the nets and fishing tackle were cut and destroyed. The fishing fleet then sailed for home, and laid the case before the authorities at Washington. They presented a bill for damage, which included not only the cost of their tackle and equipment, but the probable loss sustained by not being able to fish through the entire season, making a total claim of $103,000. This claim was formally presented to the British government, but Lord Salisbury, then minister for Foreign Affairs, refused to consider it. In answer to a further communication from the United States State department Lord Greenville also insisted on the construction that local laws must be binding on both American and Canadian fishermen.

Miscellaneous.

S. P. A., Ada, Mich.: We cannot find any record of the votes.

W. H. F., Topeka, Kan.: The message is too lengthy. We have not space.

R. McC., New Washington, O.: Your question would not interest BLADE readers.

H. N. W., Coventryville, N. Y.: The sketches were published last July and August.

D. M. N., Manchester, Ind.: We cannot give addresses; consult our advertising columns.

C. W. B., Andover, Kan.:
The biographies asked for have been published.

A. L., Wellston, O.:
Read the rules of the QUESTION BUREAU. We do not furnish addresses.

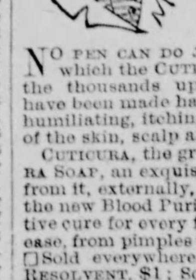
A. P., Minturn, Ark.:
Read the review of the work in Congress published last month in the BLADE.

J. B. L., —:
Your questions have been answered several times in the QUESTION BUREAU.

Hattie C., Cotton Valley, La.:
The exposition will probably remain open a year. The round trip would cost about $500.

G. H. T., Bridgeport, Conn.: We never heard of a paper published entirely in the interest of barbers.

J. S., Poluse City, Wash. Ter.:
1. Will the BLADE please state how many feet the Idaho Pan Handle is above Toledo, Ohio?



MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.
CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.
Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

The Favorite

Medicine for Throat and Lung Difficulties has long been, and still is, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures **Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis,** and **Asthma;** soothes irritation of the **Larynx and Fauces;** strengthens the **Vocal Organs;** allays soreness of the **Lungs;** prevents **Consumption,** and, even in advanced stages of that disease, relieves Coughing and induces Sleep. There is no other preparation for diseases of the throat and lungs to be compared with this remedy.

"My wife had a distressing cough, with pains in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have no hesitation in recommending this

Cough Medicine

to every one afflicted."—Robert Horton, Foreman *Headlight*, Morrillton, Ark.

"I have been afflicted with asthma for forty years. Last spring I was taken with a violent cough, which threatened to terminate my days. Every one pronounced me in consumption. I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effects were magical. I was immediately relieved and continued to improve until entirely recovered."—Joel Bullard, Guilford, Conn.

"Six months ago I had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, brought on by an incessant cough which deprived me of sleep and rest. I tried various remedies, but obtained no relief until I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few bottles of this medicine cured me." Mrs. E. Coburn, 19 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

"For children afflicted with colds, coughs, sore throat, or croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of Whooping Cough."—Ann Lovejoy, 1257 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

2. Please state how the celluloid collar is made.
1. About 2,000. 2. By running a composition of hot celluloid into a mould.

U. S. W., Jumbo, Va.:
Your questions have been answered by the QUESTION BUREAU.

H. L. L., Glenville, Ky.:
We have already published an outline of the Confederate constitution.

E. E. Stewart, Anthem, W. Va.:
No answers by mail. The war department has not made a report on the subject yet.

J. D. Neubro, Lansing, Mich.: Your communication on the liquor traffic is written on both sides of the paper. See rules of the QUESTION BUREAU.

H. P., Springdale, Kan.: Oklahoma is well adapted to grazing, but the soil is not considered good for agricultural purposes. Soldiers will not have a precedence over others.

W. O., Decatur, Ill.:
Where do Coup's, Robinson's and Forepaugh's circuses locate for winter quarters?
Write to the New York *Clipper*, New York.

James C., Preemption, Ill.:
What year and day of the month was Cavendish and Burke killed?
In the Phœnix Park riot at Dublin in July, 1882.

L. G. B., Millbrook, Kan.:
How many United States Senators has Kansas, and what is Mr. Plumb, of this state?
Kansas has two Senators—John J. Ingalls, of Atchison, and Preston B. Plumb, of Emporia.

A. C., Vicksburg, Mich.:
1. Where is Mason and Dixon line? How long? Between what states? 2. What coal is on the free list—hard or soft? 3. Is coal oil on the free list?
1. Mason and Dixon line was described in the QUESTION BUREAU December 29, 1887. 2. All American coal. 3. Yes.

L. B., Stilwell, O.:
1. Are any of the other planets except the earth inhabited? 2. Was King Pharaoh drowned in the Red Sea? 3. Do rivers flowing towards the equator flow up grade?
1. Not that we know of. Mars might be, as the temperature is claimed to admit of human life. 2. Yes. 3. Yes. The Mississippi river is higher at its mouth than at its source.

J. L., Odell, Ind.:
What are the wages paid Chinese in the United States?
There is no regular scale. A Chinaman will generally work for almost any wages offered, as his living expenses do not exceed nine cents a day. Two cents' worth of rice is considered by him a good enough meal. On the Pacific coast the Chinese receive about $1 to $1.25 per day.

Ed W. H., Manston, Wis.:
1. To whom should a person write in order to enter into a six day's walking match? 2. What is the largest record in any such match, and by whom made?
1. Write to Richard K. Fox, New York. 2. The best record was made last July at Madison Square garden, New York, by Albert—600 miles in six days. It is not probable that this record will ever be broken.

W. F. C., South Bend, Ind.:
1. Please explain the origin, appointment and duties of the Board of Trade in our large cities. 2. Also what is meant by electors at large and contingent electors on some of the state tickets?
1. We have already explained the workings of the Board of Trade. 2. Electors at large represent the Senators in each state. The law provides that an elector shall be elected for each Congressional district, and one for the representation of the Senators. Therefore there are two electors at large in each state.

J. A. K., Cambridge, Ill.:
Please give a reliable recipe for making grape wine.
Put 20 pounds of ripe, fresh picked and well selected grapes into a stone jar, and pour on them 6 quarts of boiling water; when the water has cooled enough squeeze the grapes well with the hand; cover the jar well with a cloth and let it stand for three days; then press out the juice and add 10 pounds of crushed sugar. After it has stood for a week scum, strain and bottle it, corking loosely. When the fermentation is complete, strain it again and bottle it, corking tightly, lay the bottles on their side in a cool place.

C. V. T., Danville, O.:
1. Who cast the deciding vote in the commission that elected Hayes President, and what was his politics? 2. For which candidate were the electoral votes of Louisiana, North Carolina and Florida counted in 1876? 3. At what age may the judges of the United States Supreme court retire on full salary?
1. The commission stood 8 to 7. The vote was cast by a Republican. 2. Louisiana sent three returns, the first and third were identical, being the votes of the Hayes electors. The Republican claims were upheld by a vote of 8 to 7, also in the case of Florida and North Carolina. 3. Past 60 years.

R. M. S., Carlisle, Pa.:
Please tell the origin of the globular stones known as "cannon balls," and found along the Cannon Ball river, Dakota. To what geological period do they belong?
They are simply chips of adjoining cliffs, composed of soft sand stone, and a substance similar to clay. When they first become detached from the cliff and fall into the river they are angular in shape, but during their course down the stream by the action of the current they are rolled into globular shape. The exact geological period we cannot give authentically.

B. S. B., Bloomfield, Mo.:
I would like to know if any of the readers of the BLADE could produce the poem supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk during his lonesome abode on the Island of Juan Fernandez. The first lines are:

I'm monarch of all I survey,
My right there's none to dispute;
From the center all round to the sea,
I'm lord of the fowl and the brute.

I saw it in the old English reader when I was a boy, some 40 years ago.

C. F. H., Salem, Utah:
1. Of what nation were the ancestors of the present race of Italians? 2. What is the present language of the modern Greeks? 3. How can a candidate have a minority of the electoral votes yet a majority of the popular vote?
1. The Roman and other Italian tribes. 2. It is called modern Greek, and is a corruption of the classical Greek tongues. 3. The electoral votes represent the number of Congressional and Senatorial districts in a state. Hence a state like Texas would give a majority popular vote, according to its population, and New York likewise.

E. W. H., Madison, Dak.:
What can I put into hard water to keep it from foaming in a steam boiler?
It cannot be stopped. Water will foam in boilers under circumstances no person can explain. It is probably due to different substances in the water. The best remedy is to shut off your steam and clean your boiler. Insert some fatty substance or a quart of molasses to prevent scale and incrustations. Frequent blowing off is a good remedy, though water under certain conditions will foam even in a clean boiler.

After the Fact.

New York Press.
"Daniel, I'm licked."
"Yes, sire."
"Out of my boots, Daniel."
"Yes, sire. But there is consolation sire."
"Ph-ph-ph-what, Daniel," blubbered the President.
"The boots never fit you, sire. They were much too large."

THE LITTLE RUNAWAY.

The church was dim and silent,
With the hush before the prayer;
Only the solemn trembling
Of the organ stirred the air.

Without, the still, sweet sunshine;
Within, the holy calm,
Where priest and people waited
For the swelling of the psalm.

Slowly the door swung open,
And a little baby girl,
Brown-eyed, with brown hair falling
In many a wavy curl.

With soft cheeks flushing hotly,
Shy glances, downward thrown,
And small hands clasped before her,
Stood in the aisle alone.

Stood half-abashed, half-frightened,
Unknowing where to go,
While like a wind-rocked flower
Her form swayed to and fro.

And the changing color fluttered
In her troubled little face,
As from side to side she wavered,
With a mute, imploring grace.

It was but for a moment—
What wonder that we smiled—
By such a strange, sweet picture,
From holy thoughts beguiled.

Then up rose some one softly,
And many an eye grew dim,
As through the tender silence
He bore the child with him.

And I—I wondered (losing
The sermon and the prayer)—
If, when sometimes I enter
The many mansions fair,

And stand abashed and drooping
In the portal's golden glow,
Our God will send his angel
To show me where to go.
—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

LADIES' HATS.

The Newest Shapes in Felt and in Covered Goods.

Time was when there were straw hats especially manufactured for the fall season, but that is past, and nowadays we wear our summer head gear until the new felts and covered shapes appear. There is an unmistakable touch on Parisian taste in the new hats and bonnets whether attention is drawn to form and outline or to the artistic grace displayed in garnitures. With the exception of the derby, which still appears now and then, or the becoming "tourist," all hats are larger and bonnets are smaller, suggesting serious apprehensions for the coming by and by, when a fashionable toque will have reached its minimum.
Large hats are in velvet in cloth covered shapes, also in felt, with extended brims and innumerable ostrich feathers. Plumes are arranged to fall upon the neck at the back, and flat ostrich trimming is laid upon the upper side of the brims. Ostrich boas, which are attached to the back of large hats, and are then tied loosely around the throat, will hardly be adopted as high style, being so generally unbecoming. The Napoleon hat has a crown closely resembling the shape often worn by the "Little Corporal." Ribbon bows are gracefully arranged on the top of the crown. Another distingue looking hat is made of embroidered white cloth with a brim of rich brown velvet and high loops at one side. Swallows, doves, grouse, partridges, wild ducks, humming birds, birds of paradise and impevans are most admired for hat trimmings. Aigrettes of heron's feathers are much employed as center ornaments for a group of wings, or being associated with a long gilt or steel buckle, are favorite garnitures.

An Even Half Dozen.

Customer—"I see you advertise something new in coffee. What is it?" Grocer,—"Coffee."—*Judge.*

There is an article going the rounds of the press entitled "Boy Inventors." We don't know who they are, but we wish they would invent a boy who wouldn't whistle and yell on the street at night.—*Texas Siftings.*

"What did the horses stop for, George!" "They made a false start and have to go back to the post again." "O, George, and the horse we are betting on was ever so far ahead! I don't think that's fair."—*Life.*

Miss Keane (to handsome young physician)—"O, doctor, how do you do? you look killing this evening." Young physician (quietly)—"Thank you, but I'm not; I'm off duty, don't you know."—*Drake's Magazine.*

Stranger (at hotel bar)—"Best whisky, please." Bartender (severely)—"This is a prohibition town, sir." Stranger—"Ah excuse me," (moving away). Bartender (excitedly)—Great Scott, Stranger, haven't you got sense enough to get sick?"—*Drake's Magazine.*

The rector—"My dear Mrs. Worldleigh, you must miss your church much; I feel for you." Mrs. Worldleigh—"I don't miss my church as much as you would suppose, for I make Janet sit at the window Sunday morning and tell me just who are going and how they are dressed."—*Judge.*

At the White House.

Washington Post.
"Daniel," sobbed the President this morning, as he shoved aside his mantle of gloom and stood forth like Marius among the ruins.
"Yes, sire," responded Daniel, in deep dejection and quivering tones.
"Will you get some crape to hang on the front door?"
"Yes, sire."
"And, Daniel, procure some cotton for me to stuff in my ears, so I can not hear the unkind, bitter, heartless, cruel, long-pent-up emotional utterances the leaders of the party will hurl at me with terrific force."
"Yes, sire."
"And, Daniel, stick up a sign 'To Let' on the big gates through which I'll soon pass for the last time."
"Yes, sire."
"And, Daniel, remember this, that it is a theory and not a condition which confronts us, and we must meet it, even though our hearts break and we sweat blood."
"Yes, sire," murmured Daniel, with convulsive sobs, and the two great men reposed on each other's bosoms, and an impenetrable gloom, damp with tears, fell upon them and shut them from the gaze of an unfeeling world.

Last Words of the Bowery Parrot.

New York Press, 7th.
The American eagle soared across the bay yesterday, saluted Madam Liberty with a graceful curve of obeisance, and alighted on an awning in the Bowery. The parrot rashly screeched at him:
"The tariff is a tax!"
Then the eagle swooped down on the parrot, clawed the feathers off him and shook him with his talons till he was half dead. Then the eagle soared away in the direction of Indianapolis.
As the parrot bound up his wounds with the muddy bandana and looked wistfully at the feathers that strewed the sidewalk, he croaked hoarsely to himself:
"Polly, you talk too much!"

Both Wiser.

Confirmed bachelor—How time does fly, Miss Seaside! Why, it was ten years ago that you refused me on this very spot.
Miss Seaside (who wishes she hadn't)—So long as that? I was very young and foolish then, Mr. Smith.
Confirmed bachelor—But we are both older and wiser now, *n'est-ce pas?*—*Harvard Lampoon.*

She Was Equal to It.

Manager Hill—Have you enough courage, Miss, to go on the stage in tights?
Miss Breezy (who is stage-struck)—That is a trifle, sir. I can read the Quick or the Dead aloud without blushing.
Manager apologizes and accepts her on the spot.

Between Two Vassar Girls.

Susie—Why, how smooth your face is!
Esther—How smooth yours is!
Consternation, blushes; short but painful pause.
Susie (innocently)—Yours is so much smoother than my brother Jamie's!
Esther (similiter)—And yours is so much smother than my father's!—*Life.*

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.
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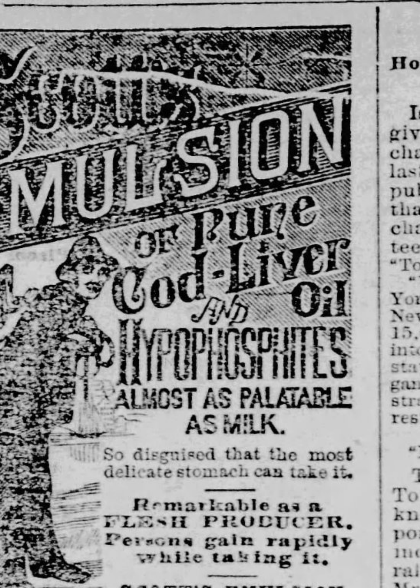

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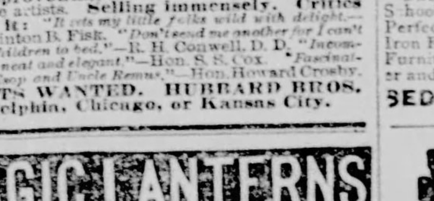

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Is not the reputation which we have given Col. Calvin S. Brice as a rainbow chaser justified by his activity up to the last moment. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* publishes the dispatch and prognostication that Col. Brice sent to Mr. J. B. Townsend, chairman of the Democratic state committee in Ohio, on the day before election:
"To J. B. Townsend, chairman:
"We are confident Cleveland will carry New York by 35,000 to 40,000, Connecticut 4,500, New Jersey 8,000 to 10,000, Indiana 12,000 to 15,000. A formal agreement has been entered into between this committee, the New York state committee, and the Democratic local organizations here which absolutely assures a straight vote on the national ticket. You can rest assured there will be no trading.
"CALVIN S. BRICE.
"New York, Nov. 5, 1888."
The agreement was faithfully observed. To all appearances the only persons who knifed Cleveland were his mugwump supporters. His vote of 133,000 in 1884 was increased to 163,000, and his former plurality of 43,000 was carried up to 57,000. Mr. Cleveland was honestly dealt with by the Democratic organizations of this town. He held his former vote here, and gained more than his share of the normal increase.—*Sun.*

A Pertinent Query.

Chicago Journal.
Judging by the returns on Congressmen in the Western States what do the Democrats think of the prospects of free trade "tariff reform" in that section of the country?

At Scotthaven, Pa., there was an explosion of fire-damp in the coal mines owned by W. H. Brown & Sons, when four men, named Joseph Muse, William Wing, Peter Lord and —— Gorman were severely burned.

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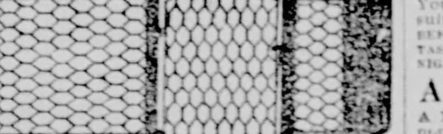
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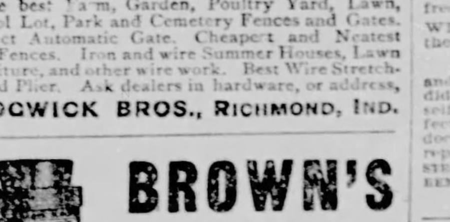
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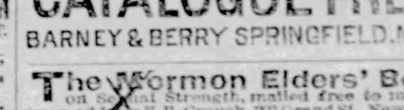
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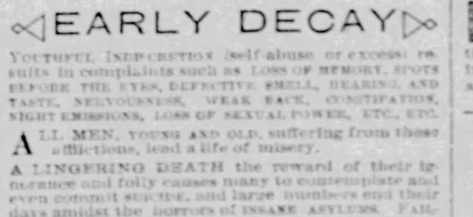
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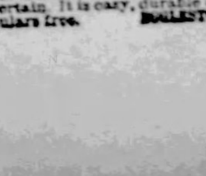
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THE OBSTACLES IN THE PATH OF PROHIBITION.

During the campaign just closed, the BLADE strongly urged the friends of Prohibition to aid in deciding the one issue on which the contest turned—that of the tariff—and not waste their votes by casting them with a party which had no hope of success at the polls. We are glad to know that this advice was largely followed. It was the wise and politic thing to do; and by so doing the advance of Prohibition was not hindered in the slightest. For each individual state, and for the nation at large, the work that needs doing, the work that must be done if Prohibition is to succeed, is to lay the foundation for it in the minds of the people. That is the first step, and it is folly to attempt to take the second until the first is accomplished.

There is a great confusion of ideas existing as regards the real status of Prohibition among the mass of the people. We believe that a majority of the people of the country are adverse to the existence of the saloon; but it by no means follows that this same majority are in favor of Prohibition. We would it were otherwise, but we are constrained to say that it is not. This enmity to the saloon is based on several things, patent to all men: that the saloons are rallying-places for the idle, the weak, the depraved, the vicious and the criminal classes; that through them, and through them almost entirely, are men—especially young men—led into the habit of drinking and made drunkards; that they are a detriment to all kinds of legitimate business, from the fact that the money that is squandered in them, were they abolished, would be spent for food, clothing and the comforts of life, and benefit the buyers as well as increase legitimate trade; and that the saloons injure the morals of the community, and lead to Sabbath-breaking, law-breaking, and a host of other ills.

Yet the fact remains that, while public sentiment is very largely hostile to the existence of the saloon, it has not yet advanced far enough, in very many states, to lead men to endorse so radical a measure as Prohibition. The tendency of society is always toward mitigating an existent evil rather than to attempt its radical extermination. That seems to be a trait of human nature. Hence, while the destruction of the public saloon would meet with favor, the abolition of Rum, through the Prohibition of its manufacture and sale, by no means as yet enjoys the same amount of popular favor. The masses have gotten educated up to the point of looking upon restrictive measures with favor, but as yet they look askance when asked to support the policy of attempting the entire destruction of the Rum traffic.

Hence, we find taxation, various plans of license, and local option, are highest in popular favor. The experience of the writer in obtaining the views of men of all classes upon the subject—an experience extending over several years—is that the average citizen, who is an enemy of Rum but not an advocate of Prohibition, bases his objection to the latter upon "you can't enforce Prohibition," and he thinks that it is better to have regulatory and restrictive laws, which can be enforced, than to attempt a radical extermination of Rum. For he says, and with a measure of truth, that if a man really wants Rum, he will obtain it, even in defiance of law.

It must be perfectly plain to any one who has studied the subject that there is no logical stopping-place for any one who admits the evils of the traffic and desires their abatement, short of advocating entire Prohibition. And it is plain, too, that as the failure of restrictive legislation, in whatever form it comes, is shown in the light of extended experience these persons will be in favor of going still further. If a six rail fence won't keep the cattle out of the meadow, try a ten rail one. If restriction will not accomplish anything, let us try Prohibition. This is the conclusion at which they will arrive. It is a pity that human conservatism is such that a moral reform must have very slow growth; that it must pass through all these preliminary stages before the final stage can be attempted. But so it is—and we must wait, not idly, but doing all we can to hasten the growth of popular opinion up to a point where it looks with favor on Prohibition.

In some states, Prohibition is already a *fit accompli*, as in Kansas, Iowa and Maine. In many others, large areas have been rescued from the domination of the saloon through local option. Public opinion is in a far more advanced state therein than it is elsewhere. The great obstacle to Prohibition is in the cities. It is a singular fact that there is a much greater proportion of our foreign-born population in our cities than in the country; and they are very largely opposed to Prohibition. In states containing many cities, local option is by far the best method of battling with the Rum Power. Had Iowa or Kansas as many cities above 10,000 population, and with as great a proportion of residents of foreign birth, as has Ohio, or New York, Prohibition would be a failure. We must do missionary work. We must educate the people up to a knowledge of the evils which come from the Rum traffic, and then to the point of seeing that there is no adequate remedy but Prohibition.

It is a giant blunder on the part of the people of any state to allow the liquor question to get into politics. Our brethren of the South have carefully kept it out, and they have done much more for Prohibition, twice over, than we of the North have done. To have partisan prejudice excited against Prohibition, is to lay a gigantic obstacle in the path of its progress. The true line of work is to get every person, irrespective of politics or religion, to look at the matter dispassionately, and convince him that there is but one real remedy for the brood of evils that result from Rum, and that it is, through Prohibition, to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE Sultan of Zanzibar has given to the British East African company a tract of territory embracing 67,000 square miles—nearly as large as the state of Ohio. It includes the excellent port and harbor of Mombasa, and will enable Englishmen to handle the products of the Soudan, which will there find their natural maritime outlet. The ceded region is rich in live stock, coffee, india-rubber, sugar cane, corn, millet, peas and beans. England is much more powerful in Africa than she was ten years ago. Virtually she controls Egypt. At the opposite end of the great continent She is strengthening and consolidating her African territory, and is extending her possessions up the eastern coast. There is a partition of Africa going on, and England is getting the British lion's share.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE YEAR.

We have on our subscription lists a large number of campaign names, whose subscriptions expire during November. We ask these newcomers to send in their subscriptions for one year from the expiration of their present terms. It is not necessary to ask our old constituents to renew, as they always do. The BLADE is to them a household necessity. Our campaign subscribers should by that time be well enough acquainted with the BLADE's merits to be willing to renew for the next year. With this week the political campaign closes, and from now on we shall make it a purely literary and news family weekly. During an important campaign we are obliged to devote so much space to political discussions that the real value of the paper for the remainder of the year is not so clearly seen. Our campaign subscribers can not certainly do any better than to renew for the Weekly BLADE, as it recognized by everybody as *the* representative model newspaper for general circulation, and is the only weekly paper in this country that has a circulation in every state and territory of the United States.

A POLITICAL REVOLUTION.

The Presidential election is a political revolution. HARRISON and MORTON have carried all the "sure Republican states"—those which cast their votes for JAMES G. BLAINE in 1884—and have, besides, carried New York, Indiana and West Virginia.

The Republicans win, and would have won even had New York cast her electoral vote for CLEVELAND. The "sure Republican states," plus Indiana and West Virginia, cast 203 electoral votes, which gives a majority of 2 over the 201 required to elect. New York's 36 electoral votes swell the Republican total to 239.

New York was not the pivotal state of the campaign, after all. HARRISON does not depend for his triumph upon a fluke, as did CLEVELAND in 1884. New York is a big state, and the Republicans did noble work, but her position as a political pivot in Presidential years is gone by. The star of empire moves westward, and with the growing commonwealths of the northwest admitted as states, New York loses her primacy.

HARRISON and MORTON carry every Northern state, except New Jersey and Connecticut. CLEVELAND did not even get the Solid South, for West Virginia stepped over into the Republican column. The Solid South is broken.

The next House of Representatives will have a good working majority. It looks now as though it will stand 173 Republicans to 155 Democrats. The House will then be Republican for the first time since March 4, 1883.

The Senate, which is now so nearly a tie, will have its Republican majority increased, the latest estimate being 40 Republicans and 36 Democrats.

With both branches of Congress and a Republican President, the reactionary schemes of the free trade Democracy will be utterly ineffectual, and the wheels of national progress and development can not be blocked. The Fifty-first Congress will have much important work to do.

It will revise the tariff on protective lines and get rid of the surplus.

It will admit North and South Dakota, Washington, Idaho and probably Montana, to the sisterhood of states, thus doing justice to those territories, the leading ones of which should have been admitted two or three years ago, but were kept out for partisan purposes by the Democratic House.

It will have control of the census of 1890, and will decide upon the basis of representation to be in force for the next decade.

It will settle the Southern question—and settle it permanently, we hope, so that men will not hold seats in Congress to represent voters who do not dare go to the ballot box.

It is a political revolution. The gloomy forebodings of thousands of Republicans who feared that the Democrats would so strongly intrench themselves in power that they could not be dislodged, are shown to be without adequate foundation. That party has the faculty, whenever intrusted with power, of committing some blunder that disgusts the people and overthrows its supremacy. The free trade policy was its blunder this year.

"IT IS A WATERLOO."

The Detroit *Evening News* is a free trade and independent Democratic paper. It is editorially one of the strongest papers in the West, and is not afraid to face the logic of any political situation and tell the truth, as it sees it, about the matter. Its discussion of the results of the election is eminently worth reading. It declares that "it is a Waterloo," and says:

> It is not merely a battle lost, or a campaign gone wrong. It was an irreparable disaster on the very point of a victory almost achieved that would have given the mastery of a continent for a generation. * *
>
> Napoleon was not crushed at Waterloo merely because the darkness did not come before Blucher came. It was the weight of United Europe that crushed him, and it was the weight of the united North that crushed Cleveland and the Democratic party. Yesterday was the supplement of Appomattox. The Democracy had taken desperate chances in its play for empire, and was depending on the Solid South and a single trick, New York.
>
> Its rule was the rule of the South, which depended upon it to regain the power it had lost by the sword. It had no assured footing in any Northern state, not even in New York, where its only chance depended upon the mob of one great city. It has, unfortunately for the noble principles which it represented, remained a Southern party, and it has now shared the fate of the Confederacy, with whose elements it has been in alliance.
>
> There were those who thought Napoleon had a chance after Waterloo, and there will be Democrats who will hope for a revival of their party.
>
> Let these consider the situation. The Republican party now returns to power with a wisdom born of painful experience. Like the Holly Alliance at Vienna, they will make assurance doubly sure by a radical reconstruction of the political map. The admission of North and South Dakota, Washington, Wyoming, and Idaho—and this will be done at once—will give them ten additional United States Senators, and about 25 additional members of the house, making the old game of their enemy—New York and the Solid South—an impossibility. They will inaugurate a vigorous foreign policy, that will in all probability result in the annexation of Canada, and the addition of five or six more Northern states.
>
> These great movements will fill the popular imagination to the exclusion of economic questions, while any serious demands for fiscal reform can be contented with some slight abatement of taxation. They can thus make it absolutely impossible for a full generation to come, for any party identified with the solid South to attain power. The solid South itself, always politically wise in its generation, seeing no hope through the Democracy, will break up. Its old Whig elements will come to the front again, and make alliances with the party which can alone give them a share of power. * *

There is a good deal of prophecy in all this, and it will be worth while to see how far wrong the *News* is in its calculations.

THE latest statement of the comptroller of the currency shows that during the month of October, the last of the three per cent bonds held as security for national bank note circulation were withdrawn. It is over a year since these issues ceased to bear interest, but they were allowed to remain as security for circulation, the banks preferring this to substituting the higher priced fours or 4½ per cents. About $600,000 of them are still outstanding, of which $110,000 are held by the treasury as security for deposits of public money with the banks.

OVER in Michigan the Republicans can sing:

> Keep your eye fixed upon the American eagle,
> That bird of your country's proud destiny hail,
> Because that wise bird you can never inveigle
> By putting free salt on his venerable tail.

THE ELECTORAL "COLLEGE."

The Presidential election, so-called, is over, but there is no President yet elected. All the people have done is to choose, by states, the men who are to elect the President. The voters in each state have chosen as many of these electors as that state has Representatives and Senators in Congress. The day of the real Presidential election is yet to come; that is, the day on which the electors chosen in each state will meet in that state's capital to formally ballot for President and Vice President of the United States. The day on which this will be done is the first Wednesday in December, which this year will be December 5.

These electors who have been chosen have the right to vote, in each state, for whomever they shall desire for President or Vice-President—the only constitutional limitation being that only one of these shall be a citizen of the state whose electors are voting; that is, the President and Vice President may not both be citizens of the same state. This provision was intended to guard against the imagined danger of the larger states attempting to usurp authority, or obtain an undue influence in the national government.

But, although the electors are legally free to vote for whom they please, they are in honor bound to vote for the candidate of the party which elected them. In the earlier days of the republic, party nominations were not made; but as soon as the people divided into two great hostile political camps, the plan of making party nominations for the two highest offices was adopted, and from that time to this no elector has ever violated the implied pledge which he makes, in accepting the nomination for elector, to vote for his party's candidates.

The electors for the whole Union never meet as an organized body. The entire machinery of the electors is a device to have the President elected by the states, and not by the people. The whole body is called, for convenience, the "electoral college," though the name is unknown to the law, and is but a popular designation, bestowed for convenience. The electors from each state meet and cast their votes for the candidates of their party. When this is done, the electors must sign three certificates of all the votes given by them. One of these is forwarded by messenger to the President of the United States Senate before the first Wednesday of the following January. Another is sent by mail, and the third is delivered to the judge of the district in which the electors have assembled. On the second Wednesday in the following February, Congress meets and canvasses the electoral votes and makes official declaration of the election of a President and Vice President for the next four years.

The electoral vote on December 5 next will be cast as follows:

FOR HARRISON.		FOR CLEVELAND.	
California	8	Alabama	10
Colorado	3	Arkansas	7
Illinois	22	Connecticut	6
Indiana	15	Delaware	3
Iowa	13	Florida	4
Kansas	8	Georgia	12
Maine	6	Kentucky	13
Massachusetts	14	Louisiana	8
Michigan	13	Maryland	8
Minnesota	7	Mississippi	9
Nebraska	5	Missouri	16
Nevada	3	New Jersey	9
New Hampshire	3	North Carolina	11
New York	36	South Carolina	9
Ohio	23	Tennessee	12
Oregon	3	Texas	13
Pennsylvania	30	Virginia	12
Rhode Island	4	West Virginia	6
Vermont	4		
Wisconsin	11	Total	168
Total	233		

The total number of electoral votes is 401, of which it requires a majority to elect—and 201, being a majority, is the lowest required number. Hence HARRISON will have 32 more votes than are needed, while CLEVELAND will lack 33 votes.

THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

The facts as to the dispute in the recent national convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union held in New York City, are as follows: A resolution was offered declaring that the Union should hereafter be non-sectarian and non-partisan, but it was defeated by the third party influence. Thereupon 120 delegates who favored a constitutional amendment to the W. C. T. U. constitution, that all Women's Christian Temperance Union discussions be non-partisan and non-sectarian, met and adopted a mutual pledge to agitate in local, county, district and state unions to the end that the next annual convention be prepared to vote intelligently on such an amendment.

Two hours were spent by the convention discussing the questions in which the third-party following disingenuously urged that this amendment would forbid the union from championing prohibition. Confounding prohibition with third partyism is confounding prohibition as a fact with prohibition as a fancy. The trouble with this body comes not from Miss WILLARD's strenuous advocacy of prohibition in its meetings, but from her strenuous advocacy of a party that tends to upset prohibition in all its practical workings. It is to be hoped in the interest of temperance reform that the state conventions of the body will follow Iowa in setting this important organization right, and re-establish it on the non-partisan and moral ground on which its first successes were wrought.

THE more bitter of the pronounced free trade organs are abusing the farmers of the nation because they adhered to protection. They are charged with being "slow," and unintelligent, and so on. Their general charge is, in effect, that the farmer is such a large-sized ninny that he doesn't know in which direction his own interests lie and needs instruction as to the particular side on which his bread is buttered. The idea is absurd. The farmers, as a class, are probably the most intelligent of the community. But then the man against whom the jury decides the case always does think that the twelve good men and true were a set of numbskulls.

THE fact is not as widely known as it might be, that the vote of New York was stolen from BLAINE in 1884. The fraud which was decisive was in Brooklyn, and between 2,000 and 4,000 votes, as nearly as can be ascertained, were fraudulently added to the vote of the CLEVELAND electoral ticket. This time the Republicans knew where to look for possible frauds, and Chairman QUAY arranged his forces so that a repetition of the scoundrelism was impossible.

THERE are four territories eligible as as states. We give their area and population in 1880:

	Area.	Population
Dakota	149,100	177,624
Idaho	84,800	32,610
Montana	146,080	39,159
Washington	69,180	75,116

They have all increased in population very largely since then, Dakota especially, which has at least 600,000 people at present. It is probable that it will be divided, South Dakota being admitted first.

THE result in New York state carried out the order which has prevailed there since 1864. In that year the state voted for LINCOLN; in 1868, for SEYMOUR; in 1872, for GRANT; in 1876, for TILDEN; in 1880, for GARFIELD; in 1884, for CLEVELAND. It has alternated every four years. But it is no longer the pivotal state, and the Democrats cannot get as much comfort out of this rule as they otherwise would.

PRESIDENT HARRISON is a man of much discretion, and he may be relied upon to make no such blunders as CLEVELAND has been guilty of.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S CABINET.

The election of General HARRISON being decided, public attention turns at once to the make-up of his Cabinet. It is safe to say that General HARRISON himself has as yet given the matter no especial attention; yet there are certain probabilities that are well known, and the discussion of them is not without interest.

There seems to be a well-defined opinion among those whose opinions may rightfully be considered to have most weight, that JAMES G. BLAINE will not be secretary of State. We believe this opinion to be correct. In the first place, Mr. BLAINE would sooner have a seat in the United States Senate than either a Cabinet position or a foreign mission; and as the term of Senator FRYE, of Maine, expires on March 4 next, it is quite possible that President HARRISON will give him an official position, thus allowing Mr. BLAINE to enter the Senate. Again, there is not so strong a feeling regarding Mr. BLAINE'S becoming Premier among Republicans as there was at one time, based largely upon the persistent barking of the mugwump press of the East, which bitterly opposed HARRISON on the plea that with BLAINE in charge of the portfolio of secretary of State, he would be "the power behind the throne," and greater in person than his chief. Any one who imagines that BENJAMIN HARRISON will not be Chief Executive in fact as well as in name, will find himself much mistaken. He is a man of strong convictions, of iron purpose, with the strongest determination to do right; and he will not be swayed by Mr. BLAINE or any one else. There will be no WARWICK in his administration.

There seems to be an eminent fitness in naming JOHN SHERMAN as the one most likely to be honored with the secretaryship of State. Senator SHERMAN is sixty-six years old, and has grown a trifle weary of his long service in the Senate. It is an open secret that he intends to retire at the expiration of his present term, in 1893. Four years at the head of the cabinet, in charge of our foreign policy, would be a fitting crown to his long and distinguished public career. His fitness no one questions.

This would simplify the political situation in Ohio very largely. We have in the Buckeye state at least four Republican leaders whom the people honor, and would be glad to have their merits receive recognition. Elevating SHERMAN to the cabinet would give one of the "Big Four" the vacant Senatorship—probably Governor FORAKER, as MCKINLEY will be Speaker of the House, without much doubt, for he is the recognized champion of protection, and protection has won. BUTTERWORTH and FOSTER can then decide which of them shall succeed to Senator PAYNE's seat in 1891.

New York will, of course, be recognized in the Cabinet, and the name of WARNER MILLER at once suggests itself as that of the proper man, and the Treasury portfolio as the fitting position.

For secretary of War, General RUSSELL A. ALGER, of Michigan, has the call, in popular estimation. The recognition of the magnificent response Michigan made to the Republican call to arms, and the crushing defeat of DON M. DICKINSON's efforts to carry the state for CLEVELAND and free trade, could not be more appropriately made than in the appointment of General ALGER.

Senator FRYE, of Maine, would be a very good man for the secretaryship of the Navy, thus allowing Mr. BLAINE to go to the Senate.

Mr. J. S. CLARKSON, of Iowa, is spoken of for a Cabinet position, and the Interior department might be a fitting place for him. Senator ALLISON, of Iowa, would be a prominent candidate for Cabinet honors, were it not well known that he prefers to remain in the Senate.

Senator QUAY's splendid work as chairman of the Republican National committee is to be recognized, but he declares against leaving the Senate. It is understood, however, that he will urge Mr. JOHN WANAMAKER, of Philadelphia, for some position; and if it be decided that that sterling Republican shall be Pennsylvania's Cabinet officer, the Postmaster General's office would find in him an admirable incumbent.

For Attorney General, no better man could possibly be selected than Judge WALTER Q. GRESHAM. He is an Indiana man, a leading competitor with General HARRISON for the nomination at Chicago last June, and his appointment, aside from its eminent fitness, would be in the line of good politics.

President HARRISON will have a new Cabinet position to fill, just created by a recent act of Congress—that of secretary of Agriculture. This fact has generally been overlooked by the slate-makers. California should be recognized in the Cabinet, and Hon. M. M. ESTEE's name at once suggests itself as that of a man who would honor the place and be an admirable addition to the heads of executive departments gathered about President HARRISON.

The BLADE does not assume that the above suggestions show any more than some of the probabilities of the case. The clash of interests will be great, and the number of considerations that enter into the calculation is enormous. Still, we believe that at least four out of the entire number given above will be found correct.

THE great Lick telescope, it is said, has revealed much that was unknown, but exact statements are withheld until the observations can be confirmed. Its great value has induced negotiations for a still larger telescope, to be set up at Los Angeles. The lens of this projected instrument is to be 42 inches in diameter, and is estimated to cost $100,000. ALVAN CLARKE, of Cambridge, Mass., the great telescope maker, says it will take five years to make such a lens. The clearness of the atmosphere in California recommends it as a suitable place for astronomical observations with the best instruments that can be made, and the erection of the Lick observatory has greatly stimulated the interest felt there in astronomical studies.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Tribune* breaks into a song of jubilation as follows:

> The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la,
> Give promise, ... Grover, of soup;
> We'll merrily dance and we'll sing, tra la,
> As we welcome the hope that they bring, tra la,
> Of a glorious Republican whoop.
> And that's what we mean when we say and we sing,
> 'Tis certain that Grover will skip in the spring.

... ONE who met Mrs. HARRISON in ... or at Middle Bass last summer will heartily endorse the following paragraph from the New York *Press*:

> Such a social queen as Mrs. Benjamin Harrison is in Indianapolis will shine in the broader sphere of Washington with a brightness that will befit the White House.

GENERAL GRANT's political prediction, made twelve years ago, is completely verified. Said he:

> When the Democratic party comes near to complete control of the country, it will break its back over the Allegheny mountains on the tariff question.

WILLIAM L. SCOTT, the coal baron and free trade leader, is knocked out completely. His district elected a Republican to Congress, and on March 4 next SCOTT drops into a state of innocuous desuetude.

WHILE HILL was elected governor of New York, the Republicans not only retain control of the state legislature, but increase their majority therein.

THE list of Ohio-born Presidents now includes GRANT, HAYES, GARFIELD and HARRISON—and all soldiers.

EXIT MUGWUMPERY.

With the triumph of the Republican party in the national contest, the mugwumps pass into innocuous desuetude as a political factor. Republicanism has triumphed gloriously, in spite of all the mugwumps could do. The vote for HILL in New York shows that the mugwump adhesion to CLEVELAND was an element of weakness, not of strength. Mugwumpery began as a protest by a certain supersensitive element in the Republican party, chiefly in the East, against JAMES G. BLAINE personally. His nomination for the Presidency was utterly repugnant to these over-nice people, and they bolted, supporting GROVER CLEVELAND because he was believed to be a friend of civil service reform.

The total strength of the mugwumps was never very large, but accident gave them an importance in national politics utterly disproportionate to the ratio their voting strength bore to the total vote of the country. The fact that CLEVELAND won the Presidency through carrying New York, and that he obtained the electoral vote of that state by the trivial plurality of 1,047 votes, was the fortuitous combination of circumstances that caused the mugwumps to claim that they defeated BLAINE, and to pose before the country as the controlling factor in CLEVELAND's election.

But their high hopes were doomed to disappointment. Instead of their dictating the policy of the administration in regard to the federal offices, they were snubbed and neglected. CLEVELAND took things coolly for a time, but when the possession of power had awakened within him the desire for its continuance, and he began to look ahead and prepare to force his own renomination, he surrendered to the demands of the spoilsmen, and abandoned all pretense of civil service reform. Then he sprung the free trade issue, and all the mugwumps who are free traders shifted ground promptly and declared that they supported CLEVELAND as a tariff reformer, even if he had yielded to his party on civil service reform. Those of them who were protectionists quietly fell into the Republican ranks again.

The people have defeated CLEVELAND and elected a protectionist majority in the next Congress. Free trade will undoubtedly be abandoned as a definitive issue by the Democracy, and the handful of mugwumps will be left desolate, their idol defeated and their policy knocked out. The Republican party owes them nothing, for they have been, for four years, its bitterest enemy. President HARRISON is under no obligation to them. They have dropped from the accidental prominence they once enjoyed, and the nation will know them politically no more.

DELAWARE'S REVOLUTION.

The little state of Delaware has long been Democratic only through machine politics. The Bayard and the Saulsbury families have combined to rule the state and divide the offices among themselves and their retainers. An infamous election law, the work of the Bayard bosses, has for years kept the supremacy in Democratic hands. This odious law is modeled after similar laws in other Southern states, providing that no citizen shall be entitled to vote at any election who has not paid a county tax at least six months prior thereto.

The election machinery was all in the hands of the Democratic officials, the devoted henchmen of the ruling families. The assessors so managed matters that the names of all Democratic voters were kept on the registration lists, whether their taxes were paid or not, while no Republican could vote unless the provisions of the law had been strictly fulfilled. By these and similar tricks hundreds of Republicans have been disfranchised each year.

The new legislature is Republican, and an effort will be made to get rid of the obnoxious law, and thus break the rule of the BAYARDS and SAULSBURYS. This Republican victory was won through BAYARD's treachery. The long-standing compact between the two families was broken by his support of a Democrat who aspired to SAULSBURY's seat in the Senate which becomes vacant in March 4 next SAULSBURY's friends used the knife, and the two counties of Sussex and Kent were carried by the Republicans, the third county in the state, Newcastle, the BAYARD stronghold, remaining Democratic. The result will be that the Senate of the Fifty-first Congress will have neither a BAYARD nor a SAULSBURY in it—a thing which has not happened since 1851.

THE English papers mention the singular fact that during the cold snap of the first of October the extreme north of Europe was warmer than the most sheltered spot in the British islands. On that account, they think it improbable that there will be a particularly severe winter in Great Britain. It is stated there have been fewer frosty mornings at the north end of the Gulf of Bothnia than in the English midlands; and at Bodo, within the Arctic circle, the thermometer has only once this autumn been reported below the freezing point. Last winter it was extremely severe in the far north of Europe, and the people who forecasted from that fact a cold later winter and spring for us were not mistaken; but this season there are no such indications of the severity of winter in the far north.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, the first president, was inaugurated on April 29, 1789. BENJAMIN HARRISON will be inaugurated March 4, 1889, and will in person attend the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the inauguration of WASHINGTON, which will be held in New York city. General HARRISON is no unworthy successor of the first president, and is a descendant of one of WASHINGTON's friends, being the grandson of BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Virginia, one of the signers of the declaration of independence.

The lie started by a man named CONDON, of Bloomington, Ill., to the effect that in 1876 General HARRISON used insulting language concerning the Irish people in a public speech was evidently not believed in Bloomington. The precinct in which CONDON lives generally gives about 75 Democratic majority, but gave CLEVELAND only 19 majority. This is clear proof that the story was rejected by CONDON's fellow-Irishmen and personal acquaintances.

A POSTAL CARD correspondent wants to know the meaning of the campaign phrase, "He's in the soup," and its pertinency as applied to CLEVELAND. It is a bit of sailor and dock slang. When any one falls into the water, they say "he's in the soup." CLEVELAND was dropped overboard, and is most certainly in the soup.

THE Democracy may be expected to at once begin to hedge on the tariff issue. RANDALL will be the leader of the bulk of his party inside of four years, and MILLS, CARLISLE and the rest of the pronounced free traders will be simply the petty bosses of an unimportant faction.

GENERAL BUTLER, being interviewed as to the effect upon tariff legislation of General HARRISON's success, remarked:

> Oh, the tariff is to be revised and lowered; but our victory is that it is not to be an English tariff. Don't make any mistake about that.

THE Old Roman said he'd much prefer to stay quietly at home with Mrs. THURMAN and the grandchildren; and he's going to.

"HILL and GRAY" is the ticket now spoken of by hopeful Democrats in 1892.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

The Supreme court of Pennsylvania has just made a decision relative to the trials of persons charged with murder that is of very highest importance. This court decides that, in murder trials, where there is a disagreement of the jury, the prisoner must not be remanded for a new trial, but must be set free. That is to say, that a person accused of murder can not be tried twice for the same offense, and if the jury disagrees it frees him from the possibility of being again tried for the same crime.

The ground assigned for this decision is that clause in the constitution which declares that no person can be twice "put in jeopardy of life or limb" for the same offense. In its decision the court declares that the constitution is very clear on the matter and that this fact makes it remarkable that the point was never raised before. Many men have been tried for murder a second time, convicted, and hanged. The decision will have the effect of releasing several men who are now awaiting trial in that state, after juries in their first trials had disagreed.

The decision is of importance in every state and territory in the United States, because the provision on which it is based is found in the constitution of the United States, and hence if it is so interpreted in Pennsylvania it will certainly follow that courts elsewhere will follow the precedent thus set and declare the same in other states. The matter should be taken to the supreme court of the United States, which has final jurisdiction, and if that tribunal should uphold the Pennsylvania decision, the matter would be at once settled.

SUGAR FROM SORGHUM.

The new process for obtaining sugar from sorghum, which has been demonstrated to be a success by the experimental factory at Fort Scott, Kansas, will revolutionize the sugar business, and give a very profitable industry to the farming community. The day is not far distant when the American market will be supplied with home-grown sugar entirely. The sorghum is a plant closely related to the tropical sugar cane grown in Louisiana: in fact, it is one of the many varieties of the family to which Southern cane belongs. It can be grown wherever corn will flourish, and its cultivation is as easy as that of corn. It has been raised to some extent in the North for over 30 years, especially during the war, when sorghum molasses was the staple in the North.

It has, until the "diffusion process" was invented, been impossible to obtain crystallizable sugar from it. Sugar was obtained, to be sure, but it was in the form of glucose. This process, now in successful operation at Fort Scott, furnishes a fine article of dry, crystallized sugar, and it has been proved that the profit on each ton of can handled does not fall short of $5.20, not including the state bounty of two cents a ton. Ten tons were taken from each acre of land cultivated, and in addition to the profit on the cane, each acre yielded about 25 bushels of seed worth 25 cents a bushel for stock feeding, although it could also be used as human food with advantage.

A BRIEF cablegram announces that the British currency commission will report in favor of a bimetallic currency. It has been more than sixty years since an official utterance in favor of placing silver on an equality with gold has been made in Great Britain. She has been the great rock ahead of bimetallists, and if she decides upon bimetallism, the probabilities are that other European mono-metallic countries will fall into line. The reason why English prejudice has at last yielded seems to be a business one, which may be thus explained: It is a strange fact that the purchasing power of silver in India is higher than anywhere else; that is, in that country its buying value has not declined, as it has over the remainder of the world. India can sell wheat and cotton to England, getting her pay in gold, with which an increased amount of silver can be purchased. Hence India benefits largely by her sales to England. But England's sales to India are hindered because India must pay in gold, which is dearer than her silver. Hence India is benefited by the low rate of silver as compared with gold, while England is injured. This state of things has been one of the factors which has pushed the sales of Indian wheat in England, and so far we feel its effects in the increased competition with our own wheat growers. It is now to be hoped that Great Britain will be ready to join the United States, Germany and France in a concerted movement for the restoration of the double standard and the settlement of a proper ratio of value between the two metals.

WE are inclined to agree with the Philadelphia *Bulletin* that if CLEVELAND had not sent to Congress the famous message which spread alarm throughout the country last December, and if he had consented to follow the advice of Mr RANDALL, rather than that of Mr. CARLISLE, it would have been difficult, with all of the faults of his administration, to have defeated him for re-election. And, if he had been content with the policy of silence his party followed in 1884, and had labored to reduce the surplus in accordance with the principles of protection, he would have been almost invulnerable as a candidate for re-election. Free trade defeated him.

JUDGE THURMAN talked very honestly and sensibly on Wednesday about the election. Said he:

> I see that Brice has sent out a dispatch saying that New York has gone Democratic by 15,000. The returns do not bear him out in this, and I can not see the object of sending out such news. From the figures we have here after corrections, I estimate that the Republicans have certainly carried New York by at least 10,000. In fact, it looks as if the people of the United States have decided that a tariff is not a tax, and they are the arbitrators in this case. If they have decided so nobody will acquiesce in their decision more quickly than I.

THE Tennessee TAYLORS are lucky politically. ALF, the Republican, goes to Congress, and BOB, the musical Democratic governor, will not have to hang up his fiddle, as he is re-elected. No mention is made of old man TAYLOR, but it is presumed that he has not been entirely left out in the distribution of good things.

THE city of Chicago polled 125,284 votes on Tuesday, giving CLEVELAND, for President, a plurality of 3,642, and PALMER, for governor, a plurality of 7,360. Cook county, including Chicago, cast a total of 172,030 votes, giving HARRISON, for President, a plurality of 497, and PALMER, for governor, a plurality of 4,575.

LET us pause, brethren, to drop a tear—a briny one—over the Democratic boys who have been let in to warm their toes, and who, alas! will soon again be thrown upon the mercies of a cold, unfeeling world.

CONKLING's home—Oneida county, N. Y.—which gave a plurality of 30 for CLEVELAND in 1884, gave a plurality of 1,931 in favor of HARRISON. The stalwart and half-breed fight is over.

YOUNG TIPPECANOE won as big a political victory this year as Old Tippecanoe did in 1840. May he live longer to enjoy his honors than did the elder HARRISON.

RANDALL kept the protectionist faith, and he will be the most conspicuous Democrat in the Fifty-first Congress.

BUFFALO gave 456 greater plurality against CLEVELAND than in 1884.

THE tariff is NOT a tax—for the people they have said it.

CLEVELAND will soon pass into innocuous desuetude.

THE BLADE AND USEFUL ARTICLES.

The BLADE has always aimed to bring out a list of useful household articles, wherewith to supply its readers who may need them, without their having to pay the several intermediate profits with which they are charged when they purchase of local dealers. We have always aimed to obtain articles or actual necessity in families, and also to have them of the *very best* quality; and we have always sold them at a price which will not more than cover the actual cost of production and our trouble in handling them.

A few years ago we were offered sewing machines by various companies—cheap affairs, which were sold as premiums with various newspapers. They were not as good as we desired, nor were we able to get a really reliable and thoroughly well-made machine at a low price. Hence the BLADE, at an expense of a great many thousand dollars, built a factory, filled it with machinery especially adapted to the manufacture of sewing machines, and since it has been in operation has scattered many thousands of BLADE Sewing Machines throughout the United States. It is a perfectly reliable machine, as good as any on the market, simple, durable and cheap; for we can furnish it, and the Weekly BLADE for one year, for $18.

The books which are offered in connection with the BLADE are of our own publication, and of the highest standard of excellence in their particular lines. We furnish them, with the BLADE, at prices not over *one-third* those at which the same class of books sell for in stores. Our stock of "Nasby's" books is going very fast, and they will soon be out of print. Our catalogue of books offers the very best selection for holiday presents, especially Miss Bouton's books, which should be in every family.

The watch which we offer in connection with the BLADE is as good a time-keeper as any man need carry. They are a newer watch than the Waterbury, and much more satisfactory. They have a short, stem-wind, and are stem-setters. They cannot fail to please.

The last step we have taken in the line of supplying household needs is in bringing out the BLADE Bench Wringer, which is announced elsewhere. We have had a large number manufactured for us by one of the largest factories in the country. They are made of the best material, under the latest and best patents, and are sold at the lowest possible price. They are offered, with the BLADE, at half the price that a wringer alone of this quality can be purchased for at retail, and as cheap as the very cheapest and poorest tub wringer can be bought at the stores.

We aim to bring out only such articles as are really household necessities, and no one need hesitate to order anything we offer in connection with the paper, for the reason that we are willing to, and do, guarantee everything which we offer over our own name.

The announcements of the BLADE Sewing Machine, the BLADE Watch, the BLADE Wringer, and the BLADE Books will be found on the fifth page. Read them carefully.

THE weekly trade summary, issued by *Bradstreet's*, reports that the election excitement injured business, but that a renewed activity is already visible, particularly in wools, woolens and cotton goods. Pig iron South is quite active, but still dull in the East. Prices of steel rails have been cut 50 cents in the West, and sales are made at $27, within 40 per cent of the lowest price on record. Dry goods are in better demand. The total business failures in the United States last week were 177, against 203 for the same week last year.

LONG years ago, at the second election of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, we think, the Quaker poet, JOHN G. WHITTIER, described the ballot as

> "A weapon that comes down as still
> As snowflakes fall upon the sod;
> But executes a freeman's will,
> As lightning does the will of God!"

And that is the weapon that struck down free trade and caused the triumph of HARRISON and protection.

THE dollar-a-day lie didn't work.

The Chinese roorback was not swallowed by the voters.

The vigorous denial that the Democrats meant free trade was not believed.

The "Hullay for HALLISON" of the Democratic mob leaders didn't carry any weight.

THE election of a Republican majority in the House of Representatives is really of more importance than the election of a Republican President. With a Republican majority in the House, the Carlisles and the Mills and the rest of their kind are powerless for mischief in the future.

THE Republican campaign of 1888 was conducted without a serious mistake. The national committee earned the gratitude of Republicans all over the country for its vigilance and sagacity.

THIS was the election night refrain in the Eastern cities:

> Four—four—four months more,
> And we'll fire Grover out of the White House door.

IT is about time for the third party men to claim that they will sweep the country in 1892. Four years ago they were cocksure they were going to do it in 1888.

THE voters took CLEVELAND at his word. In his 1884 letter of acceptance he declared in favor of a one-term policy, and the people agreed with him.

THE people tried an experiment in politics four years ago. It proved costly and unprofitable, and they have resolved not to continue it.

THE protectionist leaven is working in the South, and the gains of Republican Congressmen from that section show it.

THE outcome shows that no mistake was made at Chicago last June in the selection of a Republican standard-bearer.

THE Democratic book of Genesis is ended with the death of the patriarch Free Trade, and Exodus will soon begin.

THE American workingman don't think that he wants to be put on a level with European laborers.

THE Adams and Harrison families have each given the nation two Presidents.

THE pet banks will prepare to put that $60,000,000 back into the treasury.

"THE tariff is a tax," said the free trade parrots. The people knew better.

HARRISON carries the entire North, except New Jersey and Connecticut.

WONDER if ex-Minister WEST will be invited to attend the funeral.

WE will now hear the real Democratic opinion of MR. CLEVELAND.

MCKINLEY should be Speaker of the House in the next Congress.

"WHAT's the matter with protection?" "It's all right!"

THE bandana was beaten by the American flag.

CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER got there just in time.

THE home market is good enough, thank you!

THE Mills bill is as dead as the Pharaohs.

THE poor mugwumps are inconsolable.

"MURCHISON" is happy, without doubt.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A salt palace is projected at Salt Lake.

Under the state law of Michigan no duelist can cast a vote.

One pound of seed will yield about 10,000 asparagus stalks.

It costs $1,200,000 per annum to keep the streets of Paris clean.

The veneral Empress Augusta is going to publish her collection of letters.

Nearly twenty thousand men have been naturalized in New York City this year.

Emma Abbott is said to realize a profit of $75,000 annually from her real estate investments in Denver.

At Greenwood, Ga., Coke Talmadge, a train hand, killed a rattlesnake seven feet long and with ten rattles.

Daniel Hind's noble gift of $1,000,000 for the education of colored people in the South will educate 500 pupils a year.

The Empress of Augusta contemplates a voyage in the West Indies, to be followed by a tour through the United States.

Veretschagen, the veneral Russian artist, is the guest in New York of Mrs. MacGahan, widow of the famous war correspondent.

A South Windham (Me.) man attributes the cure of a cancer on his nose to the application of the plant known as "wood sorrel."

The oldest and largest tree in the world is a chestnut, near the foot of Mount Etna. The circumference of the main trunk is 212 feet.

A toadstool will lift 340 pounds of solid weight while growing, and a common cabbage head will burst staves as thick as those used in pork barrels.

An editor in Nebraska is qoted as remarking that "equinoctial storms have been very frequent since the memorable blizzard of January 13."

The first patent ever issued in America was given to Samuel Hopkins, of Philadelphia, in 1790, for the improvement in the manufacture of potash.

Ornamenting letter and note paper by hand is becoming a very remunerative branch of industry in New York, as well as in London, Paris and Vienna.

It is said that when a girl gets to be 35 she is fond of being called Daisy, if that happens to be her first name. At 16 she insists on being called Miss Smith.

M. Coquelin had a good audience on the occasion of his lecture upon "The Art of the Comedian" at Harvard College. He read it from manuscript in French.

Henry D. Harlan, who has recently been appointed Chief Justice of Maryland, is only thirty years old, and is probably the youngest man in the country to hold such an office.

On Monday a runaway horse dashed through a large plate-glass window on Fifth avenue, New York, carrying its rider along. Both the man and the horse were badly hurt.

Sheriff Love, at Lawrence, Kan., while plastering a room 23 years ago, lost a valuable watch chain. The other day the store was torn down and the chain was found in the plaster.

The street car conductors at Los Angeles have been "knocking down" from $1 to $2 a day, and several have been arrested. They used an instrument called a "brother-in-law."

The recent unveiled statue of Gordon in London is peculiar if not unique in that it represents a great soldier without a sword. He is shown carrying a rattan cane under his left arm.

Editor Burbank, of the New Orleans *Picayune*, has eleven children, seven horses, a pack of dogs, a pet camel, six parrots, a steam yacht, an orange grove and $2,000,000 in bonds.

The Rev. Bartholomew Edwards, who is within a few months of completing his century, is the oldest clergyman in the Church of England, though he is closely pressed by Archdeacon Philpot, who is 99.

Mrs. Frank A. Degroat, of Millbury, Mass., gave birth to four girl babies the other afternoon. The smallest child weighs three pounds and the others nearly six pounds each. They are all bright and active.

Captain A. P. C. Haggard, a brother of the author of "She," is about to appear as a novelist also. He is a British officer stationed at Meerut, and has already published divers diaries of military expeditions.

It is estimated that there 3,000,000 men in America who get shaved three times a week. That means an expenditure of 30 cents a week, or $15.60 for each man, or for the 3,000,000, $15,600,000 annually.

Queen Maria Pia of Portugal is a very clever horsewoman, and loves the chase. She is a good swimmer, and wears a medal which she gained for saving the lives of two children who fell into the sea at Cascaes.

Sir Morell Mackenzie lectures before the Edinburg "big-wigs," commonly known as the Philosophical Institution, on "Song and Speech" December 4. One hundred thousand copies of his book are said to have been sold.

Lord Sackville evidently contemplates a speedy exit from Washington. He has advertised his entire stable outfit for sale, guaranteeing that all the manufactured articles are "London made and of the finest quality."

Among her diamonds Mrs. McLean, wife of the editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, who mostly spends her winters in Washington, has the finest of the collection that formerly belonged to Adelaide Neilson, the actress.

Dona Maria de Andreda is considered to be the most cultivated woman in Brazil. She spent four years in New York studying the American school system, which she is introducing with success into her own country.

Colonel John Hay, the author, is wealthy and his literary work is done in the most luxurious of surroundings. His great fortune came to him through his marriage to the daughter of the late Amasa Stone, a Cleveland millionaire.

A singular coincidence occurred in Bangor the other Sunday. Rev. G. W. Field and Rev. C. H. Cutler exchanged pulpits. Neither knew what was to be the subject of the other's sermon, yet singularly enough, both took the same text.

Governor Hill remarked to a friend the night before election: "It has been a pleasant campaign, but I'm glad its all over." Just wait till Mr. Cleveland's friends get a whack at him. It will not be so pleasant, but it will soon be all over with Mr Hill.

John A. Snider, of Siverlyville, Pa., has a silver watch that has been in use for more than 110 years, and still keeps excellent time. Mr. Snider's grandfather took it from the body of a Hessian soldier slain at the battle of Trenton, in the revolutionary war.

Mme. Le Ray contemplates another voyage of exploration. This intrepid French woman, who has traveled all over Asia Minor, is about to start for Teheran, from whence she intends making excursions into the least accessible portions of the Persian dominions.

W. S. Bishop, a graduate of the class of '87, of Rutgers college, a son of Rev. Dr. Bishop of Orange, has been appointed to act temporarily as instructor of metaphysics in the college during the illness of Professor Doolittle. The honor is an unusual one for so young a man.

Hair is going up, not in form, but in price. White hair is particularly scarce and dear, coming as high as $50 and $100 an ounce. This is very different from gray hair, which is common. Real brown or golden hair that has not been "doctored" brings nearly as much.

The obelisk to be erected on the summit of the Ortler in commemoration of the fortieth year of the Emperor Francis Joseph's reign is nearly ready for removal from Vienna. It will stand on the highest point of the Emperor's dominions—over twelve thousand feet above the sea level.

A lawsuit in New York developed the fact that "after the owner of a lot in Cypress Hills cemetery has buried a deceased member of his own family in it he is absolutely forbidden, by the law under which the cemetery is incorporated, to ever transfer or sell the lot outside of his family."

The American Pet Dog club, of New York, which was formed about a year ago, has gone to court to restrain several gentlemen from giving their club the same title. Among the members of the club are Mrs. Henry E. Abbey, Mrs. Dion Boucicault, Mrs. Frank Leslie and the Baroness Blanc.

A Brooklyn man intends to start a goat farm, which he thinks will bring him $13.50 per day. He will stock it with 75 goats, and as the ordinary goat will give three pints of milk a day, he calculates upon 90 quarts per day at 12 to 15 cents a quart.

The final surveys for the proposed Nicaragua canal, says that the Guatemala *Star*, are now completed. Members of the survey party affirm that the result of their work is most satisfactory, and exceeds the anticipations of the company. It is expected that the work of excavation will bring next December.

A Memphis lawyer created a sensation by saying in his speech the other day: "You can't get me between Skilly and Cribeus." He is probably related to the Texas orator who fervently said: "If I depart from these principles may my tongue forget its cunning and my right hand cleave to the roof of my mouth."

Henry Markly and John Adams, two bricklayers at Newton, Kan., recently entered into a competition to see who could lay the most wall in a given time. Each man was given an allotted space of square size and $50 was put up as an inducement. Markly was the lucky man, finishing in a little over a day and a half.

A Southern California paper tells the following: "A New Orleans friend was visiting us, and we drove him around the country, showing him the sights. After telling him the names of the different trees, vines, etc., he innocently remarked: 'You have explained many interesting points, but you have not shown me a pumpkin tree.'"

Monsignore Galimberti, the able diplomatist who holds the post of Papal Nuncio at the court of Vienna, and who will shortly be created a cardinal, was once editor and director of the semi-official *Moniteur de Rome*. His subsequent advancement resulted directly from his invariable practice of crediting extracts he clipped from the columns of his esteemed contemporaries.

A correspondent in Washington writes: "General Joseph E. Johnston is not living at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, as has been reported. He resides on Connecticut avenue, Washington, and is a commissioner of railroads in the Department of the Interior. He was not a classmate of General Sherman at West Point, as General Johnston entered the United States Military Academy when General Sherman was only five years old. General Johnston was a classmate of General R. E. Lee, and they both graduated in 1829."

A BOURBON WAIL.

A NEW ERA OF REPUBLICANISM.

Ten New States—How the Republicans will Perpetuate Their Power—No Fear of a "Solid South."

The New York *Telegram*, which is the afternoon edition of the *Herald*, and which has supported Cleveland for four years with extreme partisan vigor, gets off the following "wail" over the renewal of Republican ascendancy in the nation:

There will be an increased electoral vote at the next Presidential election.
The Republicans now have the whip-hand.
They have ridden into power and they mean to keep there.
They will fortify their hold on the government by the admission of new states.
Twelve or fifteen more members of the Electoral College is the aim of the leaders in the near future.
Then the big electoral vote of New York will not be of such great consequence.
The Empire State will no longer be pivotal.
Her thirty-six electoral votes will no longer entitle her to such great consideration.
She was a bulwark that could only be levelled with new states.
With New Mexico, Arizona, North Dakota, Wyoming, Idaho, Washington, Montana, South Dakota, Utah and Alaska as states
The Republicans can hold power for a generation.
Not all these states will be admitted within the next four years, however.
New Mexico lacks a homogeneous population. The people are not yet fitted for citizenship.
Wyoming, too, will have to wait awhile.
There are too many Democrats there at present.
Republican tactics will first have to be used there
Utah will be compelled to crush Mormonism before it can be admitted.
Alaska will probably be the last to become a state.
It is in the same boat with New Mexico.
It lacks a homogeneous population.
But it will get there.
The others all have the required population, 150,000
Dakota will be undoubtedly divided.
Two states will spring from the one territory.
One state would give only two senators.
Two states would be entitled to four seats in the senate chamber.
Hence the shrewd Republicans will slice the territory in two.
Four senators and at least six representatives will be added to the Republican forces.
Washington territory will be the state of Tacoma.
Two senators and one, perhaps two, representatives will go with her
To the great gain of the Republican party.
Arizona will also wheel in column.
Idaho will also come later with two senators and at least one representative.
Montana will also be an addition.
Some of the territories may have to wait, but with Arizona, the two Dakotas, Idaho, Washington and Montana, the Republicans will be enabled to retain power for many years.
These states will give them twelve Senators and probably twelve Representatives.
Or if the population warrants it, these states will be allowed additional Representatives
And with the additional electoral votes thus gained the Republicans
Will fear no "Solid South."
Dakota has too large an area to be admitted as one state.
It will have to be cut in two.
The lower half is the most densely populated, and that will be made into a state immediately.
The northern half will follow in a short time.
For the next 50 years the outlook is favorable for the G. O. P.
Elections will come and elections will go, but the Republican party will rule,
If the proposed legislation regarding the new states is carried.
The Democrats are powerless to prevent the success of their opponents.
They have lost their House.
The Senate was already Republican.
There is now nothing to prevent the admission of as many states as the dominant party desires.
Perhaps there will be 48 states represented in the next electoral college.
It is absolutely certain that the two Dakotas, Washington and Wyoming will be represented,
And every effort will be made to bring in the remainder.
Even Wyoming will be Republicanized in the interests of that party.
This great increase in the Senate and in the House shows in stronger colors how decisive has been the Democratic defeat.
Before that party regains its ascendency,
If it ever does,
The complexion of the Union will be entirely changed.
Ten new states,
Twenty Senators,
Twenty to 30 Representatives,
All of Republican proclivities,
Will be the result of the defeat of Mr. Cleveland.
Well, this is a great country, anyhow.
The only thing left for the Democrats when they regain power is to
Annex Canada
And Mexico.
It is manifest destiny.
So hurry up the day of jubilee.

RELIC OF PENN.

A Magnificent Specimen of the Holy Writ Preserved in Lancaster.

There is in possession of the Heitshue family, of Lancaster, Pa., an edition of the Bible, in three folio volumes, on the lid of the first of which, in large gilt letters, is this inscription:—

THE GIFT
of
The Rt. Hon'ble
LADY JULIANA PENN
to
THE JULIANA LIBRARY,
At Lancaster.

Juliana Penn was the wife of Thomas Penn, William Penn's son, who was one of the proprietors of Pennsylvania in 1770, the date of the publication of this copy of the Bible.

The Juliana Library, says an exchange, was the third public library to be founded in America, it having been chartered in 1763. It was named in honor of Lady Penn, who was a daughter of the Earl of Pomfret, and she recognized the fact by presenting the Bible to the library. The volumes are eleven inches by seventeen and a half inches in size. As specimens of the binder's art these books are magnificent. They are bound in full Russia leather and are adorned by elaborate hand-tooling on the backs and outside and inner margins of the covers. The edition was printed in London and contains the famous Commentaries by William Dodd, LL. D., "Prebendary of Brecon and Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty," who was executed for forgery in 1777.

The books and property of the Juliana Library were sold by auction in 1840, to satisfy claims against it, and the three volumes were purchased by William Heitshue. Among other valuable relics of this ancient library is the copperplate of Thos. Penn, engraved in 1751 by Martin, one of the pioneer copperplate engravers of this country, the drawing of the portrait being by an artist named Davis. This plate is in the possession of John P. Schaum, who refuses all offers to permit impressions to be taken from it, fearing that it may be lost or injured.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

He was a cheerful candidate
Brimful of joviality,
And early labored bo and late
Without the least formality
His vote to properly inflate
And make his hopes reality.
The anguish of his soul was great
To find that on the ballot he
Had met a truly dismal fate
By a very large plurality.
—*Chicago News.*

Not in Hoyle.

"I turn it down," said the young lady who was playing euchre with a gentleman who had called upon her. "What do you make it?"

"Hearts," was the response.

"Hearts seems to be a favorite trump with you, young man," she said archly.

"What trump would you prefer?" he inquired.

"Diamonds—or," she added in an abstracted way, "sealskin sacques."—*Merchant Traveler.*

The Result.

Chicago Mail.

The Democratic doctors lost the Wife, New York, and the Child, Indiana, but they pulled the Old Man, Texas, through.

A FAMOUS ELECTION BET.

It Appeared Small at First, but Developed Very Rapidly

Probably the most noted election bet was that made by Ruel Gridley, of Austin, Nev., in 1862. He bet that he would beat his opponent. The terms of the wager demanded that the loser should carry a sack of flour from Lower to Upper Austin. Gridley lost, and the day after election started on his trip, accompanied by the entire population of Austin.

The question arose as to what disposition should be made of the flour, and some ingenious individual suggested that it be sold at auction for the benefit of the Western Sanitary Commissioner. Gridley was auctioneer, and the bag was knocked down for $250. The purchaser declined to receive it, and suggested that it be sold again. The idea took like wildfire, and the bag was sold again and again, and before night the sum of $8,000 had been realized. Gridley saw fame for him and gold for the sick soldiers opening before him.

He entered heart and soul into the idea, and started with his now famous bag of flour on an expedition which immortalized himself and brought joy and comfort to thousands of suffering soldiers. His reception everywhere was like a Roman triumph, and the people, infected by the noble work, vied and struggled with each other in their generous rivalry. Gridley sold his flour all over the West, and finally exhibited it at the great sanitary fair in St. Louis. Afterward the flour was baked into small cakes and sold at a high price. When the grand total was added up it was found that Gridley's bet had been the means of adding more than $150,000 to the funds of the Western Sanitary Commission.—*Poughkeepsie News-Press.*

COL. GRANT ON SARTORIS.

He Denounces the Silly Lies About Nellie Grant's Husband.

New York *Graphic*: "Will Mrs. Sartoris visit Mrs. Grant this year, colonel?" asked a *Graphic* reporter of Col. Fred Grant when he met the latter at luncheon at the Astor House the other day. The inquiry was not made for an interviewing purpose, but in a spirit of friendliness.

Col. Grant shook his head silently and regretfully. He never looked in better health and spirits than he is looking now. His eye is bright, his color fresh, his step brisk, and his frank cordiality unabated. He paused thoughtfully for a moment after his negative answer and then said:

"Mrs. Sartoris will not come this year to see her mother for the same reason that she refused to come over last year. She has been so hurt by the malicious falsehoods concerning her unfriendly relations with her husband printed in some of the newspapers that she will not expose herself to a repetition of such reports. They are wholly without foundation, and yet her visits here seem always to invite them. This naturally grieves my mother, as it is impossible for her to go to England. I think if the newspapers realized the grief they caused by such wanton publications they wouldn't print them."

"Of course not, and wouldn't it be a good idea to print this denial?" suggested the reporter.

"I think it would," asserted Col. Grant, and then he continued: "Mr. Algernon Sartoris is one of the best of husbands. He is a good business man, in exceptionally good circumstances, and altogether a model brother-in-law. No member of his wife's family have ever regarded him in any but the friendliest way, and my father especially liked and respected him. The story that my sister was unhappy in her marriage originated fully ten years ago from some unknown and doubtless malicious source, and it has been ignorantly repeated in the newspapers ever since. Doubtless it is fully believed, for it is difficult to correct an anonymous slander."

"Mrs. Sartoris would revisit this country, then, if she could be certain that the reasons for her visit would not be misinterpreted."

"We think so," said Col. Grant, "and I shall be glad if the *Graphic* makes this clear to every newspaper in the country. With Mrs. Sartoris marriage has been distinctly a success."

The Conscience of the Nineteenth Century.

Dr. Lyman Abbott in an article on "The New Reformation," in the November *Century*, says: "Certainly the conscience of the American people, I should rather say of the Anglo-Saxon people, never has been so sensitive and never so resolute in dealing with practical life. If the most trustworthy expressions of religious feeling are those uttered in devotional meetings, private journals and religious biography, it is quite possible that what the theologians call 'conviction of sin' was more poignant in the last century than in this; but if the most trustworthy expressions of religious feeling are those embodied in life, the sense of sin and the purpose of reformation have been far more effectively expressed in this century than in the last. Then millions of slaves were held in bondage in America, and other millions under the British flag in its colonies, with only a feeble and wholly ineffective protest. Drunkenness did not lead to social disrepute either in Old or in New England. Churches paid for drinks on occasions of dedications and ordinations, and the minister's sideboard took on the aspect of a public bar. The conscience of England abolished slavery in all English dominions in 1833; that of the United States, moving more slowly and having a more onerous task, accomplished its work thirty years later and at an awful cost. But the task was accomplished. Almost on the very spot where in the first half of this century a Northern missionary was publicly whipped on the bare back, not for circulating anti-slavery tracts, but for having one in his possession, now stand the buildings of the Fisk university, dedicated to the education of the emancipated negro. If drinking has not been diminished—upon that question social statisticians are not agreed—drunkenness certainly has decreased—both in England and the United States; and the conscience of the people, awakened to the enormity of a social crime which costs more in both men and money than either war or pestilence, is seeking to find a way to bring the destruction of this enemy to a perpetual end. It has not yet found the way; but it has found, or is fast finding, the will. And where there is a will there is a way."

A Fatal Indorsement.

Mr. Roe's publisher, with whom he has had intimate relations for many years, says: "Mr. Roe was one of the most successful authors whose works we have ever published, and a more agreeable associate we have never met with in our business experience. He was a brilliant, great-hearted man, different from those novelists who advocate philanthropy in their books, but do not practice it. His goodness of heart brought him to the verge of ruin not long ago. Two years since he indorsed a big note for his brother. The brother did not pay up, and Mr. Roe had to foot the bill. Several of his relatives were indorsers with him, but to shield them he took the burden of settling it alone. He was obliged to sell his copyrights in order to raise the money. Yet I never heard him complain. He went on with his work serenely, although much crippled financially, and only labored the harder to get on his feet again. I do not think he was worth much money at the time of his death. His income lately has been something like $15,000 a year, but the loss incurred by indorsing that note probably took away a great part of his savings.—*Cosmopolitan.*

A Three Months' Ball.

The festivities of Paris in 1700 were often marvelous. The Duke of Berry gave a ball at Versailles to 3,000 masks, which lasted three months right on end. Music; refreshments, the word was young; sweetmeats, all the vogue; and the profusion of servants were all surprising. Each night's fete lasted till dawn, and each was said to have cost 30,000 livres, which we need not implicitly believe. The Tuileries gardens were the fashionable promenade until dusk; no lacqueys or "canaile" being admitted, and their rendezvous and assignations were arranged, or even trips to that suburban scene of endless adventures, the Mill of Javelle, which gave rise to the long popular comedy so called. The dames of those days recked little of accepting the escort of their swains to a midnight masquerade, where all sorts of disguises—even men as women, and women as men—were perfectly allowable, and no one went home till morning.

THE MAGIC N.

Van BureN.
WasHingtoN.
MAdisoN.
JeffeRsoN.
HarRisoN.
LIncolN.
JackSoN.
JohnsON.
BuchaNaN.

Read down the center for the tenth.
All elected.

Conscious of His Insensibility.

Mrs. Hooligan—Arrah! Pat, is that yersilf or your ghost? Phat's ailen' yez?

Mr. H.—Sure Oi fell av the scaffold 20 fate hoigh.

Mrs. H.—Wuz yer bad hurted!

Mr. H.—'Dade Oi wuz; Oi wuz jist able to till the p'laceman that Oi wuz insinsable.—*American.*

AN INSIDE VIEW

OF AN IMMENSE DISTRIBUTION

Of Tariff Literature in the Great Campaign—The Marvelous Work of the American Protective League—It Does More in Eight Months Than the Cobden Club in Fifty Years.

Inside history of the management of the Presidential campaign is always in demand about this time. A very important chapter of it could be written from facts and figures which a reporter of the *Dispatch* obtained from Mr. Joseph D. Weeks yesterday afternoon at his office on Ninth street. This gentleman was secretary of the American Protective Tariff League, and had his office in New York during the early part of the campaign. Although succeeded by Governor Hoyt in the latter part of the campaign, Mr. Weeks continued as an active member of the organization, and has been kept officially informed of all its business since his return to Pittsburg.

The National Republican committee did not have a more powerful help than this Tariff league. The league furnished the committee with all the tariff literature; and aside from that, Mr. Weeks considers the vast and silent circulation of anti-free trade documents by the league, independent of the Republican managers, as one of the greatest elements of the success of that party in Tuesday's elections. The work of the league was prodigious, and the extent of its canvass of voters simply marvelous.

VERY COMPLETE METHODS.

"When it became apparent last winter," explained Mr. Weeks, "that the presidential campaign was to be fought out in the lines of tariff and free trade, the league broadened its range of operations. The general work of the organization was strictly educational. Our methods were chiefly the distribution of literature, the offering of prizes to senior students in colleges for essays on tariff and the encouragement of debates and lectures on the question of protection.

"We worked along a peculiar line in the distribution of tariff literature," continued Mr. Weeks. 'First securing the names of some prominent protectionist in a district, we secured from him a full list of all voters within his knowledge who were at all doubtful on the question of the American protective system. The lowest civil division was our unit for operation, and in this way we reached townships, school districts and hamlets in all parts of the United States as easily as we did large cities and their well-organized wards. In securing the names of such voters, I always tried to get their occupation and peculiar views on tariff. Then I would adapt our various publications to the particular case. There lay the secret of our success, and the thoroughness of organization in any political party. For instance, we had these tariff documents put up into a dozen or more different packets. One was 'a workingman's package;' a third 'the farmer's package;' still another 'the wool growers' package,' etc. Hundreds of thousands of names came to us.

SOME WONDERFUL FIGURES.

"By advertisements in over 100 newspapers, we offered other documents, from 13 to 19 in number, for 10 cents. You would hardly believe that we received on an average of 500 letters a day containing 10 cents each and ordering these documents. They came from all sorts of people, including laborers, school teachers, preachers, first voters and mill operatives.

"In the eight months since March 1 the league has distributed from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 tariff documents. These contained nearly 400,000,000 pages of printed matter. The eight months' work is far in excess of all the literary distribution of the Cobden Club in its whole 50 years of existence. One printing office alone in New York printed 3,000,000 documents for us. The National Republican committee bought very largely from us; but I am not at liberty to state how many. We charged $8 per 1,000 for the documents in bulk.

"One of these documents entitled 'The Vital Question,' was so popular that we had to print 1,000,000 copies of it. 'Workingman and the Tariff' was another, and we circulated from 300,000 to 400,000 of it. We spread abroad 100,000 copies of the *Tariff League Bulletin*, a 12-page paper. At one time we were issuing 40,000,000 pages of printed matter a month—a great publishing house, wasn't it? We had 70 clerks engaged inside the office, and 20 on the outside to do 'backing.' In New York City alone we secured the names of 150,000 doubtful protectionists, and sent reading matter."

HOW THEY GOT MONEY.

"Where did the money come from to carry on this big business?" asked the reporter.

"From contributions," replied Mr. Weeks. "We got up what we called 'A Roll of Defenders.' To have your name placed there a contribution of $100 was necessary. No person was asked for more than this sum. That is how we raised the great bulk of our capital. Much of the money came from Pittsburg iron manufacturers; and from the workingman, too, for the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers was among the first to join with their $100 fee."

"Didn't the National Republican committee give the league plenty of money?"

"Not a cent except what they paid us for the tariff literature."

The men who are prominent in the management of the league are Edward H. Ammidown, of New Jersey; Le Grand B. Cannon, Joseph E. Thropp, Wm. P. Shinn, Chester Griswold and Calvin Wells, of Pittsburg. Mr. Weeks said it was in no sense a partisan organization, and cited the fact that prominent among the managers are Smith M. Weed and John M. Inman, of the Democratic party, and the former Democrat, H. K. Thurber.

A Pittsburg contributor to the league said it undoubtedly helped to elect Harrison. He spoke highly of the method of reaching an ordinary voter's peculiar wants on the tariff question, which system Mr. Weeks originated for the league's use.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

The Proportions of Beauty.

If a woman be five feet five inches in height, her extended arms should measure from tip of middle finger to tip of middle finger just five feet five inches, exactly her own height. A woman of this height should measure 24 inches about the waist and 34 inches about the bust, if measured from under the arms, and 43 over them.

The upper arm should measure 13 inches and the wrist 6. The calf of the leg should measure 14½ inches, the thigh 25, and the ankle 8. From her thighs to the ground she should measure just what she measures from the thighs to the top of the head. The knee should come exactly midway between the thigh and the heel.

The distance from the elbow to the middle finger should be the same as the distance from the elbow to the middle of the chest. From the top of the head to the chin should be just the length of the foot, and there should be the same distance between the chin and the armpits.

The length of her hand should be just one-tenth of her height, and her feet just a seventh, and the diameter of her chest a fifth.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Story From the West Which is Probably Not True.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew does not like the West. Recently, while on a visit to Chicago, he called the clerk of the hotel and, pointing to a boy, said:

"Sir, I want you to discharge that fellow."

"Why? What has he done?"

"He has insulted me."

"But how?"

"Why, I heard him speak of me as 'his jags.'"

"Oh, that's nothing," responded the clerk.

"And," continued Mr. Depew, "I think that he also referred to you as 'his jags.'"

"He did, eh? Well, that settles it. He goes this minute. By the way, whenever your jags wants anything don't forget to ask for it."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

He Took a Back Seat for Once.

One day General Grant went out for a drive. Mrs. Grant and Fred were with him. The general took a seat with his back to the driver. He appeared to be uneasy.

Fred said, "Father, aren't you comfortable?"

"Oh, yes," replied the general, "tolerably."

"Suppose we change seats," said Fred.

"No," replied the general, "never mind. I'm taking a Democratic view of the situation."

How's that?" asked his son.

"Well, Fred," quietly remarked the old soldier, "you know the Democratic party never sees anything till it goes by them."

Hit the Wrong Animal.

Mrs. Blood (to the colonel, who has returned from fighting a duel)—"Oh, colonel, you look distressed; is it possible you have injured your antagonist?"

Colonel Blood—"A devilish sight worse, my dear. I killed a valuable mule in an adjoining lot, and I suppose I'll have to pay for him."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Horrid Man.

She (looking over the autumn landscape)—Isn't it perfectly beautiful, George?

He—It is simply delicious! I could gaze on it for hours. Do you know that every time I look on those gloriously tinted autumn leaves they remind me of you?

She—In what way?

He—They look as if they appealed to one to be pressed.—*Buffalo Courier.*

PAST ALL PRECEDENT!
Over Two Millions Distributed.

L.S.L.

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Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place on each of the other ten months in the year, and are all drawn in public at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early

Commissioners.

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MAMMOTH DRAWING
At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, December 18, 1888.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $600,000
100,000 Tickets at $40; Halves $20; Quarters $10; Eighths $5; Twentieths $2; Fortieths $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF $600,000 is	$	600,000
1 PRIZE OF 200,000 is		200,000
1 PRIZE OF 100,000 is		100,000
1 PRIZE OF 50,000 is		50,000
2 PRIZES OF 25,000 are		50,000
5 PRIZES OF 10,000 are		50,000
12 PRIZES OF 5,000 are		60,000
25 PRIZES OF 2,000 are		50,000
100 PRIZES OF 800 are		80,000
200 PRIZES OF 400 are		80,000
500 PRIZES OF 200 are		100,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
100 Prizes of $1,000 are	$	100,000
100 Prizes of 800 are		80,000
100 Prizes of 400 are		40,000
THREE NUMBER TERMINALS.		
99 Prizes of $800 are		$79,200
99 Prizes of 400 are		39,600
TWO NUMBER TERMINALS.		
900 Prizes of $200 are		$180,000
900 Prizes of $200 are		180,000
3,146 Prizes amounting to		$2,118,800

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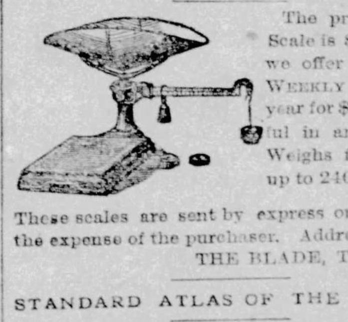
A SILENT PROTECTOR for gents, only 25 cents, 3 for 50 cents, 7 for $1. Ladies' Shields, 50 cents, 3 for $1. Silent Assistant, 50 cents; one of each, $1. French Rubber Co., Box 127, Boston, Mass.

Publishers' Column.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.



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MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

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These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address
BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio. Also "Christ on Calvary," a companion picture, price 25 cents.

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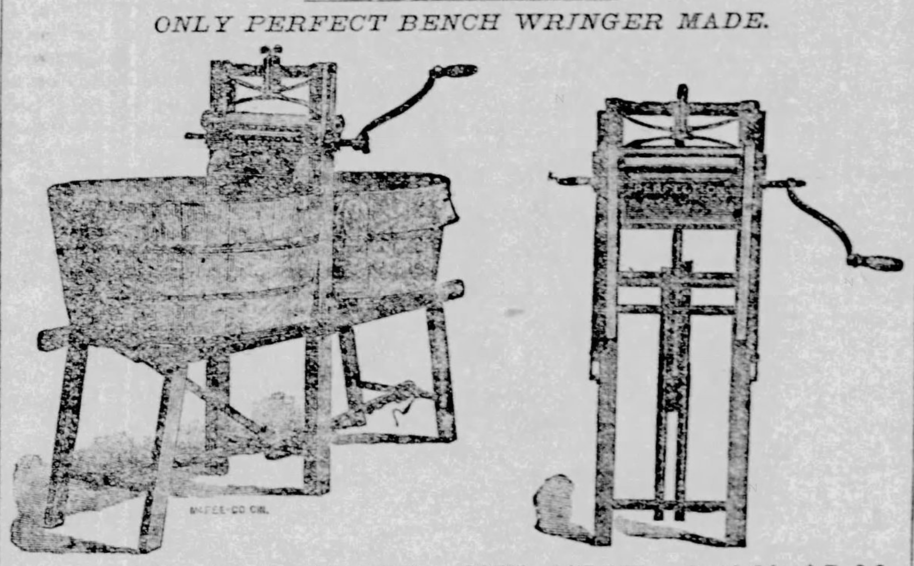

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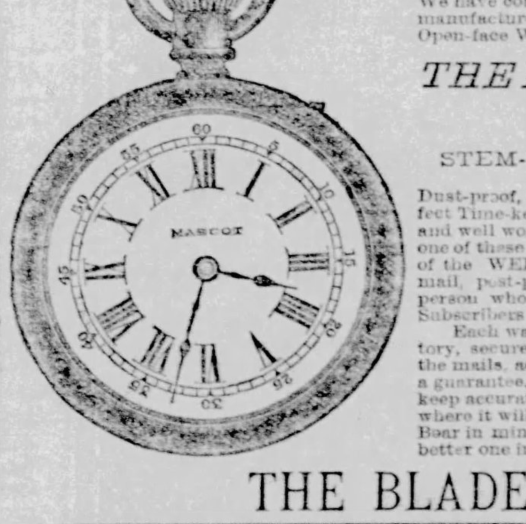

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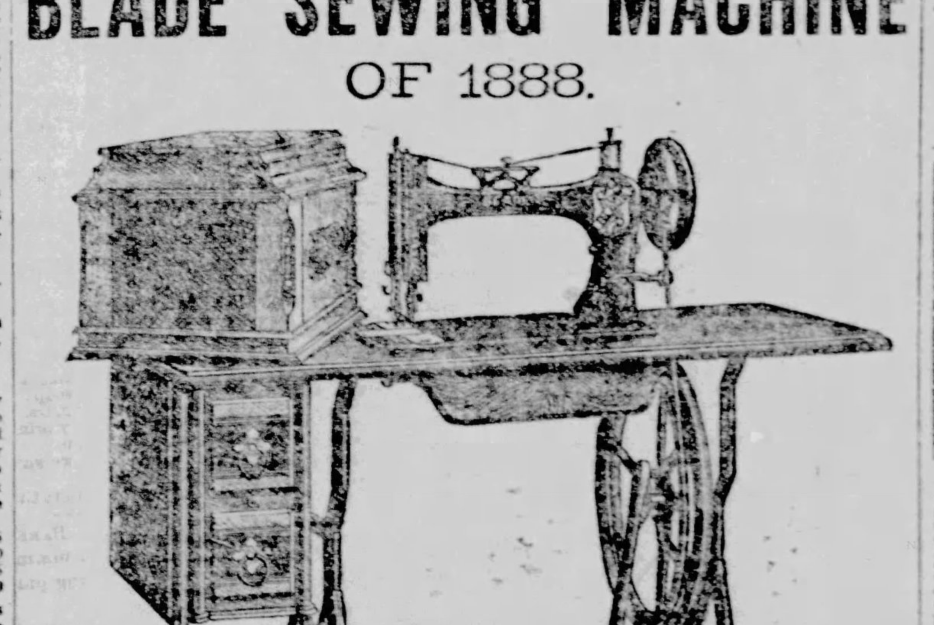

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3. THAT THE BEST JEWELERS CANNOT DISTINGUISH THEM FROM GOLD WATCHES, EVEN WHEN TESTED WITH ACIDS.
4. THAT THE JEWELS ARE GENUINE AND NOT FALSE.
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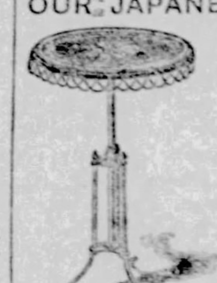

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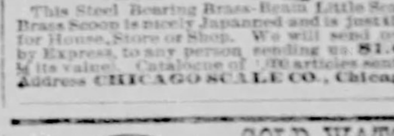

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105 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ills.

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

THE TIME TO GROW OLD IS—NEVER!

EMILY S. BOUTON.

When is the proper time for a person to begin to grow old? A curious question, no doubt many of you will say, and one that it does not need much thought to answer. When an individual has passed middle age, reached and left behind the mile post that marks the half way of life, naturally the down hill descent begins, and the growing old process is inaugurated.

Yes, but when is the exact period at which middle life is located? Ages ago, when men and women lived into the centuries, anything less than a hundred years must have been accounted youthful. Fifty years ago, on the contrary, a woman at thirty donned her cap, and soon after betook herself with her knitting to the chimney corner, whenever she was not busy with the hard work for the family. A man was shelved by the time he was forty, that is, he was regarded as past his prime, his thought looked upon as old fogyish and not up with the times. The season of vigor has been somewhat lengthened in these later times, owing to various influences, and people are not quite so early relegated to retirement from the activities of life.

We can readily see, teerefore, that this matter of middle life and old age is not one regulated by a cast-iron rule. It is rather the combined thought of the people which determines it, and those who understand the overwhelming, even though silent, force of concentrated thought, can see how a law can be made for the world to abide by. If that law says that at forty or fifty the physical and mental powers must begin to fail, then you and I and everybody are looking for those changes to take place, and that very fact has the tendency to bring about what we are looking for. This may seem to some of you absurd, but when you stop and realize what an influence the mental has over the physical, you can then understand how it might be.

"Getting along in life" is the spoken or unspoken thought of people regarding the man or woman, who has lived a certain number of years in the world, raised boys and girls to manhood and womanhood, or been before the public as a worker any considerable time. Forthwith in thought they are laid one side, or, at least, as soon as the first visible signs of decay appear, and if they yield to this pressure and allow themselves to be thus disposed of, old age makes no pause in its coming.

This is all wrong. There should be no old age. I mean exactly what I say. There should be no old age such as we make it—no decay of the faculties; no such falling into the sere and yellow leaf; no such growth of infirmities as render declining years a burden. Infinite Good never created man in any such imperfect way. Believing that He did, we cannot believe in His perfection. Then if the world brought this state of things upon itself, it is not fixed and immovable but can be remedied.

What I want to get at and impress upon you is this: The power to keep off old age in its usual sense, with the accompaniments that make it so dreaded lies largely in oneself. It is not the multiplication of years that is so much dreaded, for if rightly lived they should only add to the capacity of enjoyment, instead of taking it all away. But people do not want to be one sided. They look with dismay upon the probable loss of vigor, fading eyesight, dulled hearing, tottering footsteps, and above all, the half contemptuous pity with which they are often regarded by the young.

To a large extent, as I said before, this state of things may be prevented. "Prevented from growing old do you mean?" asks some one. Exactly so. Not that you or I, or anyone, in this day or generation can successfully fight the world's thought and remain always young, but we can do much. In the first place, combat in yourself the idea that because you have arrived at a certain age, your powers must begin to lessen. Do not be looking for grey hairs. Do not be counting your birthdays. The dislike which both men and women have to telling their ages after they are no longer young has its foundation in a natural and wise instinct. Do not invite loss of strength by looking for it. Do not think an attack of sickness is any harder to fight now than it was twenty years ago. Do not allow anyone to tell you that you are growing infirm or that you must expect to.

If you are a business man keep the management of your affairs in your own hands. Do not give it up to your boys because they think that "father is growing old and ought to be relieved." Sometimes this thought is the child of love, and sometimes of selfishness, but it does not matter which it is, only that you remain at the head of affairs, and thus hold their respect and your own powers. The decay of many a vigorous man begins upon that day in which he retires from business leaving it to others, and to himself nothing to do.

If you are a housekeeper do not give up the control of your household into the hands of your daughters or your son's wife. Do not let their love or ambition relegate you with your knitting to a place with half worn-out furniture. Do not let them order your dress, saying "this color or that color is too bright for mother, for she is getting old." They are apt to do it when you are yet in your prime and far more capable of judging what is right and proper than they with their lesser experience. Be mistress of your own household so long as you live. You will be stronger, healthier, happier. No matter what arguments are brought to bear upon you, loving or otherwise, stand your ground. Accept a diminishing of active duties, but let it be measurable, and not entire relief. The day you yield everything into the hads of some one else, you sign the death warrant of your vigor and happiness. Of course there may be rare exceptions when such a necessity comes, but I am speaking of it as a general rule.

Show me a woman who "looks as young as her daughter" and I will show you one who is still mistress of herself, thinks for herself and for others, and is far from being laid upon the shelf.

This "retiring" business, so far as mothers are concerned, often comes from a mistaken idea of self-sacrifice upon the part of the mothers themselves. In their desire to bring their daughters forward to give them the best advantages they wipe out their own individuality. They do not care at the time if only their children are well brought up That is wrong. Prentice Mulford says that no woman "can hold the respect and admiration of her son or daughter who retires to a household corner and becomes a cross between upper nurse and governess, neglects her dress and personal appearance, and teaches her children that she is at their disposal and use, in all family emergencies, real or fancied. For this very reason are many mothers run over, snubbed and ridiculed by grown-up children."

Refuse to grow old. It does not follow that you must hop and skip and jump as you did when a child, or retain the kittenish ways of a girl, as I have seen attempted by women, who thus made themselves ridiculous, but hold on to every interest that you enjoy, and if you have nothing to take their places, to some that do not give you any particular pleasure, but which keep your brains at work. Hold on to middle age until the time comes for the final change, and you will be the happier. Simply and absolutely refuse to be laid upon the shelf. If you talk of failing health, and failing faculties, of growing old, others will talk of it too, and before you know it, you are there.

Youth is imperious and likes to grasp the reins of power. It is not well, as some parents do, to deny all opportunity for any assumption of responsibility, but it can be wisely directed and not permitted to monopolize and shove the elders aside.

I repeat: Keep the thought of health and vigor before you: never acknowlenge even to yourself that your day of usefulness is over; never think you are too old to learn new things; hold fast to the duties of every day life; keep your interest in the vital questions of the hour; never permit yourself to become dependent *by your own act* upon your children for the necessities of life; never let anybody think for you because somebody says you are growing too old to think for yourself, and there is nothing more certain than this—that you will hardly know that there is such a thing as old age so far as enjoyment of life is concerned.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATIONS.

A HASSOCK.—I took odds and ends of yarn and zephyr, tied them together "hit or miss," crocheted in plain stitch a strip fourteen by fifty-six inches, sewing the two ends together; made another piece fourteen inches square, put this over a strong box, tacking the edges on the under side. I first covered the box with piece of old quilt. Put large zephyr tassels on the four upper corners; very pretty.

I made a pretty picture book of advertising cards, embossed pictures, etc. The backs are pasteboard, covered with velvet, each with a design in Kensington painting. The leaves, 34, are bright, colored paper cambric. I sewed all together, then sewed on the backs with strong linen thread, taking rather long stitches, laced narrow ribbon through the stitches, crossing over the back each time, and tied in a bow at each end of lacing, then pasted in my cards. It is a lovely book and not easily destroyed by the "busy little fingers." In pasting in the cards be careful to do but one page at a time, placing a cloth under the leaf till dry, to prevent sticking to the one beneath.

FOR A WHISK-BROOM HOLDER.—I cut a piece of pasteboard, five by eight inches, covered with black satin, then crocheted, of red macrame cord, a pineapple—taken from a pineapple watch-pocket, given in the BLADE some months ago—sewed the pockets to front of pasteboard and put ribbon to two upper corners, to hang up.

I wanted to describe a pretty work-basket, but fear it will be too long. I have some lovely lace patterns. Will send to the HOUSEHOLD, if this escapes the waste-basket.—CHINESE PRIMROSE.

HINTS ON WAX WORK.—Having just read the directions in a late BLADE for making wax flowers, I take the liberty of adding to them a few hints. I lay the wax in sheets ready for use; also the colors. It is best to get three or four shades each of green and yellow wax, but most flowers are best painted, as one can then vary the shading.

Two sizes of wire are required—one fine for separate leaves and one coarser for stems. Scissors are preferable to knives in cutting wax, and one must be careful to wet the blades either with water or in the mouth before cutting the wax.

Copy from natural flowers, if possible. Let us for example take a rose bud and leaves. Pick off each leaf, lay it upon paper and trace it with a pencil, cut them, and place upon a sheet of your wax, and cut out carefully. Cut a piece of fine wire about two inches longer than the leaf. Now cut several little strips of green wax, lengthwise of the wax, and an eighth of an inch wide. Take a strip between your thumb and finger, press your wire on straight through the middle, then press the edges of the wax together the whole length and whirl it round and round, making it even as you go. Now place this covered wire between two green leaves of the same size. Have the under piece a shade the lightest. Place the wire upon the under piece first, and gently press it until the wax gets limber, then place the upper pieces upon it and press together. Notch the edges with the scissors, and vein with a knitting needle. It is best to buy leaf molds if possible, as they make the most natural leaves. Now take a touch of carmine powder upon the finger and touch the leaf in spots and upon the edges.

Now for the bud. The round green part can be bought, which is the best way. Pull the bud to pieces, count the petals, and take one of the center and two of the outer ones for patterns. Cut out of the wax carefully. Paint them with carmine. Moisten your finger a little, take a little paint upon it and rub it round and round, having it together at the outer edges. Place a petal in the hollow of the left hand, place the forefinger of the right hand on it and press gently. Bend the end of a piece of the longer wire down a quarter of an inch, put a bit of scrap wax on the wire and work it into a ball, adding a scrap at a time until you have a long bell shaped piece. This is the center of the bud. Take a half inch square of wax, put the end of the bell in the center and draw the ends down, at the corners pinch the top so it will look crinkled, and put on a little color. Next put on the petals, one at a time, bending each until it looks natural. Put on the calyx and wind the stem. In putting leaves and flowers together observe nature. The center of a full blown rose is made by putting a round ball of wax upon the wire and flattening it. Then cut some strips of white wax about half an inch wide and cut it half way into a fine fringe, moisten the tips and dip into yellow paint. Wind this around the flattened ball. The stamens of fuchsias can be made of coarse white thread dipped in gum arabic water and let to dry. Cut into the required lengths and put a tiny ball of pink wax on the end of each. Use double wax for the outside petals.

Fever-fews are pretty and easily made. Cut the wax lengthwise into strips not quite half an inch wide, and cut into a fine fringe to begin with, and gradually widen until the strips are as broad as the outside petals; wind around a stem and put on a little ball of green wax for a calyx. Save all your scraps of white wax for lilies of the valley. Put them into a clean tea cup and melt. Have ready a long piece of fine wire with shorter ones attached, and put a tiny ball of green wax on the ends of each wire. Take four or five different sized pencils and round the ends smoothly; dip into water and then into the melted wax about the depth of the flower. Take them off carefully; notch. Put the short wires through each and wind the stems carefully, pressing the wax firmly to each cap. For pond lilies use the double wax, and make the five outside petals of pale yellow (on the inside) and dark green wax. Where the flowers are to be left white, set with powdered arrowroot, which prevents their discoloring. One with cold hands must either work in warm weather or near a fire. Dry colors come in bottles. Carmine is most expensive, but it is used most of all colors. Mixed with ultramarine blue, it makes a deep purple for pansies. Blue bells can be made like the lilies of the valley by using a larger-sized pencil or stick. Buttercups can be made in the same way, but must be cut to represent the petals.—MONTANA MAY.

Several have written for Montana May's address to be published. This cannot be done without her own consent. Her excellent suggestions about fancy work explains the desire for her real name, to divulge which would bring upon her an avalanche of letters.—ED.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

KNITTED POINT LACE.—Cast on 35 stitches. 1st row—k 4—o and n 15 times—o—k 1; 2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th and 20th rows—plain; 3d row—k 7—o and n 14 times—o—k 1; 5th row—k 10—o and n 13 times—o—k 1; 7th row—k 13—o and n 12 times—o—k 1; 9th row—k 16—o and n 11 times—o—k 1; 11th row—k 19—o and n 10 times—o—k 1; 13th row—k 22—o and n 9 times—o—k 1; 15th row—k 25—o and n 8 times—o—k 1; 17th row—k 28—o and n 7 times—o—k 1; 19th row—k 31—o and n 6 times—o—k 1; 21st row—plain; 22d row—Cast off 10 stitches—k—rest plain. This is real pretty for window slips.—EMMA CLARK, Lebanon, Oregon.

OYSTER SHELL LACE.—Make a chain of 10 stitches. 1st row—3 t in 4ch—2 ch—3 t in same st—4 ch—3 t in next 5 ch—2 ch—3 t in same st—4 ch—turn; 2d row—3 t—2 ch—3 t on 2 ch of last row—1 s c on last t of last row—4 ch—3 t—2 ch—3 t on 2 ch—1 t at end of row—3ch—turn; 3d row—sh on sh—1 s c on last t of sh—4 ch—sh on sh—10 t in 4 ch—1 ch—turn; 4th row—1 t—1 ch between each t of last row—sh on sh—dc on last t—4 ch—sh on sh—1 t at end—3 ch—turn; 5th row—sh on sh—1 s c on t—4 ch—sh on sh—2 ch—1 t between each t of last row—1 ch—turn; 6th row—3 ch—1 t between each t last row—sh on sh—1 s c on last t—4 ch—sh on sh—1 t at end—3 ch—turn; 7th row—same as last row—1 ch—turn; 8th row—5 t—1 s c in every hole forming little scallops across to top of the shell—sh in sh—1 s c—4 ch—sh—1 t—3 ch—turn—work 3 rows of sh on sh, and at the end of the third row start the next scallop, always joining each row of second scallop to the first.—ADELE.

Our correspondent desires to state to those who have sent to her for a sample of English lace, enclosing postage, that she is sending it, as fast as possible, in the order she received the letters, but first come, first served. They must be patient.—ED

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO JUSTIFY HERSELF.—I did not expect to come again just now, for it finds me in the midst of housecleaning, but will for self-justification and for an explanation to my many readers with an answer to "the other side," and will show you that there is still another side about Florida. The person who gives the view that (he or she) takes of it, as they saw it, were discouraged. Now do you not know that all cannot see alike or do alike? And in the first place I never wrote to encourage any one to come here. In the first place it was simply to let the HOUSEHOLD know where I was, and tell them what I saw of our new home, never for one moment thinking I would hear from any one. But when the letters came in by the threes and fours at a mail, I began to think it was more than I could stand, and began another letter to the BLADE in answer to my many correspondents, as well as scores of private letters. Now, first, I came here and permanently located, and I do not regret it yet, and I have been here eleven months the second day of November, and we have a family of five and have not spent one-half of $1,000 yet, and I could tell you about how much hard cash we have spent, but prefer to keep that to myself, and also could tell you the source of profit our two cows have been, as they have done far more them keep themselves. I do not want you all to come here and run us out of our business. But to the point.

We are highly pleased with our investment of cows. There are many poor cows, as well as poor people that are poor managers. Some will come here and set out a grove and sit down, both man and woman, till that comes into bearing. Now, that won't do. You have to work here in Florida as well as in the North. "Another Such" says that "chickens can scarcely live here." Well, I do not see why, if you care for them. Mine have been doing well, had lots to eat and plenty left, and have just lately taken off a hen with eight little ones that are doing splendidly and are about as large as quails. I wish I had two or three hundred, I would run the risk of their living.

As to our excessive hot weather, that is true. We do have it hot from May till September. But, oh how much better than too cold, as in the North, where there is from seven to nine months of winter and freezing down below zero. But with all the hot weather there is that same breeze I told you of where I am, and there has not been one night but there was a refreshing breeze and we could sleep, even if it does come 50 miles, as it does, from gulf or ocean, and the salt comes with it, too, so that you can see it on the plants. I saw it on the coleus leaves, and asked the question "why they looked so white in spots," and was told that the dews had dried in spots. I tasted and found it as was described, salty; also, you will notice it on the banana leaves when the dew dries away.

The mosquitoes are very thick in some localities, but there is a preventive against them. Use the net in door and window, and as to the gnats they never bite, and only bother some in the day time out of doors.

She says she doesn't think we have this sea breeze one-half of the time. I have yet to see a day when we did not have it.

The lakes she speaks of are many, but we have no malaria here, and I would like to know where he or she lived to have felt like condemning this lovely climate, and as for dysentery, I have not learned or known of a case since I have been here. I would not propose to any one to change climates in midsummer, and if your children had sores it was the fault of their blood, and 'twere better out than in.

There are some who have what is called Florida sore eyes, but that is, I think, caused from the sand, that is fine and blows in the eyes and causes them to be sore. Two of my children have had slight attacks, but it did not hinder them from their duties nor make them sick.

Now as for the cost of living, that depends on the housekeeper to a great extent, as you know one can make a little money go much farther than another, and with a willingness to help along and a cheering word and helping hands, much expense can be saved.

Now for the "hill of cucumbers." There are acres and acres of hammock lands that are bearing cabbage and other vegetables that have never seen a pound of fertilizer, but the high-priced lands are fertilized and produce fine vegetables in this poor sand. I wish you readers of the BLADE could see the orange trees loaded with fruit now as they begin to turn and are in all stages of growth. You would think the "sandy desert" was capable of something, and many groves get little or no fertilizer, yet those that get the most are best.—MRS. C. V. BROWN, Sorrenta, Fla.

The above letter is all that the Editor of the HOUSEHOLD feels justified in publishing regarding the Florida question. No more need be sent in regard to the matter.—ED.

DECIETFULNESS—To my mind this is one of the most abominable things we have to contend with. Wherever I meet a person that is always trying to flatter me, or to make me think I am perfect, I fight shy of that over-pleasant one and seek for more quiet company.

I once knew a woman, (Mrs. S. is the name I will distinguish her by) that would be so good to your face, and as soon as your back was turned she would make some remark about you. Now, Mrs. S. had a neighbor, a lady of limited means. She was of a quiet turn, never had much to say, and Mrs. S. thought she didn't know much. But she had forgotten more than Mrs. S. ever knew. They visited one another, and the lady thought she had a good neighbor until (by accident) she overheard a conversation between Mrs. S. and another neighber, Mrs. C. "When I am moved, I will be nearer, and come and see you quite often," said Mrs. S. "Oh, I don't know, you won't be very much nearer than before," replied Mrs. C. "I will have still nearer neighbors," said Mrs. S. "Who?" asked Mrs. C. "Oh, right across the road," answered Mrs. S., pointing to the quiet neighbor's house. "But I hope you wont visit her much," said Mrs. C. "I can run over there every once in a while and no one will know it," replied Mrs. S.

Now if I ever have such a neighbor as that and find her out, I will take the trouble to tell her in plain words (the first time she runs over and thinks no one will know it) that her room is more desirable than her company. Perhaps that is not the right feeling to cultivate, but it is natural, and will grow without much cultivation.

Away with deceit, and give me the friend that will come to me and tell me of my faults, not go to some one else and talk about me, and then when they meet me be ready to eat me up. If among the many readers of the HOUSEHOLD there is a Mrs. S. that can get this shoe on at all, let her put it on and wear it, and I hope it will pinch her until it pinches all that deceitfulness out of her, and she becomes a good true woman, that will have the moral courage to stand by that quiet neighbor through thick and thin.—MRS. NELLIE AMMERMAN, West Lebanon, Ind.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one send me the words to the song entitled 'Poor old Dad?'—LINA A. BENNINGTON, Chestertown, Warren Co., N. Y.

Will some one tell me if you can dye light felt hats. If so, can they be dyed with diamond dye? If not, how can they?—A WEEKLY READER.

I will say to the sisters of the BLADE family, I have found a new remedy to cure chicken cholera; they will go to eating in five minutes after eating it. Would send it now, but I want to test it more before I make it public. If any of the sisters want to try it send a stamped evelope to my address and I will send it to them.—MRS. SUSAN A. C. SMITH, West End, Saline Co., Ill.

I am a poor girl and my father and mother are not well. If anyone will be so kind as to send me papers or magazines to read I will pay the postage. I am 13 years old. Direct to—MISS AMY WHITE, Lyons, Burt Co., Neb., in care of W. H. White.

Several weeks ago a lady teacher in Western Alabama wrote an appeal for help for her Sunday school and published it in your paper. I have lost the address. She takes the BLADE. Can you publish this that she may answer by sending her address.—E. D. WAY, Lansing, Mich.

I have noticed at different times in the past that you mentioned "henna plant" in your paper. Now, will you or some kind reader please inform me what it is used for and where I can get it? Is it a fluid or powder? I have written to a drug firm in Chicago, and they sent my letter to a firm in New York, but neither of them had ever heard of it or could tell me anything of it. I would also like to know on what day of the week August 12, 1860, came?—ESTELLA.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Some one writes to know about the order called the "Daughters of the King." The order was started in New York a few years ago by a band of ten ladies who desired to do good in some quiet, unobtrusive way. From this small beginning it has grown to number more than 45,000 persons, including men, women and children. The plan of work is as follows: Ten ladies, young or old, join together in a band, which agrees to work for some special object known only to the circle of ten, unless they choose to make it known. These ten agree to pray daily for each other and for the successful carrying out of their particular idea, and promise to work faithfully every day for that idea. The badge or emblem of the order is a silver Maltese cross, upon which are the letters "I. H. N.," the initial letters of the motto of the order, which is, "In His Name." Each member of the circle of ten also further agree to find nine others if possible and form with them another circle, pledged to some other idea of Christian work. The work of the circles is not defined by any limits. A group may take as its object the building of a hospital, or a home for unfortunate or aged persons, or distributing flowers to the sick; or the work may be such as was taken by a circle of little children who agreed to do what they could to keep the wrinkles of care out of their mother's face. Nothing is too large and nothing too small for the Daughters of the King to attend to. Circles have been formed in every part of the world, with every conceivable line of work adopted. The idea has taken such a prompt and firm hold upon the minds of all denominations and all classes that it was found advisable to organize similar circles among men and boys—circles known as Sons of the King, with the same purposes and ideas before them.

In answer to Lillie's inquiry in the BLADE of October 25, 1888, I wish to inform her that the present address of Mrs. A. B. Stockham, M. D., author of "Tokology," is 151, La Salle street, Chicago, Ill.—GEE WASH RICHARDS, Ford City, Pa.

Please tell M. Ritter to press her autumn leaves till they are dry, and then varnish the front of the leaf with a thin coat.—CRICKET.

E. F. Dowing: The way we take out letters out of flour sacks, we rub them with our hands through two or three cold waters, then take enough hot water to cover the sacks, and put in two teaspoonfuls of pearline, or a large lump of washing soda. Let them lie for about three-quarters of an hour; take them in your tub and rub on the board. Wring out and sprinkle a teaspoonful and a half of pearline on the sacks and throw in the boiler and boil for half an hour. Take out and rub on the board, rinse and hang out in the sun and the letters will disappear. We always get them out in this way.—A. DOWNING, Kingston, Pa.

If "F. E. R." in BLADE October 18 will send address to O. P. Olson, Lamont, Wis., I will send minerals, stones, etc.

If E. F. Downing will boil her flour sacks in lye and wash in clear water it will take the letters off. I have tried it.—MRS. H. TRUMAN, Estello, Wis.

Please tell the sisters of the BLADE to try turpentine with coal oil in washing. I wring clothes out of clear water before boiling. If the water is hard break with concentrated lye. Melt soap and put the oil and turpentine, equal quantities, two or three tablespoonfuls into the hot water. Put in clothes, boil gently about 20 minutes. Then rub on board and rinse, and my clothes look better, with much less work than with any other other washing compound I ever used.—MRS. N. P. SKEEN.

If Mrs. M. J. Bush, of Stalla, Neb., will rub her churn, butter bowl and ladle with salt it will prevent the butter from sticking to them, and always dry them in the shade, as wind and sun cause them to become rough.

The red cake is made by putting in cochineal red, (which can be gotten at the confectioner's ready made) in ordinary white cake, of course only coloring half of the batch, and putting it in layers.

RECIPES.

PREPARING VEGETABLE FOR THE TABLE.—All vegetables are better cooked in soft water. If hard water is used put in a small pinch of soda. After being prepared they should lie in cold water half an hour before using. Potatoes should be put in immediately after being peeled, as exposure to the air darkens them. Peas and green corn should be cooked as soon as prepared. All kinds of vegetables should be put into boiling hot salted water. Never split turnips, onions and carrots, but cut across the fiber by slicing them in rings. Add a little salt and soda to the water in which greens are cooked; soda preserves the color. A little sugar may be added to beets, corn, turnips, peas, squash and pumpkin, especially when of a poor quality. A piece of red pepper the size of finger nail put into vegetables when first beginning to cook, will aid in killing the unpleasant odor; this is especially good when cooking cabbage, onions, green beans and mutton. All vegetables should be thoroughly cooked, and they require a longer time late in their season. Cabbage will boil in three-quarters of an hour, turnips and potatoes one-half hour, parsnips three-quarters.—HATTIE.

REMEDIES.—A great many persons have written to me or asked through the BLADE for the remedy for catarrh once published in the medical department. Here it is, and as it is very valuable, I hope those who need it will cut it out and paste it in a scrap-book and not lose the scrap-book: 2 oz. tincture of golden seal; 2 drachms sulphate of zinc; 2 oz. rain water. This has never failed to cure ulcerated sore throat and canker sores in the mouth, but should be diluted with rain water, 4 ozs. instead of 2 for use in nostrils and head as it is quite severe.

A member of the family was suffering greatly with a large boil on the back of his neck, had fever and could not turn his head in any direction. Thinking to relieve the pain I had him sit by the fire while I dipped a thick soft cloth in a basin of hot water that I kept on the stove, and after wringing it nearly dry placed in on the boil and whole back of neck and head. The pain was lessened immediately, and in a short time he could endure to have the water hotter than I could put my hands in. I continued this treatment for two hours, and the result was a good nights sleep, and the next morning he was quite well and could move his head freely. After the steaming process, put on his boil a plaster of grafting or shoemaker wax and over that a thick soft flannel covering to prevent taking cold. It promised to be a boil of the worst kind, but was cooked out.

I will add my remedy for colds and acute attacks of neuralagia: ¼ oz. oil of clover, ¼ oz oil of cajeput, ¼ oz. oil of anise, 4 ozs. alcohol. Dose 1 teaspoon full in ⅔ cup of sweetened hot water. Lie down covered well, and you will perspire freely and be ready for another cold if you are careful.—J. B. S.

PUMPKIN PIES.—Well, here I am again, dear sisters, and as the festive autumn has come, and "the frost is on the pumpkin," this second day of October, I deem it my bounden duty to tell you how to make pumpkin pies.

"Humph!" says some indignant sister, "guess I know how to make pumpkin pies."

Maybe you do, but if they are like some I ate at your house not long ago, you don't. Let me tell you what they were like. They were about one-half inch thick, of pale yellow color, and they tasted of half cooked pumpkin and two many eggs. You call them pumpkin pies, I called them "man killers" and that's what they were.

But these I am going to tell you of are good, and you will say so too, after once trying them, and here is the recipe:

Select a deep yellow pumpkin. Cut it up as usual, and put it on to stew. To each gallon of raw pumpkin put a half teacupful of cold water. Cook that pumpkin a half a day, and do not put in any more water. Stir frequently, so that it will not burn. When it is done it should be so thick and dry that you can make it into a ball. Then for each pie take a teacupful of stewed pumpkin, and to it add 2 eggs, and a pint of milk; if there is cream on it, it will not hurt, and 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, ginger and cinnamon to suit your taste. Make your crust as you always do, and bake your pies in deep piepans in a moderate overn until they are a rich brown. Set them on ice or some place to get very cold—the colder the better, and when you eat them if you don't thank me for this recipe, I will quit.—IRENE.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

BELLEVILLE, MICH.	Eleanor Ward
Forest Brighton	Mary Blair
HOLDEN, MO.	Mabel Blair
Mamie Still	Ira Blair
BETHANY, ILL.	Mary J Sterrett
Paul W Whipp	Sadie Sterrett
William Hand	Lulu Sterrett
Vinnie L Matheny	Robbie Sterrett
Linnie E Matheny	Hannah Heldt
Percy C Aubert	Alice Van Norman
Ernest R Aubert	Sallie Van Norman
Sarah Smith	Johnny Picarell
Nannie Bushart	Amy Pickrell
Lizzie Bolan	Minnie Pickrell
Claud Scheer	Liza Hamm
Frank B Widdick	SOUTH BOMBAY, N. Y.
Peter Shartzer	Dannie Flanders
ADAMS CENTER, N. Y.	Minnie Flanders
May A Miner	Nellie Rockhill
A Clarence Parker	Alma Rockhill
Mabel Johnson	Adda Rockhill
Lena M Parker	Daisy Phelps
Gracie M Parker	Josie Babcock
Eddie Oatman	Allie Richardson
Edith Lord	Ella Richardson
AMHERST, MINN.	Libbie Richardson
Clara E Vought	Freddie White
Msude A Vought	Laura White
Flora E Vought	Earl Berry
Hiram A Vought	Mabel Harvey
Cora Fairbank	Wells Russell
RUBENS, KAN.	Bertha Rowley
Julie Ward	SACKETT'S HARBOR, N.Y.
Henry E Ward	Linna Washburn

Names this week, 60. Total 24,836.

The above embraces all names received up to November 8.

THE MYSTIC SIGN.

"O gorgeous poppy, of rich renown,
Show us the way to Sleepy Town.
Baby must go—he's tired of play;
But yet I think we have missed the way."
Then tranquilly up and down
Waved the flower of rich renown,
And softly it seemed to say,
"This way—this way—this way—
Is the way to Sleepy Town."

"O ripening wheat, all golden-brown,
Show us the way to Sleepy Town.
How shall we find where the starlight gleams,
On the City of Sleep in the Land of Dreams?"
Then soothingly up and down
Went the wheat, all golden-brown,
And whispering seemed to say,
"This way—this way—this way—
Is the way to Sleepy Town."

"O little one, with the curly crown,
Have you learned the way to Sleepy Town,
Where faintest music and softest light,
And sweetest blossoms enchant the night?"
Then drowsily up and down
Went the beautiful curly crown,
While the tired eyes seem to say,
"This way—this way—this way—
Is the way to Sleepy Town."

THE NOVEMBER SUNBEAM.

The ants were hard at work, they had so much to do; first of all, they had to make their rooms warm and free from cold draughts during the winter; then they had to go the round of all their pantries, to see if they had brought in sufficient food for the next five or six months, during which they would have to remain shut up. After that they had to fortify their town against attacks from enemies; and also they had to sweep their ant-roads clear from withered leaves and rubbish; and lastly they had to mount the nearest tree, to see how the world was getting on, and have a peep at the sky to see whether winter were really coming.

Besides all this, the ants had another difficult and melancholy task to do—they had to dig a grave for that mother, Nature; and all the other innumerable little creatures on earth were busy in the same manner.

The hoar frost already lay thick on the ground, looking like seven thousand millions of pearls, but no one picked them up. The withered grass and the leafless trees had gone into mourning; but the pines and firs, who always wear dark green cloaks, had only to brush the bright green moss off their stems in order to look suitably clad. The winds, the daughters of the air, were sitting in the clouds busy carding snow-wool for a shroud; the chilly waves chanted sad dirges by the shore of the great lake they fell asleep under the ice blanket; and those birds who lingered beyond the fitting time, in which their brethren had migrated, practiced an innocent little requiem, to which the fir trees murmured an accompaniment. Every thing was chilly, dark, and very sad.

But suddenly a sunbeam shone forth and lit it up everything.

A sunbeam it really was, a sunbeam of heaven's own gold, and it shone out from a dark snow-cloud upon the frost pearls, the withered grass, the leafless tress, the solemn firs, the industrious ants, and all the other countless busy little creatures of earth—and in one moment everything was quite different.

"Dear me, what is the matter?" said the eagle owl, who was sitting on a flagstaff practising the bass "Autumn is come, hear the roar of the tempest." He had a very hoarse voice, but it had to do for want of a better, in the absence of the summer birds.

"What is the matter. I break down, I sing out of time, I can't produce a single note, with the sun glaring square in my face."

"This will never do," puffed and panted the ants. They were arranging the hoar frost in rows on the grass, with great difficulty, trying to make it look like mourning trimmings of white crepe—and now all the pearl edgings began to melt. "This will never do," cried the ants. "This will all end in mud and slush. Is there no shelter to be found from the sun?"

The grasshopper had played her concertina all through the summer, she did not care to work, and she now lay quite exhausted under a withered aspen-leaf; but the sunbeam revived her, and thinking that summer had returned, she quickly recommenced playing her concertina, until the aspen-leaf began to shake. All at once, however, the grasshopper collapsed, for she was not as strong as she had been—so there was an end of that fun.

All this the sunbeam saw, as he peeped out from the dark and heavy autumn cloud, and then, on fluttering wings, floated down through the trasparent air, looking out for some one on earth to comfort and cheer.

The sunbeam came first to a frozen lake, and glittered on the bright autumn ice. "Is there anybody here who is sad?" asked he. "No!" answered the school boys, who skated merrily across the ice, laughing and shouting, and cutting intricate figures on their newly sharpened skates; several school girls stood on the edge of the pond, putting out first one foot and then the other to see if the ice was strong enough to bear them. What fun they were having.

The sunbeam went on further and came to a leafless birch. "Is anybody sad here?" "No!" said the Birch; "why should I be? Do I not know very well that I shall bloom again far more beautifully when the spring comes back?"

Again the sunbeam went on and came to a poor cottage in which the parents and children were sharing their last loaf with others who had still less than they. "Is any body sad here?" "No," answered the poor people; "why should we be sad? We know very well that God in his loving-kindness provides for his children, and so we cast all our cares upon him."

Again the sunbeam passed on and came to a ship battling against a storm. "Is any body sad here?" "No," answered the old sailor, "why should we be sad? God can bring the ship safely to its haven, and so we work on without fear."

The sunbeam next came to a sick bed. "Is any one sad here?" "No," answered the invalid; "why should I grieve? God my health, and he knows best what is good for me. Thus even is my pain joy, for nothing happens to me without the will of God and his will is always good."

Once more the sunbeam passed on and came to a church-yard. There sat a poor mother weeping for her lost child. "Is anybody sad here?" "No," said the weeping mother: "why should I mourn? I shall soon meet my child in heaven. Dear Sunbeam, I must not mourn because God took my child so early to his eternal joy."

The sunbeam was quite astonished not to find anybody sad on earth; but he had not seen everybody yet.

After a while he came to a bay window, where a little girl stood by a flower pot. "Does any one need comfort here?" "Yes," said the girl, "I do. I am full of grief because my myrtle, which I planted to see my luck, is withering in the chill autumn air."

"Is that all," said the sunbeam, "I can easily help you;" and he shone on the drooping plant, which received new life from his warm and genial rays and sorrow was quickly dispelled from the window, and from the child's heart.

Again the sunbeam flew on, and this time he looked in at a prison window. "Is anybody sad here?" "Yes," said the chained robber, who was awaiting his sentence. "Have I not every reason to be sad—I, a criminal and a prisoner, rejected by God and man, and without a hope of mercy."

"Look here!" cried the sunbeam, shining full on the Bible, which lay open at the place where the Savior from his cross had promised pardon and grace to the penitent thief. Thereupon grief left the prison and despair passed away from the prisoner's heart.

Once more the Sunbeam went on his way and came to old Nicolas Munter, who stood wringing his hands in despair by a roaring torrent. "Is any one sad here?" "Yes," said Nicolas. "What are you grieving for?" "I mourn over my past childhood, in which I was ungrateful and disobedient to my parents who have now long been dead. I mourn my wasted youth which I spent in indolence and extravagance, and my whole useless life which has not given joy or good to any one, since I have only thought of my own selfish pleasure. I am utterly hopeless and now long to throw myself into this roaring torrent."

"Wait a little; come with me, and I will lead you to a place where you can still do some good," said the Sunbeam, and away he flew before him over the withered grass. Nicolas followed; at last they arrived at the pond, where school boys had come to play without permission during school hours. "See!" said the Sunbeam. "Now sit down and tell the children what is the end of thinking only of one's own pleasure in this life."

Nicolas Munter sat down to tell his story, and the girls and boys sat down to listen, and the sunbeam shone in their faces like a ray of Eternal Light. Old Nicolas Munter felt cheered to find he was still able to do some good, and the thoughtless children became grave; but there was no harm in that, for it was with that happy gravity which is the source of true joy.

The sunbeam had now travelled enough for one day, and in an instant he fled back to the sun ninety millions of miles away. The autumn cloud drew its heavy curtain over the face of the earth, but the sunbeam lurked behind it, waiting for an early opportunity for peeping forth again. He had to wait a long time before he got a chance of doing so, and when he did shine forth it was upon snow-clad ground. He still remembered his pleasant journey in November, when he had succeeded in cheering to many sad hearts, and the recollection was such a happy one that it served to gladden him for a good long time.
—*The Swiss Cross.*

BEING A MAN.

BY IRENE WIDDEMER HARTT.

Benny Bronson was very sick. He was sure no one was ever so sick before, and that his last hour had come. He really hoped it had, for this agony was beyond enduring long. The worst of it was that he must suffer alone. His place when he was ill was on his mother's bed, but to-day he was on the grass under the shade of an apple tree, hiding from her. He knew that if his father were to come by and discover the old brown pipe thrown aside in his distress, he would say he was justly punished, and maybe punish him in some other way besides.

The truth was, he had been trying to learn to smoke. On his way from the post-office that morning he met Pat MacMahon. Pat was much smaller and a great deal older than Bennie. He had smoked almost from babyhood. He had a weazen little face, and a bold swaggering manner. He had lately added beer-drinking to the list of his accomplishments, and would some day make his mark in the world, if he continued as he had begun, as a petty villain. He was smoking this morning when Bennie met him.

Being a free-handed lad, as all the boys knew, he offered Bennie a whiff from his old pipe. The younger boy refused it, and, when urged, confessed that he did not smoke. Pat laughed at him, and said he hated a girl-boy, and that he would never be a man until he learned to do so; that there were the "makin's" of a man in him if he would bring it out; and much more in the same strain. When he had finished his few but impressive remarks Bennie was convinced that the one thing he needed to become a man was to learn to smoke. He did not think it necessary, however, for his mother to know anything about either the smoking or the manliness. So, when with many thanks he accepted the loan of Pat's pipe till he could get one of his own, he went into the orchard to take his first lesson alone.

He had no idea what that lesson implied, and he thought as he lay there that he would rather not be a man if this was the way to become one. When the worst of the sickness was over and he was more reconciled to living he thought of what Pat had said, and began to doubt his statements. His own father was a true man, and one whom the whole town respected, yet he never smoked. Pat's father was hardly ever without a pipe in his mouth, yet who respected him? There was a mistake somewhere, and it must be that Pat did not know as much as he thought he did; and who indeed ever looked up to Pat, with all his drinking and smoking, or considered him anything but a small rowdy? Bennie remembered, too, that his mother had forbidden his having anything to do with the boy; he was quite certain now that his mother was right. Of course she was, and as he had never yet concealed anything from her, he would not begin now. As soon as he could walk he made his way to the house. She was not in the sitting-room, and Bennie, who was still sick and very pale, went up to her room, where she sat sewing.

"Oh, my son," she cried, as she caught sight of his white face, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Oh, mother, I have been so sick!" he answered. He felt very much like crying, but for a boy of ten that would be decidedly unmanly, he thought.

"Lie on my bed there, dear; and let me send for a doctor."

She left her work and came to him.

"I will lie on your bed, but a doctor will do me no good."

"Why, what can be the matter?" she asked, thoroughly alarmed, as she arranged the pillows. "There! lie here."

"Don't be so kind to me," he almost wept. "Oh, mother, I've been smoking!"

"Bennie!" was all she said, as she sat on the bed by him.

Then he told her all.

"You see," he added, by way of excuse, "the boys do laugh so at a fellow if he don't do anything to show that he is a man."

"It shows that you are not a man to mind being laughed at," she returned. "It is only the weak who can be ridiculed into doing wrong. The brave man or boy does his duty without regard for the opinion of the world. The most perfect manhood is the Christian manhood. Christ is a model of manliness. He came into this world as a child, that even children may have an example to follow; and, Bennie, he was 'subject unto his parents.' He remained so until he grew up, I suppose. He thought it manly to obey them, and wrong to disobey. By following his example you are cultivating the highest manhood, and he will give you grace to withstand the temptations of the world, and courage to do what you know is right, notwithstanding the laugh of ignorant boys who have gone far astray and want to drag others with them. And as for smoking, I have heard men say that when you once learn to do it you are tobacco's slave, and few men have power to throw that master off. You will never cease to regret that you entered into the bondage—and all for the laughter of boys."—*Careful Builders.*

Little Mary's Secret.

A resident of Peterboro street, who has a little 3-year-old daughter named Mary, was sitting in his library after dinner, when the little one climbed on his knee.

"Papa, does oo love me?" she asked very sweetly.

"Yes, pet, very much indeed," was the hearty response.

"Does oo love me a whole houseful?"

Being assured of this, little Mary became very demonstrative, and her father felt that her face and arms were dripping wet.

"Halloo!" he exclaimed, "been in mischief, Mary?"

"Papa," asked Mary insinuatingly, "can oo keep a secret?"

Her father assured her that he could, whereupon she whispered to him:

"Me spilled finger bowl at dinner—me most dwon'd; don' oo tell mamma, 'cause sometimes she's just horrid."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Convincing Succession.

Time is valuable to us and we conclude that for your purposes it is precious to you; so, apart from tedious prelude which might distract your attention from some important subject matter, we briefly call attention to the following convincing combination of evidence in regard to Compound Oxygen.

Under date of Dec. 1, 1887, Mr. N. G. Osteen, proprietor of *Watchman and Southern, S. C.*, writes: "I have used the Compound Oxygen home treatment from DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, as a revitalizer, and have experienced marked benefit from it."

On March 18, 1888, Mr. Osteen, among other things, writes, "your medicine is getting up a reputation in this vicinity from the good it has done Mr. Chas. L. Witherspoon."

Referring to our files we find the following hearty testimony from the gentleman named by Mr. Osteen in the above extract:

SUMTER, S. C., March 24, 1888.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN.

For eight months I had been a sufferer from diarrhea and dysentery. I commenced the use of the Compound Oxygen and experienced the happiest results.

I honestly believe that had I not used it just then, I certainly would have died. Under God I owe my life to your treatment. I unhesitatingly recommend it to all who may be suffering in like manner with myself. Very gratefully,
C. L. WITHERSPOON.

We publish a brochure regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 331 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Sunday School

The Convenant Renewed.

LESSON VIII, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1888.

GOLDEN TEXT:—The Lord our God we will serve, and his voice will we obey.—Josh. 24: 24.

LESSON TEXT.
(Josh. 24: 19-28.)
COMMON VERSION.

19. And Joshua said unto the people. Ye cannot serve the Lord: for he is a holy God; he is a jealous God; he will not forgive your transgressions nor your sins.

20. If ye forsake the Lord, and serve strange gods, then he will turn and do you hurt, and consume you, after that he hath done you good.

21. And the people said unto Joshua, Nay; but we will serve the Lord.

22. And Joshua said unto the people, Ye are witnesses against yourselves that ye have chosen you the Lord, to serve him. And they said, We are witnesses.

23. Now therefore put away, said he, the strange gods which are among you, and incline your heart unto the Lord God of Israel.

24. And the people said unto Joshua, The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey.

25. So Joshua made a covenant with the people that day, and set them an ordinance in Shechem.

26. And Joshua wrote these words in the book of the law of God, and took a great stone and set it up there under an oak that was by the sanctuary of the Lord.

27. And Joshua said unto all the people, Behold, this stone shall be a witness unto us; for it hath heard all the words of the Lord which he spake unto us: it shall be, therefore, a witness unto you lest ye deny your God.

28. So Joshua let the people depart, every man to his inheritance.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Ye cannot serve the Lord; for he is an holy God (v. 19). It is not that God doesn't want your service, but that you don't want to give it. And the reason why you don't want to give God your service, is because God is holy, and you don't want to be. If only God would let you do as you want to do, and would help you to do it, you would like that above all things. But that would be having God serve you, instead of your serving God. And there are a great many who like the devil better than they like God, just because they think the devil will allow them more privileges, and give them more help in the line of their own desirings, than God will. The main difference between God and the devil is that God is holy and the devil is not. On this account the devil's service seems so attractive to a sinner, and God's service seems so unattractive.

If ye forsake the Lord, and serve strange gods, then he will turn and do you evil. (v. 20.) That is, if you forsake the Lord, he will not forsake himself; but your turning against him will make it as though he had turned against you. God's love sways the universe, and the current of his love sweeps on with a force that carries everything before it. If you yield yourself to that love, you are helped onward by everything that has life and motion in the universe. But if you set yourself against that love, the very force of its resistless sweep is your destruction. In battling God's love you are destroying your own soul; and, as that love never turns nor changes, your destruction is an endless destruction by the very endlessness of the love you battle.

And the people said, Nay; but we will serve the Lord (v. 21.) How easy it is to say, "We will serve the Lord;" and how hard it is to serve the Lord when we should prefer to have him serving us! When the issue is fairly before us, and we see the gain there would be in serving the Lord, and the danger there is in refusing to serve him, all of us are ready to say, "Nay, not the Devil, but the Lord, for our master." Lord, help us to do as we know we ought to do, and, as at our best, and way down in our heart of hearts, we want to do!

Joshua said, Ye are witnesses against yourselves that ye have chosen you the Lord, to serve him (v. 22). There will never be any need of outside witnesses to prove the apostasy of any persistent evil-doer; for every man's memory will be his own condemnation on that point. There is no person living who hasn't promised God, or promised to himself in God's sight, that he would be true and faithful in God's service. And every man who is to-day an apostate, a scoffer, or an evil-doer in any line, knows that he is untrue to his best impulses, to his deliberate purposes, and to his specific promises. He is a witness against himself that he did choose God, and afterwards rejected him. Others know something of our evil hearts; but no one knows so much against us as we could truly witness against ourselves.

Now therefore put away the strange gods which are among you, and incline your heart unto the Lord (v. 23). It is of no use trying to serve the Lord—and other gods. Yet there are a great many who think that there is no harm in giving a little service to some special national god, or neighborhood god, or family god, or private god, so long as the God of gods is recognized as above all other gods. And so it is that some favorite occupation, or amusement, or vice, that is clearly not consistent with the whole hearted service of God, keeps back a young man or a young woman, a bright boy or lovely girl, from both joy and growth in the service of God. To such a person to-day, as to the Israelites of old, the call of God's representative should be, "Put away the strange gods which are among you, and incline your heart unto the Lord."

Behold, this stone shall be a witness against us; for it hath heard all the words of the Lord which he spake unto us; it shall be therefore a witness against you, lest ye deny your God (v. 27). The very pledges of our fidelity are more likely to be witnesses against us than to be witnesses in our favor. How many a written pledge of total abstinence stands as a witness against him who signed and broke it! How many a carefully worded New Year's or birthday resolution is in itself a proven charge against its framer and violator! How many a loving letter, with its assurances of undying friendship, is the indisputable evidence of the falsity of him who made it his pledge of constancy! How many a ring of betrothal, or of marriage, speaks out in unanswerable accusation against him or her who has violated the vow of which it was the symbol in its giving or receiving! Nor is it the memorial that is to blame for this. The pledge was a wise one; its memorial was appropriate. Only the failure to be true was the cause of turning the into an accusing witness. If we would have witnesses to our fidelity instead of to our unfaithfulness, we must be true to our pledges, true to our personal duty true to our best selves, and true to our God.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

—From the *Centropolis*, Kansas City, Mo. December 1st, 1887:

There is nothing so valuable to us as health, but we do not realize this until we are deprived of it. How many of our readers awake in the morning with dull pains in the back and head, and find it a hard task to perform daily duties? These are symptoms of malaria, and we know from personal trial they may be completely eradicated by Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria. It is a simple and effective remedy, and we advise our readers to try it.

Wanted Protection from the Tariff.

"What's the matter now?" said Elisha this morning, as he entered his moss-covered cottage and found Mrs. Greening bathed in tears, figuratively, her face evidencing severe mental suffering.

"Oh, Elisha, it's too perfectly awful."

"What! is the child sick?"

"Worse than that. Worse than that."

"Speak, woman, is he dead?" and the strong man's frame shook with emotion.

"If it were only that, Elisha," sobbed the little woman. "But I've just been thinking: Suppose this dear child should be spared to us. Suppose that we should give him a liberal education. Suppose that he should choose politics as a business. And then suppose that he should stand on the street corners and discuss about the tariff, how terribly awful it would be. I cannot endure the thought. My heart is breaking."

The bald-headed father first heaved a sigh of relief, then gave himself a Jekyll-Hyde shiver, and left the house in disgust.
—*Chicago Mail.*

Sanitarium and Water Cure.

Newly furnished, Brush electric lights, steam heating. The only Sanitarium East of the Rocky Mountains in which *Mud Baths* are given. Send for circulars.
JOHN S. MARSHALL, M. D., Sup't.,
Green Spring, Ohio.

ALL'S WELL.

With fair Lucinda on me beaming,
I soon forget my present woes,
Such wondrous thoughts go through me streaming,
Such buoyancy my spirit shows;
I'd rather lose my hand than pain her,
I'd suffer torture for her smile,
I would defy the world to gain her,
And deem it pleasure all the while.
'Tis true my wealth is not attested,
But Lucy knows that fashion's king,
My shirt is frilled, my paper's crested,
My shoe's a dainty, pointed thing.
And so my life seems more than sunny,
The fairy future opens wide,
The fair Lucinda has the money,
And I've got credit on my side.
—*Cartoon.*

An Extended Popularity. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have for many years been the most popular article in use for relieving Cough and Throat troubles.

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Sold only in cans.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

SIDNEY DILLON.

Commencing on Railroads as a Brakeman, Ends a Twenty Times Millionaire.

Sidney Dillon is one of the constantly talked of millionaires of New York. His fortune is variously estimated at from fifteen to twenty-five million dollars, and he has for a good while been identified with the corporations that Jay Gould controls. Outside of these, and of his money, he occupies but little space, having no interest in public affairs, in literature, science, art or society. The wealth he has acquired he owes entirely to himself—a fact he fully appreciates, and is not willing to rehearse. A native of Connecticut, I think, born of poor parents, and of humble antecedents, he had scarcely any regular education, and was at an early age thrown on his own resources, which were not limited. After trying a variety of things, and meeting with slender success, he was drawn to railroads when they began to be built in this country, and was, I believe, brakeman for awhile. He had, however, too much intelligence and enterprise to remain in so unremunerative a place. He rapidly advanced, and in due time became a contractor to build new lines, and as such laid the basis of his future riches.

Since then, a period of forty years, he has been steadily heaping up money, and, since the war, has been associated with some big railway operations, knowing just when to take hold and when to let go of them—a valuable secret, which he might have learned from a younger master, Jay Gould. He has an office in Wall street, and may be found there almost any day in business hours. Although in the neighborhood of 70, he is hale and hearty, and gives evidence of ten or more years of usefulness to himself. Of full habit and florid complexion, his white hair becomes him, and he looks as serene and contented as if he had passed his life in benefiting his fellows. He does not dislike them; but he gives himself no trouble concerning their progress and amelioration, one of the cardinal articles of his faith being that every man should paddle his own canoe. He has certainly paddled his own canoe to pecuniary purpose. What he lacks—mental, moral or social cultivation—he does not care for or miss; what he has—a vast property and the capacity to increase it—he understands and thoroughly enjoys.—*Cosmopolitan for November.*

—Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by expelling impurity from the blood, which is the cause of the complaint. Give it a trial.

Young America Analyzed.

"The human boy," says the London *Evening News*, "is a potentially important member of society, in that he is the raw material of man; but only a prejudiced taste can put him on a par with the flowers of the field as a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Here we have the English article pictured. But the wild, unkempt American specimen—we mean the composite product—is a study of more than passing interest. What he lacks in fine qualities is made up by his robustious, full-orbed love of mischief. In him you have the miniature of a vivacious, restless, resourceful manhood, always eager and ready to vent his superfluous spirits, sometimes at his own cost, but chiefly to the disadvantage of others. But there is the making of a man in him every time under our free and unfettered institutions, and that benefit inheres in American life as contrasted with the crowded condition in which those less favored sons are born who live and die on British soil, with scarcely a hope, in the vast majority of cases, of rising above the dead level of their early career.—*Boston Transcript.*

Use SOZODONT when you have eaten;
Use SOZODONT your breath to sweeten;
Use SOZODONT to aid digestion;
Use SOZODONT and ask no question.
Preserve your molars and you won't
Regret the use of SOZODONT.

A Cruel Rebuke.

Husband (pettishly)—Why, Nellie, do you spend so much time at the looking glass?

Wife—To make myself look as attractive as possible.

H.—Pshaw! You are too vain. And what does it all amount to? I don't admire you any more.

W.—I know it, dear, but you are not the only man in the world.

H.—Puts on his thinking cap.—*Boston Courier.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Gone to Waist.

Young Lady (haughtily disengaging herself)—By what right, sir, do you presume to put your arm around my waist?

Young Man (humbly)—None. I confess, but I thought you would not object.

Young Lady—Know then, sir, that I do object, and most emphatically. But that, of course, need not deter you from persevering.—*Binghamton Republican.*

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

An Aggrieved Patron.

"Faix, an' I wish all the railway corporashuns were sent to the devil. Wid Larry a worakin' as a seckshun hand, and m' own husband kilt by bein' run over by one ov their dommed trains afther he'd taken a dhrop too much, niver a pass can I git. Be jabers, an' it's walk I will."—*General Manager.*

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DR. TALMAGE ON SATAN'S DISGUISES

The Fiend's Various Manners of Traveling the Earth and His Subtle Aptitude for Sowing the Seeds of Woe and Damnation—The Devil's Power.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 11.—At the Tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., took for the subject of his sermon: "Satan on His Travels." His text was, Job i, 7: "And the Lord said unto Satan: Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said: From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."

In 1672 was printed the largest book ever published, namely, two huge volumes of near 5,000 pages, in small type; the author Joseph Caryl. It was a commentary on this Book of Job. When it took a year for the journey from England to India, the son of the author of this commentary started for India, leaving his father writing on his book, and was gone for years, and when he came back to England still found his father writing on it.

I never saw the commentary, but I do not wonder at its size because there is no end to the interest of the book of Job. I am not surprised that Goethe, the unbeliever, took from this wonderful book the opening of his great drama "Faust" and the Mephistopheles of the great German was only the satan of Job. It seems that one day in Heaven God was on His throne and angels and messengers came to report on their different missions. I suppose one angel said: "I was out among the stars and I saw one of them burn down." Another angel, I imagine, said: "I was off on a stellar excursion and was present at the birth of a new world." Another angel, I think, said: "I was journeying five hundred million miles in the wilderness of immensity and I saw a meteor run down a planet." Another angel: "I was off and helped at the inauguration of a new race of beings amid the mountains and valleys of that mighty world in the southeast part of the heavens."

But while these good and great spirits were making their reports a ghastly, grizzly, hideous monster from some miry sulphurous, filthy world, came into the palace without wiping his feet, and God asked him where and how he had been occupying himself, and this greatest scoundrel of the universe made reply with blazing effrontery, and instead of acknowledging any of the mischief he had been doing said he had been an earthly pedestrian and had lived a sort of circumambulatory, peripatetic life. "And the Lord said unto Satan: Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord and said: From going to and fro in the earth and from walking up and down in it."

This monster of my text has a great variety of names. You know that notorious villains are apt to take a variety of names. Arraigned in Paris for burglary a man will give one name, arrested in San Francisco for arson he will give another name, imprisoned in Montreal for murder he will give another name. So this creature of my text has many names. He is called in sacred and profane literature Abaddon, Apollyon, Ahrimanes, Zamiel, Asmodeus the revenging devil, Beelzebub the sovereign of devils, Lucifer the brilliant devil, Diabolus the despairing devil, Mammon the money devil, Pluto the fiery devil, Baal the military devil, Meresin the plaguing devil. He is called the father of lies, and has for his children and grandchildren and great grandchildren all falsehoods, deceptions, frauds, swindles, slanders, backbitings and subterfuges.

All men of good sense, whether enlightened by the Bible or in heathendom, have noticed that there are baleful and maleficent influences abroad that have not their origin in the human race, and demonology is as certain as angelology. The sword of Paracelsus was thought to have had a demon in the hilt, and there is now a demon in every sword hilt. The ancients supposed the air was filled with sylphs and satyrs and sirens and gnomes and vampires and salamanders and undines and hobgoblins. The Talmud says that Adam's first wife was Lilis, and that their children were all devils. Two or three hundred years ago a demonographer gave the names of ambassadors of evil which he thought Satan sent to different countries: Mammon, ambassador to England; Belphegor, ambassador to France; Martinet, ambassador to Switzerland; Rimmon, ambassador to Russia; Thanniz, ambassador to Spain; Hutgin, ambassador to Italy; and there was a princess of devils by the name of Proserpine.

But what was mere guess work of mythology or superstition has been made clear by divine revelation. We find that there is somewhere a monarch of all wickedness. He has a throne of power and courtiers and armies and navies and machinery of evil vast as the round world. He is the superviser of all mischief, and what he cannot do himself he delegates others to do, and as each one of our race is supposed to have a guardian good angel, I have no doubt that every human being has a besieging malignant spirit nagging his foot-steps and trying to make him think wrong and act wrong, an especial devil, a devil of fraud or a devil of avarice or a devil of uncleanness or a devil of poor health, and as in my text the spirits are represented as reporting to the Lord, so I have no doubt the evil spirits report to Satan, who is the enemy of the whole human race, and who has a celerity that makes flight around the world a matter of a second, and who marshals on his side the forces volcanic, atmospheric, epidemic, geologic, oceanic and cyclonic. "And the Lord said unto Satan: Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord and said: From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."

Satan began his attack on this world long before Adam and Eve were created. While I believe the Bible record that the world was fitted up for man's residence in one week, I believe also the geological record that the world was previously for hundreds of thousands of years going through great changes. The lumber for the house that was to be built in a week for our first parents may have been hauled to the spot a million years before.

The Prince of the Power of the Air has been trying for all that million years to demolish and use up this world. The record is on the rocks. He tried to drown it with universal waters. He tried to burn it up with universal fires. Then he tried to freeze it into ruin, and covered it with universal glacier. And for ages he kept this world before our first parents occupied it in paroxysms and convulsions, and the remains of those struggles I have seen and you have seen in museums, or if, with geologist's hammer, you have gone down into the stone libraries of the mountains. Yea, after the famous Bible week the world had been fitted into a paradise for the home of our sinless ancestors Satan comes into the Garden of Eden, not through the gate of foliage and upright in posture, but crawls in under the bushes a snake, and having dispoiled our first parents goes to work to ruin Paradise, and does the work so thoroughly that one who recently visited the sight of the ancient garden between the rivers Tigris and Euphrates says the place is a desert, not a flower, and the ground so poor that nothing but some date trees grow there, and the miserable villagers from near by are not so well covered up with their rags as Adam and Eve were covered up with their innocence. So you see the father of lies for once told the truth when the Lord said unto him: "Whence comest thou?" and Satan answered the Lord and said: 'From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."

In my text we have Satan on his travels, and I am going to tell you some of the routes he is apt to take. On his way down from the palace where he reported himself in answer to the question, Whence comest thou? the first range of mischief he may be expected to take is the air. It was not a witticism or a slip of the pen when Paul, in his letter to the Ephesians, called Satan the "Prince of the Power of the Air." I think it means that Satan works through conditions of the atmosphere. The west wind is full of angels, the east wind is full of devils. Satan spreads abroad his black wings and hurricanes and euroclydons and Caribbean whirlwinds and equinoctials are hatched out. He takes the miasmas that float up from swamps and hatches them into typhoid fevers. He takes the cold blasts and hatches them into pneumonias and rheumatisms and consumptions.

Not only has he power in the upper air where highest clouds float, but power over the lower air which we breathe, and as we breathe nineteen times a minute and take in three hunered and fifty cubic feet of air in every twenty-four hours and much of this air affects the arterial circulation, you see what opportunities the Prince of the Air has of contaminating and despoiling and demoralizing a man. Through atmospheric influence he clouds the disposition and rasps the nerves and covers the best of people with religious despondency, as in the case of Edward Payson and William Cowper and that beloved apostle of evangelism, James W. Alexander. His great delight is to have the air of churches vitiated, and in that way dulls the preacher and stupifies the peoples and sees to it that the atmosphere of not more than one out of a hundred churches is fit to breathe, and whole congregations, Sabbath by Sabbath, are asphyxiated. Yes, he is worthy of the title St. Paul gave him: "Prince of the Power of the Air."

Another route he is apt to take is through domestic life. There is no greater sport for him than conjugal quarrel. It does not make any difference how long the marriage ring has been on the finger of the right hand, he will try to pull off the signet. He says to the husband: "What a plain wife you have compared with what she once was? Don't you see that the color has gone out of her cheek, and there are several wrinkles about her temples and a sprinkling of frost on her locks? Besides that, you have advanced in intelligence, while she has stood still or gone back. How hard it is that you should be chained to such dullness and imbecility!" Then he turns and says to the wife: "That man neglects you; you have a right to be jealous. He likes his cigar and his club, and anything and everything better than you. Why not get a divorce? Marriage is only a civil contract anyhow and not a divine alliance. Let me have that ring. It means nothing, and you might as well give it to me."

The ring is handed over to Satan and he tosses it up and down like a plaything over the mouth of perdition and says; "I will hand it back; only let me have it a little while." And he keeps tossing that ring, with all its sacred memories, higher up and further out, tossing and catching, tossing and catching it until one day you clutch for it, crying: "Give me back my ring!" but lo, it has dropped into the yawning gulf and you suddenly find who has been pitching and catching the ring, and you cry out: "Whence cometh thou?" and he answers: "From going to and fro in the domestic life of the city and from walking up and down in it; that is all." There are thousands of marriage relations strained almost to the breaking, and I commend to all me and women who are restless in the present marriage state that they resume the old-time courtship and take as much pains to make themselves agreeable as they did five or ten or twenty years ago, before the wedding march announced to the flushed and fluttering crowd that the bride and groom were coming.

According to the statistics of Professor Dikes, in one year in moral New Hampshire there were 241 divorces; in temperate Maine, 478 divorces; in good old Massachusetts, 600 divorces, and in the New England of "steady habits," 2,115. In one county of Illinois 830 divorce suits were begun in one year, and in many places it seems as if a new arrangement had been made of the commandments, and instead of ten there were only nine, the seventh commandment having been left out. When you see how many husbands and wives are parted by law, and know of so many who would like to dissolve conjugal partnership, do you not come to the conclusion that Satan is engaged in mighty industries?

Another route that Satan is apt to take in his active travels is the factories and other establishments where capital sits in the office or counting room and a good many hands of laborers are busy among wheels and spindles and fabrics. On this visit he will first step into the manufacturer's office and, finding the owner and proprietor of the great establishment all alone with his correspondence and his account books, says to him: "You are not making as much money as you ought to. You furnish all the brains. Were it not for your enterprise this establishment would not be in existence. These men and women in your employ are of very common mold. Their appetite is coarser and they do not need the luxuries you require. Their comfort and happiness are of very little importance. Put them down on the very verge of starvation and take all the profits into your own possession, and if they do not like it tell them to go where they can do better."

Having done his work in the counting room, Satan steps right out among the workmen. He says: "You work too many hours, and you do your work better than it needs to be done. You are serving a bloated bondholder, anyhow. He has no right to have any more than you have. Why should he ride and you walk? Why should he have tenderloin steak and you salt pork? Capital is the enemy of labor. Let labor be the sworn foe of capital. Why don't you strike and bring him to terms? Wait until he has a large order to fill by contract and then he cannot help himself. Go all together, without a moment's warning, and tell him you are going to stop. If he has more resources than you know of and persists in going and getting new men, give them a volley of brickbats, or put a little dynamite in his office and blow him and his factory all up with the same explosion."

Look out there on the night sky! Great fire somewhere. Where is it? The night is cold and Satan has made a big bonfire of that factory to warm himself by. The capitalist has lost heavily, and the workman and their families are without bread and clothing. "Whence comest thou, Satan?" "From going to and fro among the employers and employes, and from walking up and down among them. Ha! Ha! I was the only one who made anything out of that strike. What a splendid fire, and lots of smoke! Ha! ha! I like smoke."

Another route Satan is apt to take in his active travels is through the mercantile establishments. He steps in and says to the clerks: "How much salary do you get? Is that all? Why you can't live on that! You have a right to enough for a livelihood. A few quarters out of the money drawer will never be missed; or here and there is a remnant of goods you could take home without being found out; or you could change those account books a little, and you could make that figure eight a naught and that figure five a three, and if you do not feel exactly right about doing that, you can some day pay back, which you can do perfectly easy.

Don't feel like running the risk? Well, then, you can't go to the theater, and you can't go on that round with the boys, and you will have to wear that plain coat, whereas you could have your overcoat fur-lined and take board at a tip top place and walk amid plush and tapestries positively oriental. While you are making up your mind I will just go through the different parts of this great commercial establishment and try every one, from the wealthy firm down to the errand boys. The result of that Satanic visit is that one of the partners has drawn so much out of the concern that the whole business is crippled, and a bright and promising boy is sent home to his mother in disgrace, and a young man is in jail for embezzlement. Three lives ruined and three eternities.

Whence cometh thou, Satan? "From going to and from among mercantile houses and from walking up and down among them. I like to ruin splendid fellows and blast parental hopes, and of all the liquors I ever tasted fill my glass with the brewing of agonizing tears. Come! let us click together the rims of our glasses and drink to the overthrow of the fifty thousand young men I ruined last year! Huzza!" Satan would rather have one young man than twenty old ones. If he would win the septuagenarians and octogenarians he could do but little harm with them. But he says: "Give me a young man, especially if he be bright and generous and social." He sees that young men have for good or bad been the mightiest influence in this world.

Hernando Cortes conquered Mexico at 32. Gustavus Adolphus became immortal in history so early that he died at 38. Raphael, the most famous of painters, died at 37. William Pitt was prime minister of England at 24. Jesus Christ completed his earthly life at 33. Five years in a young man's life are of more power for good or evil than the last fifteen of an old man's life. So Satan is especially greedy for young men, and in going too and fro in the earth he has especial temptation for them.

Another route that Satan on his active travels is apt to take is for the despoiling of the people's souls. It does not pay him merely to destroy the bodies of men and women. Those bodies would soon be gone, anyhow; but great treasures are involved in this Satanic excursion.

On the route he meets a man who is aroused by something he has seen in the Bible, and Satan says: "Now, I can settle all that; the Bible is an imposition; it has been deluding the world for centuries; do not let it delude you. It has no more authority than the Koran of the Mohammedan or the Shaster of the Hindoo, or the Zenda-Vesta of the Persian!" He meets another man who is hastening toward the kingdom of God, and says: "Why all this precipitation? Religion is right, but any time within the next ten years will be soon enough for you. A man with a stout chest like yours and such muscular development need not be bothering himself about the next world." But Satan says nothing to him about the fact that the professor who gave his whole life to the study of health and could lift more pounds than any American, died at about 40, and that another learned man, who proved conclusively that if we observed all the laws of health we need never die, expired before he got his book on that subject published.

Satan meets another man who has gone through a long course of profligacy and is beginning to pray God for forgiveness, and Satan says to the man: "You are too late; the Lord will not help such a wretch as you; you might as well brace up and fight your own way through." And so with a spite and an acuteness and a velocity that have been gaining for six thousand years, he ranges up and down baffling, disappointing, defeating, afflicting, destroying the human race. Through his own hand or delegated infernalism he has pursued and hurt us all, and cursed every heart and cursed every home and cursed every nation and cursed every continent. He has instigated every war. He has rejoiced in every pestilence. He has started every groan. He has pressed out every sigh. He has buried every shipwreck. Lazarettoes, insane asylums, commercial panics, plagues, destroying angels, continental earthquakes, and world wide disasters are to him a perfect glee.

Can you look upon the Communism and the Mormonism and the Mohammedism and the wide sweep of drunkenness and fraud and libertinism, the Franco-German war and Crimean war, the north and south United States war, and rivers of blood flowing across continents of misery into oceans of wretchedness, without realizing the power of the Evil One, who reported to the Lord Almighty, and when asked: "Whence comest thou? answered: "From going to and fro in the earth and from going up and down in it."

But, blessed be God! I may substitute anthem for requiem and "Hallelujah Chorus" for the "Dead March in Saul." The New Testament says: "The son of God was manifested that he might destroy the work of the devil." It prophesied that an angel would come down from heaven with key and chain and incarcerate and shut up the old dragon. It says that Christ came to "destroy him that had the power of death—that is the devil." Add from the way Christ drove the devil out of those possessed by him until he was glad to hide under the bristles of the swine of Gadara and from other violent ejectments, we know that there is in existence a power a million fold mightier than the diabolic. The old lion of death shall go down under the stroke and roar of the "Lion of Judah's tribe." Yea, my text shows that Satan was compelled to report to the Almighty and give account of himself. When God said to him: "Whence comest thou?" he was forced to answer. What means that Scripture which says that Christ shall bruise the serpent's head? If you have ever killed a snake the passage ought to be plain to you.

You see this old serpent, the devil, had crawled across the nations, poisoning whole generations, and leaving its trail on everything; but after a while it will be cornered, and hissing and writhing in rage and with crest lifted and forked tongue shot out, it will make final attack on Christ, and Christ will advance upon it, and lifting his omnipotent foot, that foot strong enough to crush a world, lifting that foot right over the head of the reptile, will put down his heel with a crushing power that shall leave the monster bleeding and mashed, never to hiss again or bite again or shake his old rattle again. Thank God he has already received a stunning blow.

Hear you not the rumbling of the Christian printing presses and the whirling of the Gospel chariot wheels? As many souls have been added to the Christian church in the last eighty years as in the previous eighteen centuries, and that is a ratio of increase acclamatory with gladness. The kingdom is coming, and I am so sure of it that I do not propose to fret and worry because it has not already come. I may jump to get on a boat that is going off, but I do not propose to jump for a boat that is coming in. The sharp attacks of infidelity and sin are a good sign that especial blessing is coming in showers over all the earth. Flies bite sharp just before rain.

If we do not see the full consummation, our children will see it. In the time of the French revolution a great procession of boys carried through the streets a banner with the inscription: "Tremble, tyrants, we shall grow up!" Though we may fail to do our duty, there is a rising generation being gospelized and coming by the hundreds of thousands from our Sabbath schools and Christian homes who might properly have on their banners: "Tremble, ye powers of darkness and sin, for we are growing up!" We may not amount to much in ourselves, but if we put ourselves in the right place we can do great exploits. Two put under two make only four; but placed beside two make twenty-two.

Yet what you and I most need is power to drive back this Apollyon, this Asmodeus, this Ahrimanes from our hearts and lives. And we can do it not by our own strength, but by divine power afforded, for here is a passage emblazoned with encouragement which says: "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." Remember it is no sin at all to be tempted. The best and the mightiest have been tempted, Milton describes a toad squat at the ear of Eve. The sin is in surrendering. Do not feel so secure in yourself as to think you cannot be overthrown. How do you account for the fact that there are so many old men in Sing Sing and Auburn and the other penitentiaries, serving out their protracted sentences for frauds committed in mid life or advanced ages, although their early life had been good, and nothing had been suspected of them until at 50 or 60 years of age the whole land was struck dumb at their forgery or embezzlement. The clock in the steeple of Old Trinity church striking the hours did not remind the recreant Wall streeter of the passage of time that would soon bring exposure to and doom. The explanation is that Mephistopheles, Apollyon, Satan got in his work at that time. The man was not naturally bad. He was as good as any of you are, but Satan with whole battalions of infernals swooped upon him unawares. Look out for the wiles of the devil, not only those of you who are young, but the middle aged and the old. Outside of God you are not safe a moment. But yield not to disheartenment. If we put our trust in God our best days are yet to come—days of victory, days of song, days of heaven, and the best days of the cause of righteousness in all the earth are yet to come. As the ten thousand men of Xenophon's army, when they came to the top of Mount Theches and saw the waters on which they were to sail to their homes, the soldiers with clapping hands and waving banners all together shouted: "The sea, the sea!" So we to-day in our march toward our heavenly home come up to the top of the mountain of holy anticipation and look off upon oceans of light and oceans of glory and oceans of joy; and thrilled as we have never been thrilled before we clap our hands and wave our gospel ensigns and cry one to another and shout up to the responding and re-echoing heavens: "The sea; the sea!"

INTERNATIONAL QUESTION.

The United States Government Will be Asked to Make Mexico Stop Infringing on Our Soil.

EL PASO, Tex., Nov. 10.—(Special.)—The mayor and city council of El Paso took action last night which is calculated to lead to important diplomatic correspondence between the United States and Mexico. In an official communication to the city council Mayor Lightbody stated that Mexican engineers, acting under authority of the Mexican government, were constructing embankments opposite El Paso ostensibly to protect the Mexican bank of the Rio Grande, which embankment, he believed, would cause the river to damage the American bank.

Moreover, he believed the Mexicans had already extended one of those embankments across the boundary and were now working on American soil. He urged that immediate action should be taken to stop this work, by force if necessary.

The council decided that the mayor should telegraph the facts to Gov. Ross, and a message was sent stating that the work is being prosecuted with the intention of changing the channel of the river. "Unless the work at once arrested," says the message, "not only will the frontier be artificially changed, but serious injury will be inflicted on Texas land-owners. What do you advise me to do in order to protect the territory of the state and of the United States, as the urgency of the case will hardly allow the delay necessary to obtain redress by the ordinary diplomatic channels."

REACHING OUT.

Canada Trying to Make Work for Her Railroad.

OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 12.—(Special.)—At Saturday's meeting of the Dominion cabinet it was decided to invite Australia and New Zealand to send delegates to Ottawa at an early date to consider trade matters and the proposed Pacific cable from New Zealand to British Columbia.

The design is to divert the travel and traffic from Australia which now goes entirely via San Francisco, to Vancouver, and thence over the Canadian Pacific and open up a market for Canadian manufacturers, now possessed almost exclusively, so far as this continent is concerned, by the United States.

Twenty coal miners, supposed to have been drowned in the flooded Salgortaja coal mine in Hungary, were rescued alive.

At Rochester in the debris of the steam gauge and lantern works fire, two more charred bodies were found, making eleven so far known to have been killed.

The Farm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dehorning Cattle—Gas Tar to Kill Potato Bugs.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Seeing a communication some time ago from a man who was very much exercised over the cutting off of the horns of cattle, I would like to remind him that the horns were given cattle in their wild state to defend themselves with against other wild animals. The necessity for horns has ceased, and if his theory were true, we would have to quit castrating. In short let them roam the country in their wild state, and keep out of their way, as that was the way nature left them, and it would be dangerous to go where they were, and as they and men would be nearly useless he would not have learned to write such nonsense. My cattle have peaceably occupied a shed with my colts half as large as three of them occupied last winter, and instead of some of them looking better than others they all look well, and nearly all my neighbors are now following my example, though some of them condemned me in the start.

Some two years ago I saw recommended in the FARM to use gas tar in water for potato bugs. My potatoes were alive with bugs, and I bought a couple of gallons of gas tar and put in a barrel of water. After it stood some time I poured it over the vines and killed the bugs. I have not been bothered with them much since.

I plant one eye in a place, 8 inches apart in drills 3 feet apart, and if I have straw, I mulch late potatoes, and raise more to the acre than any one else here. In the fall I take my lister apart, and turn them out with the shovel, picking up each row as fast as dug. I put on the mulching when the vines begin to show. When I have more time I will write something else.—D. L. B., Glen Elder, Kansas.—[Yes, let us hear from you.—ED.]

INFORMATION WANTED.

Colt Lame in Stifle Joint.

W. E. S., Grove City, Ill.: According to what you say your colt is suffering from a sprain of the ligament around the stifle joint. You do not say how long ago it was sprained. In the absence of full information, we advise you to keep the part affected well bathed, for at least twelve hours, with spirits of camphor, half an ounce; vinegar, four ounces; water, one pint. At the end of this time use the following: Iodine, ¼ oz.; glycerine, 1 oz.; mercurial ointment, 1 oz.; olive oil, 4 ozs. Rub a little of this over and around the lump. Wash off once a day with water and re-apply. If nothing but the ligaments are involved the above will dissipate the lump. Examine the foot of the animal carefully to see if it is all right. Also, press the fingers around the hock and on every part of the leg. If you discover a tender spot, write us, giving date of paper in which this appears.

Lumps on Cows.

A Reader, Princeton, Mo.: The lumps that have appeared on your cow result from a diseased condition of the blood. Give her half a pound of salts stirred in warm water, in which there has been put a cupful of molasses. After this operation give the animal an ounce of saltpetre in her drinking water morning and evening for about four days. Then take of sulphate of iron, 8 drachms, powdered; mix of arnica, 4 drachms; powdered genetian, 5 ozs. Divide into 7 powders and give 1 each day in dry food or as a drench. After the blood is in good condition the lumps will no longer form. For the lump near the naval, if it does not disappear, take of biniodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard 1 oz. Mix and rub on a little once a day.

Cutting of Potato Blossoms.

B. D. L., Seneca county, Ohio: It is claimed by some well informed men that the ball or true seed of the potato, which results from the blossom are not only unnecessary to the formation of the tuber below, but are a strain upon the plants. After many experiments, the editor of the *Mark Lane Express*, declares that the cutting away of the blossom produces better results in potatoes than to let them remain on the vines. The energies necessary to produce the blossom and ball are of no economic value in producing the tuber. On the other hand, they are a prejudicial strain on the plant. To your other question, "How long does it take from the time ends of potatoes are planted until potatoes reach a mature state," we answer about four years. Potatoes grown from seed cannot be depended upon to produce potatoes the same as the parent. At times many different kinds are produced.

Chronic Founder.

J. D., Lorain county, O.: There is no cure for chronic founders. It may be alleviated by rubbing a little fly blister around the coronet, occasionally, and having the horse stand on a good floor in the stall.

Value of Manures.

N. T. B., Center county, Pennsylvania: The urine of a cow furnishes 900 pounds of solid matter during the year, and is worth about $10 a year. It will manure one and a quarter acres of land. The urine of a cow is more valuable than the dung in the ratio of 7 to 6, and in real value as 2 to 1. Of solid animal manures that of the horse is the most valuable. That of the sheep, we believe, comes next.

The Turkey and Peacock.

Mrs. L. M. M., Minneapolis, Minn.: The turkey is a native of the United States. The bird was unknown throughout the civilized world until America was discovered. The peacock is a native of the southern part of Asia, and is yet found wild in the islands of Java and Ceylon.

Not a Native of This Country.

W. T. R., Bruan county, Ill.: The horse is not a native of the United States. The first horses, 40 in number, were brought to Florida by Cabeca de Veca, in 1527. They were all killed or otherwise perished. The next importation was by De Soto, in 1530. The French introduced the horse into Canada. In 1609 the English brought horses to Jamestown, Va.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Cost Conservatively Compared.

It has many times been intimated and several times broadly asserted that the *Rural's* method of raising potatoes will not pay; that is, that the value of the crops so raised will not pay for the extra cost of their production. Let us suppose that by ordinary methods we raise 150 bushels upon an acre, the cost of which may be itemized as follows:

Plowing and harrowing	$6 50
Fertilizer or manure	16 50
Seed and planting	7 50
Cultivating	6 00
Harvesting	6 00

We have here an aggregate cost for this acre of potatoes of $42.

The cost of raising an acre of potatoes, according to the *R. N. Y.'s* trench method, may be fairly estimated as follows:

Plowing and harrowing	$6.50
Trenching (with a shovel plow)	5.00
Filling in the trench by the use of a drag of cultivator	5.00
Seeding and planting	10.00
Cultivating	6.00
Harvesting	10.00
Fertilizer (1,500 lbs. to the acre)	30.00

Here we have a total of $72.50. Now we will place the yield at only 300 bushels to the acre; what is the difference? Estimating the market price of potatoes at fifty cents the bushel in the first instance, we have $75.00 worth of product which cost $42.00. In the second, we have $150 worth of product which cost $72.50, a profit of $77.50 against $33.00. This seems to us a very just estimate, while the considerable amount of potash and phosphoric acid left in the soil for succeeding crops is not taken into the account.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Farmers' Institutes.

The institutes that aroused so much enthusiasm last winter among the farmers of New York are to be resumed by the State Agricultural society during the coming months. The first of these meetings in this state was held in February, 1885, at Cornell University. During the winter of 1885-86 the State Agricultural society took up this work as an experiment, and held institutes at Lockport, Ithaca, Oswego and Schenectady. These proved so interesting and valuable that the legislature was induced to place an appropriation of $6,000 in the hands of the society in order that they might continue the work last winter. With this fund, twenty institutes were conducted by Secretary Woodward with marked success. Many of the meetings organized themselves into local farmers' clubs, which in a number of cases have held town institutes during the summer.

With an increased appropriation, the society will be enabled this winter to double the number of institutes held last season, and thus meet the demands of the counties which have not been visited. Each of the forty meetings will be two days in length. Among the regular speakers will be included most of the popular workers of last winter. The teaching force of our agricultural college at Cornell has been somewhat increased, and it is expected that they will make their usual cheerful response to the call of the farming class. The fruit growers of the state may well be pleased at the prospect of listening to Prof. Bailey, who delivered such a brilliant address at the Ithaca institute last winter and who now occupies the new chair of horticulture at the college. It is hoped that at least one of the force of the New York State Experiment Station may be present at each Institute. The campaign will be opened shortly after election by trips through the northern counties. A complete list of appointments will be given next week.—*Country Gentleman.*

[Farmers' Institutes are a great help to farmers. There should be more of them, and we hope to hear of greater interest taken in them throughout the country.—ED.]

Home Made Cheese.

Any quantity of milk from 100 pounds upwards may be used. The night's milk may be set in a cool place and stirred frequently up to the latest opportunity. In the morning this milk is skimmed and put in tin pails in a tub of hot water to get warmed up to 100 degrees. The morning's milk is brought in fresh and warm and is at once mixed with the warm milk, which is reduced to 90 degrees by this mixture. The mixed milk is put into a clean wash tub and the rennet is added. The rennet is made by steeping a piece of the dried stomach of a calf in warm water and adding salt. The exact quantity required for 100 pounds of milk is 60 grains, or ⅛ of an ounce of the dry stomach in 2½ ounces of water at 70 degrees, for twenty-four hours for milk at 90 degrees. About one drachm, or a tablespoonful of salt, is added for this quantity. When the rennet is added the milk is well stirred to thoroughly mix the rennet, and the tub is covered with a cloth to retain the heat. This quantity of rennet is enough to make the curd in an hour. More rennet will make a hard, dry cheese, and so will a higher temperature, either of these being equivalent in effect to the other. A low temperature and a small quantity of rennet are also equivalent to each other in producing a soft, mellow cheese, which cures in the best manner, and develops a meaty, rich flavor. In one hour the curd is set. It is now cut with a long-bladed knife, in straight, perpendicular slices, one inch thick, and then crosswise one inch apart. This causes the whey to separate and the curd to shrink. Just here is the point where the various methods of making cheese separate. By the cheddar system the whey is dipped off and heated to 150 or 180 degrees, and is poured back on the curd, which is thus heated up to 100 degrees and is kept so heated until a piece taken between the teeth "squeaks" when it is chewed; or when touched to a hot iron the curd draws out in strings several inches in length. The other system dispenses with the heating, and the curd is left in the whey until it is firm enough to be lifted up in the hand without falling apart or losing its shape, when it is ready for breaking up, salting and putting in the press. When the curd is ready the whey is all drained off by tilting the tub and breaking up the curd with the hands.

In the cheddar system the curd is broken up while still warm, and is left in a heat to become slightly acid. As soon as the acid is apparent to the taste, the curd is again broken up by the hands quite fine, salted in the proportion of two per cent of fine dairy salt, and put into the hoop and the press. In the other method the curd is not left to sour, but is broken up, salted and put into the hoop. The hoop is made of thin ash or spruce board, and for 100 pounds of milk and 10 pounds of cheese may be 8 inches in diameter and 10 inches deep. The curd is pressed in the hoop by the hands, a little at a time, to get it firm and solid, and a loose head is put in with a block upon it. The cheese is then put under the press. The press is a frame or bench having an upright post at the end, in which is pivoted a long lever. The cheese is put under this lever near the pivoted end, and a weight hung upon the other end, so as to get a moderate pressure upon the cheese. A folded cloth is usually put under the cheese to absorb the whey, which is pressed slowly out of the cheese. For a 10-pound cheese and a 10-foot lever, a 10-pound weight would be enough for the end of the lever. As soon as the cheese is firm enough to be handled, it is taken from the press, rubbed with butter, and placed in a cool, dry cellar, on a shelf to cure. It is turned on the other end daily for a month, and if mould gathers on it this is scraped and wiped off, and the cheese is greased again.

With six cows giving seven quarts each a 10 pound cheese may be made daily. This size is very convenient, and with more cows and milk it is still a desirable size, and several such cheese can be made and pressed at one time by ranging the hoops in a line, resting a board upon the blocks and pressing with a lever upon a block laid upon the board. The weight upon the lever should be increased in proportion to the number of cheeses. Cheese of this size and of good quality and purity could be sold with the greatest ease. They are of such a size as to be consumed while fresh and in the best condition, and what is very important, any person can easily carry one from a store, so that there is no objection to purchasing them on account of difficulty in getting one home. If I were in the business of making cheese for family use, I would have thin, light woolen or straw board boxes in which cheese would fit nicely, and should have a neat handle and be labelled with my own name and the name of the farm, and be branded "Pure, whole milk cheese for family use." My butter in simple packages has sold for at least 20 cents a pound more than it would bring in ordinary tubs.—*Cor. Mark Lane Express.*

LIFTING A SHIP.

It Will Take Two Months to Raise the Sunken Atlas.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—The work of raising the steamship Atlas, which was run down and sunk by the ferryboat Central in the North River, was begun yesterday morning at day break. The Merritt Wrecking Company was assigned the task and hundreds of people gathered on Vessey Street Pier in the morning to watch the proceedings.

The Atlas, with a large hole in her starboard side just abaft the foremast, is resting on muddy bottom and has already settled somewhat and heeled to starboard. Two masts are projecting above the water and at very low tide the top of the black funnel may be seen.

Capt. Frederick R. Sharp, who was born in this city some thirty years ago, had charge of the work and was busily employed giving orders and securing lines and chains when the artist and reporter climbed over the side of the wrecking schooner Edwin Post. The Post is moored off the port side of the Atlas. Her mainmast is directly opposite the one which looms up above the water line and indicates the presence of the sunken steamship below.

The wrecking schooner Superior, fitted with all the modern appliances for hoisting heavy weights, was moored on the starboard side of the wreck, with her mainmast abreast of the foremast on board the Atlas. Heavy iron chains, two and three-quarters inches thick, were coiled along the decks on board of the Post and steam was up in the boiler connected with the big windlass. Both vessels were anchored fore and aft, so as not to swing with the change of tide, while extra lines and hawsers were run from the Post's stern to the mainmast of the Atlas.

"It will require about two months to raise the Atlas," said Capt. Merritt yesterday. "But it all depends upon the obstacles we may meet with on our job. If they don't pile any barges on top of us, as they did when we raised the Wells City a year ago, we may have the ship above water in six weeks' time."

OLD CHICAMAUGA.

Locating the Troops for the Coming Battle Map.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Nov. 12.—Col. S. C. Kellogg, U. S. A., who was detailed by the secretary of war to complete the location of the troops for the map of the battle of Chicamauga, arrived here last night from Washington. With him a considerable party of officers who took part in that battle came upon invitation to assist in the work of completing these maps.

Among these officers are Gen. Absolom Baird of the army, Gens. John T. Wilder, Fred Van Deveer, J. S. Littleton, J. B. Turchin, H. V. Boynton, and Col. Bailey, all of whom took a prominent part in the battle. Gen. C. H. Grosvenor, John Beatty, Gates Thurston and others are expected to-day. Col. S. B. Moe of Chattanooga, formerly of Gen. Steedman's staff, is making arrangements for transporting the party to the field.

Vice-President-elect Morton and family have returned from Rhinebeck to their residence in New York city.

Visible supply of grain on Saturday, Nov. 10, as compiled by the New York produce exchange was as follows: Wheat, 340,610 bushels, an increase of 645,411 bushels; corn, 9,250,753 a decrease of 1,522,314 bushels; oats, 8,456,296 bushels, a decrease of 98,685 bushels; rye, 1,556,092 bushels, a decrease of 524 bushels; barley, 1,620,662 bushels, a decrease of 161,738 bushels.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The Republicans Have Made a Clean Sweep and Will Have a Majority in Both Branches.

The returns from the Presidential election are not all in yet, but enough is known to make the statement certain that the Republicans will retain their majority in the Senate and have broken the Democratic majority in the House. Some congressional districts are in doubt, but giving all doubtful ones to the Democrats it leaves the Republicans with a clear working majority of fifteen members. This is pleasure beyond expectation and the Republican readers of the BLADE have good cause to throw up their hats and shout. Some of the voting precincts in the states are 70 miles from a telegraph station and the official vote is not obtained for many days after the election, but enough returns are known to show that the House will stand as follows:

ALABAMA.
1. R. N. Clarke, D. | 5. James E. Cobb, D.
2. H. A. Herbert, D. | 6. J. H. Bankhead, D.
3. Wm. C. Oates, D. | 7. Wm. H. Forney, D.
4. Lewis W Turpin, D. | 8. Joseph Wheeler, D.

ARKANSAS.
1. Wm. M. Cate, D. | 3. John H. Rogers, D.
2. John H. Clayton, R. | 4. Samuel W. Peel, D.

CALIFORNIA.
1. I. P. Dehaven, R. | 4. Wm. W. Morrow, R.
2. Marion Brooks, D. | 5. T. J. Clunie, D.
3. Joseph McKenna, R | 6. Wm. Vandever, R.

COLORADO.
Hosea Townsend, R.

CONNECTICUT.
1. W. E. Simonds, R. | 3. Chas. A. Russell, R
2. W. F. Wilcox, D. | 4. Frederick Miles, R.

DELAWARE.
John B. Pennington, D.

FLORIDA.
1. R H M Davidson, D | 2. Robt. W Bullock, D.

GEORGIA.
1. Thos. M. Norwood, D | 6. James H. Blount, D
2. Henry G. Turner, D. | 7. J. C. Clements, D.
3. Charles F. Crisp, D. | 8. H. C. Carlton, D.
4. Thos. W. Grimes, D | 9. Allen D. Chandler, D
5. John D. Stewart, D. | 10. Geo. T. Barnes, D.

ILLINOIS.
1. Abner Taylor, R | 11. Wm. H. Gest, R.
2. Frank Lawler, D | 12. Scott Wike, D.
3. Wm. E. Mason, R. | 13. Wm. M. Springer, D
4. Geo. E. Adams, R. | 14. J. H. Rowell, R.
5. Albert J. Hopkins, R | 15. Jos. G. Cannon, R.
6. Robert R. Hitt, R. | 16. Geo. W. Fithian, D.
7. T. J. Henderson, R | 17. Edward Lane, D.
8. Charles A. Hill, R | 18. Mr. Forman, D.
9. Lewis E. Payson, R | 19. R. W. Townshend, D
10. Phillip S. Post, R. | 20. Geo. W. Smith, R.

INDIANA.
1. *Frank Posey, R. | 8. James Johnston, R.
2. John H. O'Neall, D. | 9. Jos. B. Cheadle, R.
3. Jason B. Brown, D. | 10. Wm. D. Owen, R.
4. Wm. S. Holman, D. | 11. A. N. Martin, D.
5. Geo. W. Cooper, D. | 12. C. A. O. McClellan, D
6. Thos. M. Browne, R | 13. *J. M. Hoyne, R.
7. Wm. D. Bynum, D.
*In doubt.

IOWA.
1. John H. Gear, R. | 7. Edwin H. Conger, R.
2. Walter I. Hayes, D. | 8. James P. Flick, R.
3. D. B. Henderson, R. | 9. Joseph R. Reed, R.
4. John H. Sweeney, R | 10. Jos. P. Dolliver, R.
5. Daniel Kerr, R. | 11. Isaac S. Struble, R.
6. John F. Lacy, R.

KANSAS.
1. Edmund N. Morrill, R | 5. John A. Anderson, R
2. Edw'd H. Funston, R | 6. Erastus J. Turner, R
3. Bishop W. Perkins, R | 7. Samuel R. Peters, R
4. Thomas Ryan, R.

KENTUCKY.
1. William J. Stone, D. | 7. W. C. P. Breckin'ge, D
2. William Ellis, D. | 8. Jas. B. McCreary, D
3. H. Goodnight, D. | 9. Thos. H. Paynter, D
4. A. B. Montgomery, D | 10. J. H. Wilson, R.
5. Asher G. Caruth, D. | 11. Frank H. Finley, R.
6. John G. Carlisle, D.

LOUISIANA.
1. T. G. Wilkinson, D. | 4. N. C. Blanchard, D.
2. H. W. Coleman, R. | 5. Chas. J. Boatner, D.
3. Edward J. Gay, D. | 6. Sam M. Robinson, D

MAINE.
1. Thomas B. Reed, R. | 3. Seth L. Milliken, R.
2. Nelson Dingley, jr., R | 4. Chas. A. Boutelle, R.

MARYLAND.
1. Chas. H. Gibson, D. | 4. H. Stockbridge, R.
2. Herman Stump, D. | 5. —Mudd, R.
3. H. Welles Rusk, D. | 6. Louis E. McComas, R

MASSACHUSETTS.
1. Chas. S. Randall, R. | 7. William Cogswell, R
2. Elijah A. Morse, R. | 8. F. T. Greenhalge, R.
3. John F. Andrews, D. | 9. John W. Candler, R.
4. Joseph H. O'Neill, D. | 10. Joseph H. Walker, R
5. Nathaniel P. Banks, R | 11. Rodney Wallace, R.
6. Henry Cabot Lodge, R | 12. F. W. Rockwell, R.

MICHIGAN.
1. John L. Chipman, D. | 7. Justin S. Whiting, D.
2. Edward P. Allen, R. | 8. Aaron T. Bliss, R.
3. James O'Donnell, R. | 9. B. M. Cutcheon, R.
4. Julius C Burrows, R | 10. T. W. Wheeler, R.
5. Charles E. Belknap, R | 11. S. M. Stephenson, R
6. Mark S. Brewer, R.

MINNESOTA.
1. Mark H. Dunnell, R. | 4. S. P. Snider, R.
2. John Lind, R. | 5. S. G. Comstock, R.
3. D. S. Hall, R.

MISSISSIPPI.
1. John M. Allen, D. | 5. C. L. Anderson, D.
2. Jas. B. Morgan, D. | 6. Thos R. Stockdale, D
3. Thos. C. Catchings, D. | 7. Chas. E. Hooker, D.
4. Clark Lewis, D.

MISSOURI.
1. Wm. H. Hatch, D. | 8. F. G. Neidringhaus, R
2. C. H. Mansur, D. | 9. Nathan Frank, R.
3. A. M. Dockery, D. | 10. Wm. M. Kinsey, R.
4. Jas. N. Burnes, D. | 11. Richard P. Bland, D.
5. John C. Tarsney, D. | 12. Wm J. Stone, D.
6. John T. Heard, D. | 13. W. H. Wade, R.
7. R. H. Norton, D. | 14. Jas. P. Walker, D.

NEBRASKA.
1. W. J. Connell, R. | G. W. E. Dorsey, R.
2. James Laird, R.

NEVADA.
Horace F. Bartine, R.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.
1. Alonzo Nute, R. | 2. Orren C. Moore, R.

NEW JERSEY.
1. C. A. Bergen, R. | 5. C. D. Beckwith, R.
2. Jas. Buchanan, R. | 6. H. Lehlbach, R.
3. J A Geissenhainer, D | 7. W. McAdoo, D.
4. N. W. Voorhees, R.

NEW YORK.
1. George Cromwell R | 18. J. A. Quackenbush, R.
2. Felix Campbell, D. | 19. Charles Tracey, D.
3. W. C. Wallace, R. | 20. John Sanford, R.
4. John M. Clancy, D. | 21. John H. Moffit, R.
5. Thos. F. Magner, D. | 22. F. Lansing, R.
6. F. T. Fitzgerald, D | 23. J. S. Sherman, R.
7. Edward Dunphy, D. | 24. David Wilbur, R.
8. J. H. McCarthy, D. | 25. J. J. Belden, R.
9. Samuel S. Cox, D. | 26. Milton DeLano, R.
10. F. B. Spinola, D. | 27. N. W. Nutting, R.
11. John Quinn, D. | 28. T. S. Flood, R.
12. R. P. Flower, D. | 29. John Baines, R.
13. Ashbel P. Fitch, D. | 30. C. S. Baker, R.
14. W G Stahlnecker, D. | 31. J. G. Sawyer, R.
15. Henry Bacon, D. | 32. J. M. Farquhar, R.
16. J. H. Ketcham, R. | 33. John M. Wiley, D.
17. C. J. Knapp, R. | 34. W. G. Laidlaw, R.

NORTH CAROLINA.
1. Elihu A. White, R. | 6. Alfred Rowland, D.
2. H. P. Cheatham, R. | 7. J. S. Henderson, D.
3. C. W. McClammy, D | 8. W. H. Cowles, D.
4. Benj. H. Bunn, D. | 9. T. D. Johnston, D.
5. John M. Brower, R.

OHIO.
1. Ben Butterworth, R | 12. Jacob J. Pugsley, R.
2. John A. Caldwell, R | 13. J. H. Outhwaite, D.
3. E. S. Williams, R. | 14. C. P. Wickham, R
4. Samuel S. Yoder, D | 15. C. H. Grosvenor, R.
5. George E. Seney, D. | 16. James M. Owens, D
6. M. M. Boothman, R | 17. Joseph D. Taylor, R
7. Henry L. Morey, R. | 18. Wm. McKinley, R.
8. Robt P. Kennedy, R | 19. Ezra B. Taylor, R.
9. Wm. C. Cooper, R | 20. M. L. Smyser, R.
10. Wm. E. Haynes, D | 21. Theo. E. Burton, R.
11. A. C. Thompson, R

OREGON.
Binger Herman, R.

PENNSYLVANIA.
1. H. H. Bingham, R | 15. M. B. Wright, R.
2. Charles O'Neill, R. | 16. H. C. McCormick, R.
3. Sam J. Randall, D. | 17. C. R. Buckalew, D.
4. Wm. D. Kelley, R. | 18. L. E. Atkinson, R.
5. Alfred C. Harmer, R | 19. Levi Maish, D.
6. S. Darlington, R. | 20. Edward Scull, R.
7. R. M. Yardley, R. | 21. Samuel A. Craig, R
8. Wm. Mutchler, D. | 22. John Dalzell, R.
9. David B. Brunner, D | 23. Thos. M. Bayne, R.
10. Marriott Brosius, R. | 24. J. Warren Ray, R.
11. J. A. Scranton, R. | 25. C. C. Townsend, R.
12. E. S. Osborne, R. | 26. W. C. Culbertson, R.
13. John B. Reilly, D. | 27. Lewis F. Watson, R.
14. John W. Life, R. | 28. James Kerr, D.

RHODE ISLAND.
1. H. J. Spooner, R. | 2. W. O. Arnold, R.

SOUTH CAROLINA.
1. Samuel Dibble, D. | 5. J. J. Hemphill, D.
2. G. D. Tillman, D. | 6. Geo. W. Dargan, D.
3. Jas. S. Cothran, D. | 7. Wm. Elliott, D.
4. Wm. H. Perry, D.

TENNESSEE.
1. Alfred A. Taylor, R. | 6. J. E. Washington, D
2. L. C. Houk, R. | 7. W. C. Whitthorne, D
3. H. Clay Evans, R. | 8. Benj. A. Enloe, D.
4. Benton McMillin, D | 9. Rice A. Pierce, D.
5. J. D. Richardson, D. | 10. James Phelan, D.

TEXAS.
1. Chas. Stewart, D. | 7. Wm. H. Crain, D.
2. Wm. H. Martin, D. | 8. L. W. Moore, D.
3. C. B. Kilgore, D. | 9. Roger Q. Mills, D.
4. D. B. Culberson, D. | 10. Jos. D. Sayers, D.
5. Silas Hare, D. | 11. S. W. T. Lanham, D.
6. Jos. H. Abbott, D.

VERMONT.
1. John W. Stewart, R | 2. William W. Grant, R.

VIRGINIA.
1. T. H. Browne, R. | 6. Paul C. Edmunds, D.
2. George E. Bowden, R | 7. Chas. T. O'Ferrall, D
3. George D. Wise, D. | 8. William H. F. Lee, D
4. Edward C. Venable, D | 9. John A. Buchanan, D
5. Posey G. Lester, D. | 10. Henry S. Tucker, D., or Jacob Yost, R.

WEST VIRGINIA.
1. Geo. W. Atkins, R. | 3. J. H. McGinnis, R.
2. W. W. Wilson, D. | 4. C. D. Smith, R.

Eyes Ears Nose

Are all more or less affected by catarrh. The eyes become inflamed, red and watery, with dull, heavy pain between them; there are roaring, buzzing noises in the ears, and sometimes the hearing is affected; the nose is a severe sufferer, with its constant uncomfortable discharge, bad breath, and loss of sense of smell. All these disagreeable symptoms disappear when the disease is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which expels from the blood the impurity from which catarrh arises, tones and restores the diseased organs to health, and builds up the whole system.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh, and it has done me a great deal of good. I recommend it to all within my reach." LUTHER D. ROBBINS, East Thompson, Ct.

"I have suffered with catarrh in my head for years, and paid out hundreds of dollars for medicines. I was weak, and my eyes were so sore that I could not sew or read much. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now my catarrh is nearly cured, the weakness of my body is all gone, my appetite is good—in fact, I feel like another person. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine that has done me permanent good." MRS. A. CUNNINGHAM, Providence, R. I.

"I have been troubled with catarrh about a year, causing great soreness of the bronchial tubes, and terrible headache. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now my catarrh is cured, my throat is entirely well, and my headache has all disappeared." RICHARD GIBBONS, Hamilton, O.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

WISCONSIN.
1. Lucian B. Caswell, R. | 6. Charles B. Clark, R.
2. Charles Barwig, D. | 7. Ormsby B. Thomas, R.
3. R. M. La Follette, R. | 8. Nels P. Haugen, R.
4. I. W. VanSchaick, R. | 9. Myron H. McCord, R
5. Geo. H. Brickner, D.

Arizona—Marcus A. Smith, D. Dakota—George A. Matthews, R. Idaho—Frederick T. Dubois, R. Montana—Thomas H. Carter, R. New Mexico—Antonio Joseph, D. Utah—John T. Caine, Dem-Mormon. Washington—John B. Allen, R. Wyoming—Joseph M. Carey, R.

SENATE.

[Republicans, 39; Democrats, 36.]

Term ends.		Term ends.	
	ALABAMA.		MISSISSIPPI.
1891	James L. Pugh, D.	1893	Jas. Z. George, D.
1895	A Democrat.	1895	E. C. Walthall, D.
	ARKANSAS.		MISSOURI.
1891	James K. Jones, D	1891	Geo. G. Vest, D.
1895	A Democrat.	1893	F. M. Cockrell, D.
	CALIFORNIA.		NEBRASKA.
1891	Le'nd Stanford, R	1893	A. S. Paddock, R.
1893	George Hearst, D	1895	A Republican.
	COLORADO.		NEVADA.
1891	Henry M. Teller, R	1891	John P. Jones, R.
1895	A Republican.	1893	W. M. Stewart, R.
	CONNECTICUT.		NEW HAMPSHIRE.
1891	Orville H. Platt, R	1891	Henry W. Blair R.
1893	Jos. R. Hawley, R	1895	A Republican.
	DELAWARE.		NEW JERSEY.
1899	George Gray, D	1891	Rufus Blodgett, D
1895	A Republican.	1895	A Democrat.
	FLORIDA.		NEW YORK.
1691	Wilkinson Call, D	1891	W. M. Evarts, R
1893	Samuel Pasco, D	1893	Frank Hiscock, R
	GEORGIA.		NORTH CAROLINA.
1891	Jos. E. Brown, D	1891	Z. B. Vance, D
1895	A Democrat.	1896	A Democrat.
	ILLINOIS.		OHIO.
1891	C. B. Farwell, R	1891	H. B. Payne, D
1895	A Republican	1893	John Sherman, R
	INDIANA.		OREGON.
1891	D. W. Voorhees, D	1891	J. H. Mitchell, R
1893	David Turpie, D	1895	A Republican.
	IOWA.		PENNSYLVANIA.
1891	W. B. Allison, R	1891	J. D. Cameron, R
1895	Jas. F. Wilson, R	1892	Mat. S. Quay, R
	KANSAS.		RHODE ISLAND.
1891	Jno. J. Ingalls, R	1893	N. W. Aldrich, R
1895	A Republican	1895	Jon. Chace, R
	KENTUCKY.		SOUTH CAROLINA.
1891	J. C. S. Blackb'n, D	1891	W. Hampton, D
1895	Jas. B. Beck, D	1893	A Democrat.
	LOUISIANA.		TENNESSEE.
1891	Jas. B. Eustis, D	1893	Wm. B. Bate, D
1895	R. L. Gibson, D	1893	A Democrat.
	MAINE.		TEXAS.
1893	Eugene Hale, R	1893	John H. Reagan, D
1895	A Republican.	1895	A Democrat.
	MARYLAND.		VERMONT.
1891	Eph K. Wilson, D	1891	J. S. Morrill, R
1893	A. P. Gorman, D	1893	G. F. Edmunds, R
	MASSACHUSETTS.		VIRGINIA.
1893	Henry L. Dawes, R	1893	J. W. Daniels, D
1895	A Republican.	1895	J. S. Barbour, D
	MICHIGAN.		WEST VIRGINIA.
1893	F B Stockbridge, R	1893	C. J. Faulkner, D
1895	A Republican.	1895	In Doubt.
	MINNESOTA.		WISCONSIN.
1893	C. K. Davis, R	1891	J. C. Spooner, R
1895	A Republican.	1893	P. Sawyer, R

The latest returns from West Virginia place that state still in doubt with the chances in favor of the Republican party. If the Legislature should be Democratic the Senate would stand: Republican, 39; Democrat, 37. If West Virginia elects a Republican legislature the Senate will stand: Republican, 40; Democrat, 36.

In the States.

Alabama elected her state and presidential tickets by 25,000, and selected a Democratic legislature, as did Arkansas by about the same majority.

California gave the Republican ticket a majority of not less than 8,000, and elected a Republican legislature to choose a United States senator.

Colorado went Republican by a good, round plurality, and elected a Republican legislature to select a United States senator.

Connecticut cast her vote for Cleveland by from 200 to 400 plurality, a Republican gain of 1,000 votes.

Delaware cast her vote for the Republican ticket and selected a Republican legislature, which breaks up the infamous Saulsbury-Bayard combination in that state and sends a Republican to the United States senate. In 1884 Delaware gave Cleveland nearly 4,000 plurality.

Florida and Georgia gave their usual Democratic majorities, while Illinois whooped up for Harrison some 25,000 plurality and elected a Republican legislature.

Indiana made a Republican gain of over 8,000 votes, and gave Harrison 2,000 plurality. Iowa and Kansas did nobly and both gave handsome majorities to Harrison.

Kentucky is not counted yet but the Democrats have made heavy gains. Louisiana remains in the Democratic column, as does Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, (by a reduced plurality to 25,000) New Jersey, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia.

West Virginia is very close, and both parties claim the state. Harrison's majority in the electoral college is so great, and the Republican majority in the House so pronounced, however, that the result can not affect results in any way.

Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont and Wisconsin. All remained in the Republican column by majorities ranging from 12,000 in Michigan to over 80,000 in Pennsylvania.

New York made a gallant fight and changed the state from 1,047 for Cleveland in 1884 to about 12,000 for Harrison in 1888.

The Electoral College.

FOR HARRISON AND MORTON.

California	8	Nevada	3
Colorado	3	New York	36
Illinois	22	New Hampshire	4
Indiana	15	Ohio	23
Iowa	13	Oregon	3
Kansas	9	Pennsylvania	30
Maine	6	Rhode Island	4
Massachusetts	14	Vermont	4
Michigan	13	Wisconsin	11
Minnesota	7		
Nebraska	5	Total	233
Whole number of electoral votes			401
Necessary to a choice			201

FOR CLEVELAND AND THURMAN.

Alabama	10	Mississippi	9
Arkansas	7	Missouri	16
Connecticut	6	North Carolina	11
Delaware	3	South Carolina	9
Florida	4	Tennessee	12
Georgia	12	Texas	13
Kentucky	13	Virginia	12
New Jersey	9		
Louisiana	8	Total	162
Maryland	8		

*In dispute—West Virginia with 6 votes.

The Republicans have gained Congressmen in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Louisiana, Missouri, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and other states, while the Democrats add to the Congressional strength only in New York.

A NIGHT OF NOISE.

Pandemonium in Indianapolis—Celebrating the Victory.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 9.—Probably no city in the Union ever witnessed such extraordinary and outlandish scenes of enthusiasm, chaotic but good-natured disorder as prevailed here yesterday afternoon and last night. Certainly the citizens of Indianapolis never before saw such a sight. The demonstrations that occurred immediately following the news of General Harrison's nomination sink into insignificance as compared with these scenes. Throughout the day, whenever the rain ceased falling, the distant boom of the cannon echoed the enthusiasm of the 10,000 celebrating Republicans. About 4 o'clock the rain which had been pouring steadily for five hours ceased, and in an incredibly short time the streets were again swarming with the yelling, hooting, horn-blowing thousands, marching back and forth, utterly regardless of the mud and water.

Pennsylvania avenue in front of the postoffice and around the New Denison, in one of the big storerooms of which building is located the Republican county headquarters, was so crowded that the muddy street was the pedestrian's only pathway. On both sides of the avenue, as far down as Washington street, the howling, screeching throng had full possession, while the same state of affairs prevailed on Washington street for four squares, and also along Illinois street for two squares in the vicinity of the Bates House. All trains arriving in the city since early morning brought hundreds of country people, who were swallowed up by the crowd, and soon became imbued with the same wild spirit of enthusiasm which seemed to attack and possess everybody, even many Democrats.

It was a regular carnival day, reminding the writer very forcibly of the Mardi Gras celebration of New Orleans, such motly, good-natured and noisy crowds. Wealthy business men, staid and sober professional men were plentifully mixed in the throngs with hundreds of colored men and boys, boot-blacks and newsboys. Some had little flags pinned all over them with a row of flags sticking from their hat-bands. Hundreds wore red roosters on their hats with small pieces of crape wrapped around its neck. There must have been a big stock of roosters laid away somewhere in the city, for peddlers carrying huge baskets of them would be surrounded and sold out as fast as they could make the change. Many enthusiastic celebrants, not content with one crape-bedecked chicken, would have a big one on top of his plug hat surrounded by half a dozen bantams, while on each shoulder perched the Democratic bird.

Probably the most unique feature about the crowds was the way their hats and coats were marked with red and white chalk. On the back of hundreds were the figures 544, the number of votes General Harrison received at Chicago. Others had "New York 11,000" chalked on their backs, while every hat bore some letter or figure. In the New Denison and on the street corners were half a dozen profession chalkers doing a land office business. Dudish young men would submit to have their garments whimsically marked with all sorts of humorous characters. Bazoo bands, horn bands and brass bands marched up and down in the mud, the men all bedecked with roosters, flags and chalk marks. Occasionally a man would come along with a huge tin cylinder called the devil's drum, its sliding heads, when pumped back and forth, emitting a collection of sounds that would drown a whole bazoo band.

The device which afforded the throngs the most amusement was a miniature canoe, four feet long, carried through the streets by four men. Within the canoe sat a small, chubby figure bearing a striking resemblance to the late candidate, holding the oars. Placards attached suggested a trip up the mythical Salt river, while a hundred men and boys followed singing "Good-bye, Oh, Grover, Good-by." As they would pass the crowds, wild cheers rent the air, and at many points the crowd stopped the procession and joined it in singing in the above refrain.

The celebration was of the most humorous and impromptu character, and certainly was not designed as a mark of disrespect to President Cleveland, as many Southern readers of this account might otherwise suppose. The Associated Press correspondent spent several hours on the streets witnessing the demonstration, but did not hear a single expression of personal disrespect toward President Cleveland, and while the devices described were suggestive of a certain breach of propriety toward the chief magistrate of our nation, feeling will be more pronounced with the reader than with the spectator, for the good humor of the crowds, the enthusiasm permeating the very atmosphere, offer an explanation that the distant reader cannot fully appreciate. Were it not for this predominating humorous feature of the celebration, references to the President would be omitted.

As evening came on the factories and stores added their hundreds to the howling, screaming rabble. Between 7 and 8 o'clock the excitement had nearly reached the frenzy point with a good many who were over-jubilant, and not a few quarrels occurred. A few buildings were illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and the noise of the cannon, the anvils, firecrackers and tin horns, which continued until after 9 o'clock, could be plainly heard as far out as Gen. Harrison's residence.

The general and his family, except for these distant echoes, are unconscious of the stirring scenes in the city. Except for a short walk yesterday and this morning, General Harrison has not left his residence since election day.

General Harrison began to receive congratulatory telegrams from New York and the East as early as 9 o'clock on election night, when the first meager returns indicated his probable election. From that moment to the present writing telegrams and letters of congratulation have poured in upon him from every city in the Union. The table in his library is piled with hundreds of these telegrams, there being fully 5,000. So long as there was a shadow of a doubt resting upon the result of the election, General Harrison was not disposed to permit the publication of any congratulatory communications.

CLEVELAND CONCEDES IT.

He Takes His Defeat Very Quietly and Blames Nobody.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8.—The *Post* says: The President takes the result calmly and philosophically. He talked quite freely about the returns and the increased Republican vote, but expressed not the slightest regret in the world at any action he had taken during his administration. He is willing to admit that his position on the tariff and the decided stand he took in favor of revenue reduction may have lost him a good many votes, but he still maintains that if it were to do over again he would follow the dictates of his convictions.

The President received no telegrams from the national Democratic committee until late in the afternoon. From what he has heard, however, he concedes that he is defeated. He attributes his defeat to no one in particular, and says that Hill and Tammany Hall treated him with perfect fairness and that he has no fault to find at all.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The President and Mrs. Cleveland remained at the White House, Tuesday night. Just before 12, to-day noon, Mrs. Cleveland drove out to Oak View. The President remained in and received several callers. He held his usual reception in the east room. He was agreeable to about 60 people there.

Col. Lamont seemed to regard the thing as settled. He was not specially disposed to speculate on the cause of the result. Money, he mentioned, as one thing. He was surprised at Kings county. He declared that Gov. Hill had done all he could for the ticket, and that the votes he got that Cleveland did not, came from the Republican liquor interests, and not to be controlled by any one. He did not think that the result in the city pointed to much trading. In the departments there is a deep depression and a keen suppression. The Democrats are in the dumps. The Republicans hold-over clerks are suppressing their feeling, lest it burst out too soon.

WHO WILL GET THE TREASURY?

It is Reported that Warner Miller Will Get the Place.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 10.—A gentleman of this city, who is an intimate friend of Warner Miller, says the latter ran for governor not only as the unanimous choice of the Republican state convention, but also by the particular request of Gen. Harrison. The national committee was also anxious to have Miller run because it considered him altogether the strongest man at the present juncture, it appearing best to carry on the state and national campaign upon totally different lines. Not only did Gen. Harrison request that Miller should run, but he was very urgent about it. While it can not be stated that a definite bargain was made between Harrison and Miller, yet those who are in a position to know what was going on say that Miller will be secretary of the treasury under the new administration not only because of his fitness for the place, but also because of his fight against great odds for the governorship.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
HEALS INFLAMMATION, OLD SORES, CAKED BREASTS & INSECT BITES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES FOOT ROT, SHOULDER-ROT, SCREW-WORM AND SCAB IN SHEEP!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES HOLLOWHORN, CAKED BAGS, GRUB & HOOF DISEASE IN CATTLE!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
IS FOR MAN & BEAST. PENETRATES MUSCLE & FIBRE TO THE VERY BONE.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES PILES, BURNS, CUTS, CORNS, BRUISES, CHILBLAINS & FROSTBITES

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES SWINNEY, SADDLE AND HARNESS SORES IN HORSES & MULES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT IN SHOP, KITCHEN, STABLE AND FACTORY!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK AND STIFF JOINTS. RUB IN HARD!

CROPS AND TRADE.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

Business Unusually Well Maintained for a Political Week—A Review of the Last Seven Days.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: The volume of legitimate business has been wonderfully well maintained during the past week as during the whole political campaign. And this is the more remarkable because in the months preceding those of political excitement speculation had been unusually active and extravagant.

There has now come a more confident tone in many branches of business, and a larger trade with improving prices is usually anticipated as a result of the postponement of very many operations and purchases in past months.

In the reports from interior points generally, it is noteworthy that the aggregate of transactions was large for only five working days.

At all cities reporting, money continued in fair or active demand, while scarcely any complaint of stringency is heard, and collections, though somewhat interrupted, have been on the whole satisfactory, with improvement noted in several cases.

The large volume of currency in circulation together with the temporary inactivity of speculation, explains the matter.

The circulation of all kinds of money reached $1,407,871,068 November 1, being $41,500,000 larger than a year ago.

In the past week the treasury has also paid out $1,700,000 more than it has taken in.

The report of anthracite and bituminous furnaces in blast shows a weekly output of 128,340 tons against 119,180 a month ago and 130,187 a year ago.

In the output of charcoal iron the increase of about 7 per cent in the month of October makes the weekly output only about 4½ per cent smaller than at this date last year. The increase of late has been mainly in southern production.

No change in prices is recorded as yet.

Steel rails have been at a very low figure. In all, 40,000 tons were taken by the Vanderbilt roads, and about as much by other companies, and it is reported that large orders can not yet be placed at not more than $27.

The wool market has been more active and stronger, but while a more confident feeling prevails in the goods trade, improvement in orders or purchases is not yet observed.

Cotton goods have been firm with a strong undertone.

The boot and shoe trade is firm and actual deliveries thus far this year have been 7 to 9 per cent larger than last year's, with net prices averaging a shade better, while stocks are unusually narrow.

The coke and coal trade is very active in Pittsburg, and the output of anthracite coal—713,841 tons for the last week—has been for the year thus far, 31,161,500 tons, against 27,879,463 tons last year, a gain of nearly 12 per cent.

The opening was 6 per cent below last year's at New York, while imports here in October were about 4 per cent below last year's.

Prices of the chief exportable products still rule so high as to prevent a free movement, and wheat has advanced during the past week about 1c with sales of 31,500,000 bu.; corn has advanced 2¼c with sales of 5,500,000 bu.; oats have advanced 5-8c; pork 25c per bbl.; oil 1½c with a small tracing; cotton 1-10c, with sales of 355,000 bales, and coffee has remained steady with sales of 234,000 bags during the week.

Transactions in stocks have not been heavy, and prices have scarcely changed at all in the aggregate.

The business failures during the last seven days number 226, as compared with 275 last week and 254 the week previous. For the corresponding week last year the total was 245.

THE COTTON CROP.

Injury Reported in Some Places—Effect of Wet Weather.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—The Department of Agriculture reports a good season for cotton picking during October in the Southwest and only moderately favorable weather in the Atlantic Coast states. The wet weather of September proved very injurious to quality, prostrating plants and rotting bolls, causing blight and shedding, and injuring prospects of the top crop. There is much stained fibre and the quality is much poorer than that of the previous year.

Picking was late commencing, but there has as yet been no killing frost, rendering possible a partial compensation as to length of season. Indications of yield per acre average the same as last year at this time, though the previous condition of the plant scarcely warrants the expectation of so much late growth and harvest outcome in November and December.

The states west of the Mississippi report a slightly larger yield than last year, while Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee indicate a slight reduction. Other states indicate nearly the same expectation at this date.

Returns of the yield of corn to the department of agriculture indicate the yield per acre as large as in 1885, and larger than any crop since 1880. The aggregate was grown on a large area, and will exceed that of any previous American product, being very close to 2,000,000,000 bushels or about 32 bushels per capita, which has been exceeded in several previous years.

The corn surplus states show an average as follows:

Ohio, 36.2; Indiana, 35; Illinois, 36.2; Iowa, 37; Missouri, 31; Kansas, 27; Nebraska, 36. These seven states produce 64 per cent of the crop aggregate. The general aggregate will fall somewhat under 27 bushels. There is a good supply of maize in nearly all parts of the South, so that comparatively little will be required from the West. The yield of the Atlantic States are moderate, having been seriously reduced by frost on the northern border.

Potatoes give an average of about 80 bushels per acre, or nearly the rate of yield in 1879. The average prominent potato growing states are: Maine, 110 bushels; New York, 82; Pennsylvania, 82; Ohio, 80; Michigan, 75; Indiana, 73; Illinois, 80; Iowa, 90; Minnesota, 95; Dakota, 80; Nebraska, 80.

The yield has been increased in the South. It is high in the northern belt of territories. The total product on the basis of these averages is about 195,000,000 bushels, or 61,000,000 more than the estimated product of 1887.

The average yield of buckwheat is approximately 12 bushels per acre. The crop is nearly 11,000,000 bushels. The average in New York is 11 bushels, Pennsylvania, 14; Michigan, 12.5; Indiana, 11.4; Illinois, 12.6; Wisconsin, 9.5; Nebraska, 11.3.

The hay crop is slightly above the average in yield, or 1.22 tons per acre. It has been nowhere seriously injured by drought. There is a strong tendency to the increase of area in the South, and the yields upon cultivated areas rather than natural meadows are relatively large.

NORTHWESTERN MILLERS.

The Old Crop of Wheat About Exhausted—Flour From the New Wheat.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Nov. 8.—The *Northwestern Miller* says: Although there were two less mills running last week, the flour output shows good round figures. The week's production was 150,600 barrels—averaging 25,160 barrels daily—against 163,300 the week before, and 155,300 barrels for the corresponding time in 1887. Besides the two mills referred to above, another, of medium size, has shut down, making about 4,500 barrels less capacity in operation now than a fortnight ago.

There were also some of the mills idle on election day as a result of not being able to get barrels and from most of the switchmen not working. The barrel question is becoming quite a serious one. With little or no export trade, the mills have packed a very large proportion of their product in wood, and it is getting so the coopers can not make packages fast enough to meet the demand.

Those mills in operation are running strong and getting out all the flour they can, in anticipation of the early close of navigation. Not a little of this is being shipped on consignment or being stored in the East.

Old wheat is now practically exhausted, but the flour made from the new crop is usually very strong and fully up to the standard of former years.

The flour market rules very dull, and there is not much being sold. The price of patent was on Friday reduced 25 cents per barrel, to meet the decline in wheat, but this seems to have had very little effect toward inducing buyers to take hold.

Some firms report more inquiry from abroad with slightly higher offers, and here and there small offers have been booked. In two or three instances, however, lower figures were accepted than are generally asked. Asking prices, London C. I. F. 280 lb. sacks, are: Patents 42s; bakers 29s 6d @30s; low grades 16@18s 6d.

The direct exports last week were only 19,800 barrels against 29,700 for the preceding week. For the five days ending November 5, there were 1,378,280 bushels of wheat received. The shipments were: Flour 102,072 barrels; mill stuff 3,687 tons. On November 5, there were 3,192,912 bushels of wheat at Minneapolis; 772,553 bushels at Duluth and 105,000 bushels at St. Paul.

ELECTION ECHOES.

SCENES IN INDIANAPOLIS.

Thousands Throng the Streets and Cheer for Harrison.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 8.—The weather is cloudy and threatening and the streets very muddy. The town has apparently broke loose now that General Harrison's election is beyond dispute. At this hour, Pennsylvania avenue is crowded for squares, and thousands of horns are blowing. The din is abominable.

One cannot hear nor speak.

Around the New Denison hotel, the quarters of the Republican state committee, surges a crowd of 30,000 or 40,000, while the corridors of the big house are jammed.

Along Washington and Illinois streets, are gathered large crowds shouting and cheering for General Harrison.

The crowds are naturally of a hilarious and humorous disposition.

It is therefore not to be presumed that any disrespect to the president was intended by the roars of laughter and cheers that are greeting a wagon now passing through the streets drawn by a mule.

Within the wagon is a big coffin. On top of the coffin sit half a dozen mourners carrying huge bouquets in their hands and acting with great lack of decorum, for every few moments their feelings overcome them to such an extent they stand up and wave their bouquets, and then sit down and wipe the mock tears away with brilliant bandanas.

From the head of the coffin hangs a picture of President Cleveland, the eyes of the picture are very black, while below is the inscription, "They done me up bad."

As the funeral wagon passed along Pennsylvania avenue it was greeted with storms of applause and the blowing of thousands of horns.

In the crowds are many men wearing red roosters on their hats, but the bird is headless.

Another device for amusing the ratifiers is the following:

SALT RIVER PACKET CO.

Pass Mr. ——— from Washington up Salt River, on account of British free trade.

Steamer Lord Sackville West will leave Washington March 4.

Not good to return.

G. CLEVELAND, captain.

A. G. THURMAN, mate.

The coupon of the campaign pass bears the names of such landings as Matsonville, Meyerstown, Jewettsburg and Rynumsborough.

Thousands of these mementoes of the election are circulating in the city. It is thought the citizens will voluntarily undertake a great ratification to-night, if it does not rain.

Under the law of Indiana this is the day when the supervisors of elections convene in each county to canvass the returns. These boards are consequently now in session throughout the entire state and it is thought that by a late hour to-night the vote of the state by counties will be obtainable, although this is doubtful.

The canvassing board for this (Marion) county is now in session in this city. They are reported to be having a lively time over the question as to whether the county clerk, John E. Sullivan, should act as reader for the board.

At noon the count was proceeding slowly.

TWO MILLIONS BET.

Many Men in the "Soup" Who Will Have to Eat Snow-balls This Winter.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—There are lots of betters now "in the soup," as the phrase is. Defeated candidates are "in the soup" of course, but they are comparatively few when the vast aggregate of election losers is considered. The principal sufferers this time are the professional gamblers, the book making successors to the pool sellers through whom the big betting is mostly done. Beside the money they placed on commission, many of them plunged heavily on Cleveland for their own account.

They bet with gambler's superstitious belief of hoo-doo and mascot effects and followed in blind worship "Cleveland's luck."

Even on election night, when the returns were very discouraging, some of them continued to bet on Cleveland's election. James E. Kelly, one of the men who did not lose his head, did some very profitable hedging, as he had been betting for two months on Cleveland and saw his mistake. But there are many gambling men who will "eat snow balls" this winter. This is one of their strong metaphorical expressions, indicating that there is a lack of cash or other provision for the rigors of winter.

There are other losers, of course, and heavy ones, too. They are the men who belong to organizations, are running themselves or have friends running for office and who grow enthusiastic and sometimes reckless in the heat of the fray.

Altogether taking large and small bets of money, hats, dinners and drinks into consideration it is estimated that $2,000,000 of value trembled in the balance of this year's election, and that not less than half a million is held as stakes in and about the big hotels from Thirty-fourth to Twenty-third streets.

Among the winners and losers that were talked of at the Hoffman house and Fifth Avenue hotel yesterday, Matt. Quay was one of the largest, and individually and with the Philadelphia syndicate he is believed to have won $100,000 less the commissions. His contribution to the betting syndicate was a big block of the Philadelphia Traction railway company's stock.

Joe Rickey, the big horseman of Missouri, is one of the heavy losers. He is $30,000 out on the political race, and stood up to the rack even on Tuesday night. It was some of his money that the cool Kelly scooped in when he went out to hedge.

Ex Governor Hauser of Montana, is a $10,000 loser.

Ed. Stokes wins $8,000. He lost by his bets on the general results, but pulled out a winner by Hill's and Grant's success.

Stephen C. French is probably $15,000 or $20,000 ahead.

Col. Swords, Sergeant-at-Arms of the National Republican committee, picks up $40,000 to $50,000, some of which is his own money and some of which belongs to some of the Philadelphians.

Congressman W. L. Scott, of Pennsylvania, is a heavy loser—the only one among the Democratic campaign managers, and it is supposed that Quay will win some of it.

Bradley B. Smalley, of Vermont, is, proportionately, as big a loser as Mr. Scott.

Ex-Congressman Jack Adams is a considerable winner, and said at the Hoffman House last night that he had spent some of his gains in two telegrams—one to Governor Hill: "That's what you get for being a Democrat."

Another to President Cleveland: "That's what you get for not being a Democrat."

Col. Wm. L. Brown, of the *Daily News*, is a heavy loser—nearly up to $40,000.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, is a good winner, having placed his money through Col. Thomas P. Ochiltree.

Bookmaker Mahoney stands to lose $50,000.

The private bets are, many of them, being paid. The bookmakers are waiting for some official determination.

AN EXTRA SESSION.

Congress Will Be Immediately Convened to Take Important Action.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—(Special.)—It now appears probable that General Harrison will, immediately upon his induction into office, call the members of the Fifty-first Congress together. His motive for this will be to arrange some plan for the reduction of taxation.

There is no reasonable ground for the belief that any concurrent action upon the matter will be had at the session beginning in December next. To wait until the regular assembling of the Fifty-first Congress, which will be Republican in both branches, would be to postpone the subject until the session was well under way.

In other words a year and a half from the present time would necessarily elapse before the tariff bill acceptable to the administration could be passed.

Gen. Harrison's friends say he will be unwilling to wait eighteen months before moving in a matter so important, and that the outlook therefore for an extra session is one which may be classed among the strong probabilities of the near future.

D. L. ALEXANDER,

A Buffalo Man, to be General Harrison's Private Secretary.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—(Special.)—It is believed by well informed politicians here that General Harrison's private secretary will be D. L. Alexander, at present a resident of Buffalo, New York. Mr. Alexander is about 42 years of age. He possesses all of Col. Dan. Lamont's caution and shrewdness, but is less austere and reserved. He is rather a genial man, but he will be quite as successful as Col. Lamont has been in guarding the President from the bores, who, if permitted, would occupy his time to the exclusion of more important matters. Mr. Alexander is both a lawyer and a journalist by profession.

He is a native of Maine and a graduate of Bowdoin college. He served as a soldier in the late war, and subsequently removed to Indiana. He was for some years the Indianapolis correspondent of the old Cincinnati *Gazette*, which position he filled in connection with his legal duties. Through the influence of Gen. Harrison and other of his Indiana friends, Mr. Alexander received the appointment of the fifth auditor of the Treasury department under President Garfield. He found the bureau a veritable circumlocution office, and he made many improvements in its work.

During his stay in Washington Mr. Alexander became actively interested in the affairs of the Grand Army of the Republic and was subsequently elected commander of the department of the Potomac.

When the Democrats obtained control of the government, Mr. Alexander tendered his resignation as fifth auditor. He removed from Washington to Buffalo about three years ago, where he engaged in the practice of law.

Upon the nomination of Gen. Harrison for the Presidency, Mr. Alexander was asked to go to Indianapolis and assist the General in a confidential capacity until the close of the campaign. He rendered Gen. Harrison a splendid service and it is said there is no position within the latters gift which Mr. Alexander could not have if he desired. The office of Private Secretary of the President, should Mr. Alexander accept it, will be dignified to an importance little inferior to that of a cabinet minister.

CHARMING LADIES.

People Who Will Occupy the White House for the Next Four Years.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—Mrs. Harrison has many friends in Washington who will gladly welcome her as the mistress of the White House. One of her enthusiastic admirers said yesterday: "You may be sure that she will have a reign of straightforwardness in all matters, social and domestic, at the White House. The immediate family of the President-elect will comprise a group of charming women. Mrs. Harrison herself has held the esteem of her Washington friends after an absence from them of years. Mrs. McKee, who was pretty Mamie Harrison when here, is a universal favorite.

Mrs. Scott Lord, who lives here, is an older sister of Mrs. Harrison, and is an affable and attractive woman. Her two daughters are charming and beautiful young women. Mrs. Parker, the wife of Lieut. F. Parker, of the navy, is a blonde of good figure and facinating manner. Mrs. Dimmock, the other daughter of Mrs. Lord, is a young widow, the opposite of her sister, being a lovely brunette.

Mrs. Harrison, in describing to a friend by letter the condition of her house, which has been thrown open to the army of excursionists and visitors all summer, said that if they should not be sent to the White House their only alternative would be the poor house, as their own home is not fit to live in until it is thoroughly furnished.

WILL GO AND SEE SACKVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland to Do Some Traveling Abroad.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—It is believed that the President will spend one or two years traveling in Europe, which he has never visited. At the expiration of his administration he will leave the White House at least $75,000 richer than when he entered it. This, added to his other investments, ought to give him a comfortable fortune of upward of $200,000. Moreover, Mrs. Cleveland, through the division of the Folsom estate in Omaha, is an heiress in her own right, and probably worth not less than half a million. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland would prefer a few years of foreign travel as a pleasant rounding off of their White House experience before settling down to the quiet of every day life.

Col. Lamont will locate in New York in the employ of a life insurance company at a salary of $10,000 a year. Secretaries Whitney and Fairchild will both return to New York and practice law. Attorney General Garland is considering a proposition to make his future home in New York.

Messrs. Endicott, Dickinson and Vilas, all of whom are lawyers, will return to their respective homes and resume the practice of their profession.

Secretary Bayard has not decided whether he will remain in Washington or return to Wilmington and practice law, but it is believed that he will follow the latter course.

Judge Hawkins, assistant secretary of the interior, will retire to his farm near Cape Girardeau, Mo., and spend the remainder of his days in the quiet and seclusion of pastoral life.

THEY GIVE IT UP.

Democrats Are No Longer Claiming the House.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—Until this morning the Democratic leaders here have persistently refused to concede that there will be a Republican majority in the next Congress, and the best they would do was to admit that if all the doubtful districts have really been carried by the Republicans the latter would have two majority on the organization of the house. To-day they gave up, and General Clarke, the present clerk, who is the most directly interested of any of those who figure upon the returns, says that there is no longer any doubt but that the majority of the Republicans will reach five and possibly may exceed seven. Congressman Breckinridge, of Arkansas, takes the same view of the situation. Mr. McPherson, the secretary of the congressional committee, still claims that there will be a majority of ten or twelve and Mr. McPherson's figures are usually very accurate.

WILL COME AGAIN.

The President Preparing Another Message on the Tariff.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—The administration will go out with flying colors. The President, in his message which he began as soon as he knew the result of the election, will once more vigorously summon Congress to do its duty to reduce the tariff taxes in the face of the growing surplus. The Secretary of the Treasury will echo the demand in his annual report, at the same time reviewing the fine financial course of the administration. Secretary Whitney will tell what the administration has done for the new navy, and Secretary Vilas will tell the story of its reforms in the Indian and Public Land departments, while the Postmaster General will describe the improvements in the mail service, including new fast mails, which give the quickest service ever known between the East, West, North and South. All of the annual reports will be so framed as to give succinctly the history of the first Democratic administration since the war.

MRS. HARRISON'S FATHER.

The Venerable Man's Idea of What Constitutes "Inoffensive Partisanship"—Receiving Congratulations.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—A clerk in the Pension office, a venerable gentleman, has been congratulated since the election nearly as much as the successful candidate himself. He is Rev. Dr. William H. Scott, Mr. Harrison's father-in-law. Dr. Scott is over 80 years old, but wonderfully well preserved. He is tall and stoops a little. His face has a good color, and the lower part of it is covered with a snowy beard. When a reporter saw him to-day he was still receiving congratulations from friends. His face wore a kindly smile, and he seemed to be exceedingly happy. "No," he said, "I have no news whatever." Here an enthusiastic friend rushed in to shake his hand and congratulate him. "I am glad to see you," said Mr. Scott. "I am going to give you," he added, "a copy of Ben's reception speeches. I know you will like them." Then his eyes twinkled as he said: "That is inoffensive partisanship now."

GEN. HARRISON'S FRIENDS.

He is Well Known in Washington and Well Liked.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—(Special.)—Gen. Harrison will not come to Washington as a perfect stranger, for when he was in the Senate he resided here with his family. They boarded first in a house on Fifteenth street, just north of McPherson square, but during the last year of the General's term they went to live in the Woodmont flats on Iowa circle. They had the corner flat on the first floor, looking to the northwest out over the circle. Their apartments were furnished in good taste, without ostentation or extravagance. Mrs. Harrison's receptions always attracted a large number of people and she was very popular in society. It was during their residence at the Woodmont that Mr. Russell Harrison, now a ranch owner at Helena, Mont., was married to Miss Saunders, a daughter of ex-Senator Saunders, of Nebraska.

The marriage was celebrated at Omaha, but the couple came to Washington and lived for some time at the Woodmont. The bride was much admired and became quite a favorite during her short stay here. She and Mrs. McKee, Gen. Harrison's daughter, will probably be at the white house a great deal of the time. Mrs. McKee is the mother of a boy who is the delight of the entire family of the President elect.

Gen. Harrison was a hard worker while in the senate and his circle of friends was made up chiefly of his official associates. He was chairman of the senate committee on territories and was an earnest advocate of the admission of Dakota, Washington and Montana territories. His first message to congress may be looked for to contain some strong recommendations in favor of an early admission of the territories that are ready for statehood.

Mr. Harrison and his family are all Presbyterians, and while in the city generally attended the New York Avenue Presbyterian church. Rev. Dr. Bartlett the pastor of the church, talked interestingly of the president-elect to your correspondent this morning.

"Yes," he said, "General Harrison was a frequent attendant at my church during his term of office. He rented a pew there part of the time, though he often attended other Presbyterian churches."

"Was he a member of any congregation in Washington?"

"No, he is a member and elder in the First Presbyterian church in Indianapolis, and as he always considered that to be his home he never transferred his membership to Washington. It will be impossible, of course, to tell what church he will attend until he comes to this city."

"Is he a man who takes much interest in the work of the church?"

"Yes, he is a regular attendant at church, and while in Washington frequently attended prayer meeting as well. In Indianapolis he has always taught a Bible class. While I was in Indianapolis I was pastor of another Presbyterian church, but I knew the whole family very well. Gen. Harrison always took an active part in the ladies' work of the congregation. They came to my home on several occasions, and I frequently attended Mrs. Harrison's receptions, which were always very pleasant and enjoyable. The general is a very good man and nothing can be said against him."

Mrs. Harrison's father lives in Washington. His name is Dr. W. H. Scott, and he is 80 years of age. He is a clerk in the pension office, and to-day is a more important personage than the commissioner himself. He is a fine-looking old man, well-preserved, and wearing a snowy beard. For some days to come the new president's father-in-law will not lack friends.

NO EVIDENCE YET

To Connect Parnell With the Murders in Ireland.

LONDON, Nov. 10.—The same stream of gory stories of the past was turned on by the *Times* yesterday, the same murders were told several times over, with a sickening wealth of detail, and all the other hideous episodes of the land war of seven years ago were again related. The witnesses for the *Times* are exclusively landlords, land agents and policemen, who all give evidence of the most biased description. When asked by Sir Charles Russell to admit the distress of the people and the harshness of the landlords they assumed at once a look of ignorance.

Nevertheless Sir Charles Russell is managing to get slowly but surely before the court a strong case on the subject of landlord tyranny and hideous tenant suffering. There is not one particle of evidence yet to connect Mr. Parnell with even excitement to crime.

Indeed, even the police witnesses admit that the general tenor of all the speeches was the other way, and Scrabnally has taken a prominent place as a drunken clown on such good terms with the police as to dictate to them the report of his violent speeches.

President Sir James Hannen is suffering intensely from an internal disease and may positively have to retire, in which case the commission would collapse. It is now expected that the proceedings will last till March.

There was a startling rumor current yesterday to the effect that Sir Charles Russel, counsel for the Parnellites, will call a witness to swear that he forged the *Times* letters, and will show by enlarged photographs on a magic lantern that in tracing beneath the signature the pen was repeatedly stopped in the course of writing.

Sir Henry James, counsel for the *Times*, said that it was difficult to compel witnesses with subpœnas and that he would be forced to complete proof of certain outrages later.

ENDICOTT'S SON-IN-LAW

He Is Now Speeding Across the Briny—He Fooled His Friends.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—Secretary Endicott was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, too busy to see callers, as he was preparing to leave for Washington. A reporter, however, was received pleasantly.

"Is the report concerning the coming marriage of your daughter with Mr. Chamberlain true?" asked the reporter.

Mr. Endicott smiled and was inclined to maintain silence, but upon second thought he said: "Yes, the report is true. I believe Mr. Chamberlain is now on the ocean speeding towards New York for the purpose of being married."

"And they will be married on—," ventured the reporter.

"Well," said Mr. Endicott, again smiling, "I can not give you the very day, but suffice to say the ceremony will be performed within a few days, or a week at most, after Mr. Chamberlain's arrival. I assure you the wedding will be very quiet, as we have been desirous of keeping the affair from the public all along."

"Can you give me any idea as to where the couple will spend their honeymoon, or where they will tour?"

"I think they are still undecided," replied Mr. Endicott, "but in all probability they will start for the West immediately after their marriage. They will go as far as California and visit the principal places of interest throughout the United States. After a brief return visit to Washington they will leave for England, which they will reach about Christmas."

"Is the rumor true that several members of your family will go to Europe on the same steamer with Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain?"

"I do not wish to talk on the subject," said the secretary. "I am very undecided in my movements—at present, at any rate."

RIOTS IN MADRID.

Senor Canovas Greeted by a Howling Mob of Republicans.

MADRID, Nov. 12.—In anticipation of the arrival of Senor Canovas del Castillo from Seville a strong force of police and military were posted Sunday morning along the streets through which the Conservative leader was expected to pass on his way from the railway station to his residence. Thousands of Republicans collected at the station at an early hour and the arrival of Senor Canovas was the signal for a hostile outburst. The mob surrounded and followed his carriage, hooting and throwing stones. The windows of the carriage were smashed by the flying missiles. Senora Canovas, who accompanied her husband, was struck by a stone, but was not seriously injured.

When the carriage reached the Prado the gen d'armes surrounded it in order to protect the occupants from violence. Similar scenes of disorder occurred outside of the residence of Senor Canovas. In order to escape from the mob he drove to the house of his brother-in-law, the Marquis of Sotomayor. The crowd continued the demonstration in front of the Conservative club and the conservative journals. At the Epoca building the mob again became violent, and every window in the place was smashed. Throughout the disturbance there was no collision between the people and the police, nor was there any fighting.

MADRID, Nov. 12.—Noon.—The authorities have issued an order prohibiting street assemblies and instructing the police to disperse all gatherings that may be attempted. The city is now quiet.

FRENCH HARBORS.

Minister of Marine Will Have Money for Them or Resign.

PARIS, Nov. 9.—In the Chamber of Deputies to-day M. Dreyfus moved that the 42,000,000 francs asked by the government to fortify the harbors of Brest and Cherbourg be spent in building cruisers and torpedo vessels.

The German and Italian navies, he said, were superior to the French navy, and the German government was about to demand 250,000,000 marks to build more vessels.

Admiral Krantz, minister of marine, said that when the Germans demanded that amount he would demand a similar sum. [Applause.] The French navy should not be under-estimated. The year 1889 would see it in a respectable condition. M. Dreyfus withdrew his motion.

M. Dorian moved to reduce the estimate for naval supplies by 1,500,000 francs. Admiral Krantz opposed the motion, urging that the full amount was necessary in order to complete the storing of coal. The budget committee accepted the motion, whereupon Admiral Krantz said that he should regard it as a mark of want of confidence. This declaration caused great excitement and M. Dorian withdrew his motion and declined to participate any further in the debate.

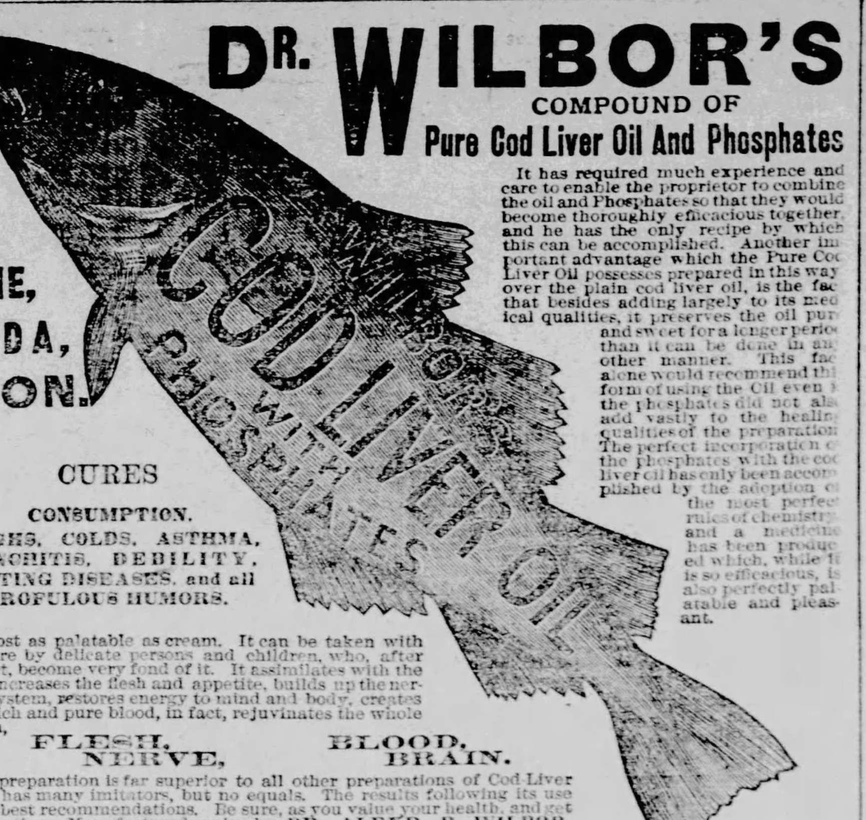
Cutting Rates in New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—The New York Central has cut west-bound rates to Chicago 25 cents per 100 pounds for the first three classes, and the other classes proportionately.

The cut is made on account of the inroads made by the Pennsylvania railroad.

All the lines are taking business now at the cut rates.

At Chattanooga the European hotel was destroyed by fire. Loss, $50,000; insurance, $8,000.



DR. WILBOR'S
COMPOUND OF
Pure Cod Liver Oil And Phosphates

OF LIME, SODA, IRON.

It has required much experience and care to enable the proprietor to combine the oil and Phosphates so that they would become thoroughly efficacious together, and he has the only recipe by which this can be accomplished. Another important advantage which the Pure Cod Liver Oil possesses prepared in this way over the plain cod liver oil, is the fact that besides adding largely to its medical qualities, it preserves the oil pure and sweet for a longer period than it can be done in any other manner. This fact alone would recommend this form of using the Oil even if the phosphates did not also add vastly to the healing qualities of the preparation. The perfect incorporation of the phosphates with the cod liver oil has only been accomplished by the adoption of the most perfect rules of chemistry, and a medicine has been produced which, while it is so efficacious, is also perfectly palatable and pleasant.

CURES
CONSUMPTION.
COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES, and all SCROFULOUS HUMORS.

Almost as palatable as cream. It can be taken with pleasure by delicate persons and children, who, after using it, become very fond of it. It assimilates with the food, increases the flesh and appetite, builds up the nervous system, restores energy to mind and body, creates new, rich and pure blood, in fact, rejuvenates the whole system,

FLESH, NERVE, BLOOD, BRAIN.

This preparation is far superior to all other preparations of Cod-Liver Oil; it has many imitators, but no equals. The results following its use are its best recommendations. Be sure, as you value your health, and get the genuine. Manufactured only by DR. ALEXR. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, Mass. Send for illustrated circular, which will be mailed free. Sold by all druggists.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Simmons, Democratic candidate for Congress in the Second North Carolina district, was defeated by a majority of 671.

In San Francisco, McCue's carriage factory Pringle's shoe factory and Fink & Schindler's furniture factory burned. Total loss, $100,000; insurance, $30,000.

At Brussels the international exhibition has closed. The American representatives, Messrs. Bigelow and M. C. Farlame, received a decoration of the Order of Leopold, the former being made commander, the latter a chevalier of the order.

Gen. Sir Charles Warren, chief of the Metropolitan police, of London, has tendered his resignation. It is understood that this action is due to the severe criticisms that have been made upon his inefficiency recently in connection with the Whitechapel murders.

Official returns from 34 counties in Nebraska, which four years ago cast a fraction over half the entire vote of Nebraska, give Harrison 56,089, Cleveland 39,677. The same counties four years ago gave Blaine 39,476, Cleveland 26,532. Governor Thayer's majority will be between 20,000 and 22,000.

At Pittsburg the first anniversary of the hanging of the Chicago anarchists was celebrated at Lafayette Hall Sunday. The hall was packed. Albert Curwinn, of Chicago, made an inflammatory address in German. The service concluded with a drama written by August Spies, entitled "The Nihilist." The performance was in German.

About 10 o'clock Saturday, Oscar Huffman, a tinner working at the roof of an ice house in Cincinnati, fell through a hatchway in a dark attic, a distance of 50 feet, and was instantly killed. Later, Adolph Niehaus, another tinner, went in search of Huffman, not knowing he was dead, and fell through the same hatchway and received fatal injuries.

A meeting of representatives of all the interests concerned in the East African movement will be held at Cologne on Wednesday to discuss the question of recruiting a colonial force. The decision arrived at will be submitted to the government. The German press, with the exception of the Liberal and Radical organs, favor the movement.

John C. Meyer, of New Brunswick, N. J., the oldest son of the late millionaire, Christopher Meyer, died at Atlantic City last evening of pneumonia, aged 43 years. He was manager of the New Jersey rubber works in that city. He leaves a widow and two children. His estate is valued at about $2,000,000.

Congratulatory telegrams continue to pour upon General and Mrs. Harrison. The total now has reached about 6,000, from all classes of people. Far the larger portion come from individual workingmen. Nearly every Republican elector has sent his congratulations. As many as 400 Republican clubs and as many veteran organizations have been heard from.

President-elect Harrison attended divine services Sunday morning as usual. He was accompanied by Mrs. Harrison, his son Russell and wife and Mr. and Mrs. McKee. The church was crowded with strangers and others in anticipation of Gen. Harrison's presence. In his sermon, Dr. Haines made no reference whatever to the recent elevation of a member of his congregation to the presidency.

The first anniversary of the hanging of the anarchists was observed by the Chicago sympathizers Saturday, but not within the limits of the city. Police regulations prevented any procession or the flying of red bunting. Five thousand people, men women and children, gathered at the depot, and two big trains carried them to Waldheim cemetery. There speeches were made and dirges sung, and the crowd dispersed.

When the notorious wheat deal of E. L. Harper and the Fidelity National bank was in the throes of death, Harper sent Wilshire to Chicago with $600,000, in drafts, to be cashed at the American Exchange National bank, of Chicago. That bank cashed $400,000 of them, but when presented to the banks upon which they were drawn, payment was refused. The American Exchange National bank, of Chicago, presented its claim to Receiver Armstrong, but he refused to pay it. Suit was then brought, and a verdict rendered in favor of the claimants.

A PLACE FOR DAN.

Colonel Lamont May Go Into the Insurance Business in Gotham.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—Insurance men expect to see Daniel Lamont in the big Equitable Building, on Broadway, after next inauguration day.

John A. McCall, of the Equitable, was seen, but was non-committal. "I wish it was true that Mr. Lamont is coming here," he said earnestly, "for I know he would give service beyond any moneyed compensation." Mr. McCall acknowledged that he would be likely to know if Mr. Lamont was coming to his company, but he would not say whether he did know or not.

"Five or six months ago Mr. Lamont wrote me," continued the Equitable Comptroller, "that he was going to step out of politics the first of the year; that his wife and his family all wanted him to go into business. At that time he told me had had several offers to go into business and he mentioned them. One was from an insurance company." Mr. McCall concluded the interview by advising the reporter to "Go and see the Mutual people," but his face was wreathed in smiles. The Mutual people had previously referred the reporter to Mr. McCall.

AN OCEAN MYSTERY.

Steerage Passengers Say Mrs. Rose Was Cut Up and Thrown Overboard.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—Captain Sumner, of the steamship Egypt, yesterday empanelled a jury of passengers, who, after hearing all the evidence in connection with the mysterious disappearance of Mrs. Caroline Rose, the passenger who is supposed to have committed suicide by jumping overboard into the sea, rendered a verdict of accidental death.

The woman was under the influence of liquor when she went on board the vessel at Liverpool, and had a plentiful supply of whisky with her. Her disappearance occurred on the first night out. In her berth was found a table knife stained with blood, and articles of clothing, also stained with blood; a small sum of English money was also found.

The steerage passengers are inclined to be frightened over the occurrence, and some even go so far as to connect Mrs. Rose's disappearance with the Whitechapel murders, and expressed the belief that the woman had been cut up and thrown overboard.

ATE THEIR CROW.

While Republican Friends Dined on Jacksnipe.

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—(Special.)—A novel wager on the result of the Presidential election made at South Chicago two weeks ago was settled yesterday. A number of guests of a hotel were about equally divided on the political question.

In conversation one day the subject of a meal of crow was discussed and the result was that a wager was made that if Harrison was elected the Democratic boarders should eat a mess of crow, and that in case of Cleveland's success the Republicans were to so dine.

One dozen crows and a dozen jacksnipes were purchased and at dinner yesterday the Republicans and Democrats faced each other across the table. At the appointed time the waiters brought in the crows which had been roasted, and in all respects nicely prepared. Amid a continued roar of laughter on the part of the Republicans and their friends who had gathered to see the fun, the victims ate with good grace their meal. In the meantime the other side of the table feasted on jacksnipe.

The Country's Soldiers.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov 10.—In his annual report to the secretary of war, Adjutant General Drum says: The regularly organized uniformed and active militia of the several states, which in 1885 aggregated 84,739, reached 92,734 in 1886, increased to 100,837 in the following year, and July 3, 1888, represented an available force of 106,914 men.

Duke Maximilian, of Bavaria, had a second stroke of apoplexy Saturday. He remains unconscious.

MORMONS IN CANADA.

Joseph Smith's Angels Have a Settlement in the Great Northwest.

OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 9.—Canada will have to wrestle with the Mormon question next. Messrs. Smith, Lyman and Taylor, three members of the Mormon church, are here. They represent the Mormon settlement at Lee's Creek, N. W. T., and came to Ottawa on business with the interior department. Mr. Smith is a son of the late prophet of the church. The delegates are desirous of securing a town site at Lee's Creek.

Mr. Smith was interviewed to-day. He said the colony consisted of 125 souls. They do not exclude other Christians from the settlement. "Our business," he said, combined ranching and farming, but not on a large scale."

"Do you propose to practice polygamy?"

"We do not propose to break the laws of the country," was the response.

"We are Christians, we believe in Jesus Christ, and believe in him as strongly as any sect on the face of the earth."

"In what essential particular do you differ from orthodox Christianity?"

"The great difference is that we believe in modern as well as ancient revelation through the medium of prophets, seers and revelators. We will not do any proselytizing in any particular place. Our church is gaining ground, despite persecution by the American government. The faith was revealed to Joseph Smith, our first prophet, in 1830. Our adherents now number 500,000, and apart from Utah we have colonies in Arizona, New Mexico, Idaho, Colorado and Nevada. The settlement in the Northwest is not the inception of a movement to transfer our entire church to the protection of the British flag."

A SLEEPER ON FIRE.

Something New in Pullman Cars—Cool Heads Prevented Any Serious Results.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov 13.—While crossing the mountain coming west, early this morning, the Pullman sleeper "Aragon," of the New York express train No. 9, on the Pennsylvania railroad, caught fire, and before the flames could be subdued one half of the car was consumed, together with the clothing of a number of the passengers. The fire was discovered about 4 o'clock when the train was nearing Conemaugh.

The passengers were quickly awakened and half clad they rushed panic stricken from their berths to the adjoining car. Meanwhile the fire was steadily gaining, and it feared the car would be entirely consumed.

The porter, however, with the assistance of the fire extinguisher and several coolheaded passengers, soon had the flames under control. There were twenty passengers on the car, but fortunately no one was injured.

The passengers who had lost portions of their clothing presented a demeralized appearance when they arrived in this city, this morning. It is supposed the fire caught from the stove. The loss is not known.

BREAKING AWAY.

The South is Tired of Being Run by New York City and Will Organize an Able Bodied Bolt.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 12.—(Special.)—The *News* and *Courier* has published the opinions of the 30 county chairmen on the situation. One of the leading Democrats in the state created a sensation by saying: "I, for one, am getting tired of being used as a cat's paw to rake the chestnuts out of the fire for Northern politicians of New York of the Hewitt-Hill-Grant stripe. For twenty years or more these people have been using us to further their selfish ends. The Solid South has been used as a cat's paw by them, and the Solid South is a solidified fool if it does not kick over the traces. What would I do? Why do this:

"I would have a convention of the southern states; let the convention meet and discuss the situation; let us say to the National Republican committee: We are tired of this thing and we want to break through the traces. Give us your assurance that you will leave us alone to manage our state affairs and that you will give us decent federal officials in the south, and we will break up the solid south; we will cut loose from Tammany and the county Democracy and Hill and all the rest of it, and vote for the best man for President, whether he be a Republican or a Democrat."

DISCHARGED FROM THE NAVY YARD.

Five Hundred Men, Who, Having Voted, Are No Longer of Any Use.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—During the past four days more than 500 of the emergency men who were taken on at the navy yard a few weeks before the election, and whose duties consisted for the most part in housing coal and hauling timber for the new cruiser, Maine, have been discharged, and 400 or 500 more of them are to go in about a week. The discharged men feel very bitter against the Democratic managers, whom they accuse of breaking their ante-election promises, which they say held out the hope of permanent employment.

Harrison Condoles With Miller.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 10.—The following dispatch has been received by Warner Miller at his home in Herkimer, N. Y.:

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 9, 1888.

To Hon. Warner Miller, Herkimer, N. Y.:

I am greatly grieved at your defeat. If the intrepid leader fell outside of the breastworks the column, inspired by his courage, went on to victory.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

Attempt to Murder a Prince.

VIENNA, Nov. 13.—A report is in circulation in this city that an attempt has been made to assassinate Prince Ferdinand, the ruler of Bulgaria.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall street, N. Y.

HADES DESCRIBED.

About Sixty Feet Square and Full Cranks and Drunkards.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—Nearly everybody interested in the trial of Patrick Packingham, for the murder of his wife, was tired and sleepy-looking after the excitement of election, when the case was resumed before Recorder Smith. A unique feature of the proceedings was a description by the prisoner of hell as he had seen it in a sort of dream. After prosecution rested, the defense opened with a plea of "alcoholic insanity." Then the prisoner took the witness chair. His manner was mild and expressive of passive weariness.

He said that from the time that he sat down that Sunday to play cards with his son, his mind was a blank, and he remembered nothing until brought into the coroner's office and told that he had cut his wife's throat.

The cross-examination developed that he had had a sun stroke and a severe blow on the head. He had attempted suicide and had delusions, in which little men seemed to dance. On one occasion recently, in a sort of dream, he saw hell.

"Please describe hell," replied Lawyer Purdy.

"It was a vault-like place," said Packingham, "and seemed to be about 60 feet square. It was filled with political cranks and drunkards. The cranks were in one corner and the drunkards were in another, and they were being punished."

THE BELL SUITS.

The United States Supreme Court Decides Against the Bell.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—Justice Miller, of the Supreme court, is now rendering a decision in the suit against the Bell Telephone Co., brought here on the appeal from the decision of the Circuit court of Massachusetts, sustaining the demurrer entered by the Bell company to the governments suit.

Justice Miller decided that that the plea of multifariousness set up by the Bell Co. does not hold good, and also that the Bell company's contention that the United States had no right to bring a suit to set aside a patent is not good.

The decision is in favor of the United States.

Justice Miller over-rules the decision of the Circuit court of Massachusetts and the court remands the case with instruction to entertain the government's bill.

Floods in England.

LONDON, Nov. 13.—The heavy rains of the past few days have caused floods in many districts of England.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Wednesday, Nov. 12, 1888.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Nov. 13.	Nov. 6.
4's coupons	127	127
4's registered	127	127
Pacific 6's of '95	122	122

NEW YORK, Nov. 12, 3 p. m.—The stock market closed steady to firm at small fractions under first prices.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—The weekly statement of the associated banks shows the following changes:

Reserve—decrease	$2,172,650
Loans—increase	436,800
Specie—decrease	1,466,700
Legal tenders—increase	1,413,100
Deposits—decrease	2,884,600
Circulation—decrease	1,043,500

The banks now hold $11,387,200 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—Noon.—Money is easy at 1½@2 per cent; bar silver, 93¾.

The decline in the stock market made but slight progress after 11 o'clock, and while there was still a moderate degree of activity, the amount of business done underwent a marked decrease from that of the first hour. The movement was very small after 11 o'clock and the tendency was soon turned in the upward direction, but this was again reversed later and the slight improvement wiped out.

There was no feature of importance throughout the hour, and at noon the market was fairly active, and heavy to weak, at or near the lowest prices of the morning.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: C. S., 52¾; D. & H., 118; D., L. & W. 136⅝; Erie, 27⅛; J. C., 90; K. T., 13; L. S., 100c; L & N., 57⅜; M. C., 85⅞; Mo. Pacific, 75⅞; N. E., 45¾; N. Y. C., 108⅜; N. W., 109⅞; O. T., 30⅛; P. M. 37; R. T., 28¼; Reading, 47⅞; St. P., 23⅞; U. P., 64; W. U., 84¾; C., B. & Q., 110¼; H. & V, 26.

TRADE.

During the past week the general of the country has been a little slow. But little alternative is noticeable in values of leading commodities.

THE MARKETS.

Markets a Fraction Higher for Wheat.

The markets at all leading points to-day exhibited considerable firmness soon after the opening, but the shoots' bulge was broken afterward on a report that the Centrall Millers' association had requested the millers of the association to shut down their mills. At the close prices were ¼@½c higher than on the preceding day, and easier. Cables were dull. California wheat 3d higher in Liverpool. Exports light.

Prices of December and May wheat at leading points to-day:

Dec.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	106⅛	107¼	106⅛	106⅜
Chicago	113½	113¾	113¼	113½
New York	110⅝	111⅜	110⅝	111
St. Louis	107	107⅜	107	107¼
May	**Opened.**	**Highest.**	**Lowest.**	**Close**
Toledo	113¾	114⅛	113¼	113¾
Chicago	114	115⅞	114	114½
New York	116⅞	117¼	116⅞	117⅜
St. Louis	112⅝	113¾	112⅝	112⅞

Corn was dull with a fairly good tone. Oats steady. Clover seed a little lower.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day cash No. 2 soft red Lake Shore, 109½@110c, latter to close, no change; No. 3 soft red, 87½c, D. & M., and 102c Lake Shore.

For future delivery trade was active. The market firmed up from the opening but closed easy. No. 2 soft red December, 106¼c, rose to 107¼c, and to close, 106¾c, ½c better. May, 113¼c, 114⅛c, and finally 113¾c, same as before.

Corn was dull, No. 3, 42½c, No. 3 yellow, 42½c. Oats, quiet; No. 2, 27c; No. 2 white, 27c Lake Shore. Clover seed, fairly active but lower; prime cash, $5 40, 5c off; December, $5 45, 5c lower.

The Produce Market.

The market for produce, to-day, was fairly active, yet prices are about steady. Butter, of best quality, 20@22c. Eggs 20@21c. Cheese, 9½@10c. Poultry—chickens, 11@12c. Salt in car lots, 70c; barrels, 75c. Vegetables—Onions, per bu., 50c; cabbages, 25@35c per doz; lettuce, per pound, 8c; radishes, per dozen, 12c; tomatoes, scarce at 45 per bu.; celery, 25c; apples per bu, 40@45c; carrots per bu., 47c; parsnips per bu. 60c; squashes per dozen, 60@75c; potatoes, 40@—c per bushel. Provisions—Pork, heavy mess, $15 50; short mess, $18 00; long clear mess, $18 00; short clear, $18 50; rump, $15 00; clear butt, $17 00; clear bean, $14 00; clear neck, $——; lard, kettle rendered, tierces, 9c; barrels, 9c; half barrels, 9¼c; 50-lb. tins, 9½c; refined in tierces, 9c; in 50 -lb. tins, 9c; hams, heavy, —c; sugar cured, 18 lbs. average, 12c; 15 lbs., 12½c; 12 lbs., 12c; sugar cured shoulders, 10c; breakfast bacon, 11@12c; dried beef, 11c; clear sides, 9½c; clear backs, 9½c; pic-nics, 9c. Feed—Bran, $19; shorts, $19. Hay—timothy, $13. Flour, straights, $5 75; patents, $5 75; bakers, $5 25. Hides, green, No. 1 heavy steers, 5½@6c; light and cows, 4½c; grubby and No. 2, 3½c; cured, 7c; calf, green, 5c; cured, 7c; sheep pelts, on the basis of wool at 23c. Wool, washed 27c; unwashed, 20c. Fresh meats—No. 1 steers, 5½@6c; light steers, 5@6c; cows, 4½@5c; calves, 8½c; sheep, 7c; lambs, 8c; dressed hogs, 8c. Fruits—Peaches, per bu., $1 25@1 75; pears, per bushel, $1 50@1 75; lemons, per box, $4 50@4 75.

General Produce.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 13.—Wheat easy; cash, 106⅛c; December, 107⅜c; January, 108⅛c. Corn steady; No. 3, 40½c. Oats firm; No. 2 white, 30@31c. Rye, firm; No. 1, 57½c. Barley, firm; No. 2, 73c.

DETROIT, Nov. 13.—Wheat—No. 1 white cash 110c; No. 2 red, November, 110¼c; December, 111⅛c; May, 117⅞c. Corn—No. 2, 44c. Oats—No. 2, 28c No. 2 white, 29½c. Receipts—Wheat 23, 100; corn, 1,800; oats, 11,400.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 12.—Wheat—Western is quiet; No. 2 winter red, 104@104¼c. Corn—Western quiet; mixed, 51c. Oats quiet and very firm; Western mixed, 27@29c.c. Rye slow at 61@63c. Hay steady, prime to choice Western, $16 00@16 50. Provisions quiet in the jobbing trade. Mess pork, $16 50. Butter steady, western packed, 12@18c; best roll, 16@18c; creamery, 25@26c. Coffee, steady; Rio fair, 15½c.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 13.—Flour dull; family, $4 50@4 75; fancy, $5@5 20. Wheat—Western, 105c. Corn quiet at 45@45½c. Oats steady at 27½c. Rye easier at 56@58c. Pork dull at $15. Lard quiet at $8 05. Bulk meats firm; short ribs, $7 75. Bacon steady; short clear, $9 50. Whisky active; sales 1,217 bbls.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—1:15 p. m.—Close—Wheat firm; cash, 112½c; December, 113½c; January, 111⅞c; May, 114 9-16c. Corn easy; cash, 40¼c; December, 38⅝c; January, 37½c; May, 38⅞c. Oats steady; cash, 25⅛c; December, 25¾c; January, —c; May, 29¼c. Rye, 55c. Prime timothy, —c. Flax seed, $1.50. Whisky, $1 20. Pork firm; cash and December, $14 57½; January, $14 67½; May, $14 97½. Lard easy; cash, $8 17½; December, $8 07½; January, $——; May, $8 22½@8 25; November, steam rendered, $7 45@7 47½.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—The wheat market declined ¼@⅝c, rallied ⅜@⅝c, moderately active, now steady. Wheat—Receipts, 12,750 bu; sales, 1,160,000 bu; No. 2 red December, 110@110¼c; January, 111¾@112½c; May, 116⅝@117⅜c; June, 115@115½c. Corn—Receipts, 139,450 bu; sales, 216,000; market slow and steady at ½c decline; old mixed western, 50½@52c. Oats—Receipts, 85,000 bu; sales, 20,000; market quiet and steady; western, 29@40c. Beef steady; plate mess, $9 50@10 00; extra, do, $7 50@8 00. Pork firm and quiet; mess, $16 00@16 75. Lard strong and quiet; steam rendered, $8 62½@8 65. Butter—Receipts, 3,121 pkgs.; market steady and in moderate demand; western dairy, 12½@18c; do creamery, 16@26c; Elgin, 26½@27c. Cheese—Receipts, 1,339 pkgs; market steady and in moderate inquiry; state, 9@10¾c, including fancy, white and colored, 10½@10⅝c; western, 9@10½c; skims, 1½@8½c. Sugar steady; powdered, 7½c; granulated, 7¼c; crushed, 8c. Molasses—New Orleans, fairly active at 52c. Coffee—Rio, dull; fair, 15½c; options, dull and 10 to 20 points lower. Spirits of turpentine strong at 45½c. Eggs—Receipts, 5,674 pkgs; market strong; western, 24@25c.

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Live Stock Market.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 12.—Hogs—Liberal supply and good demand; common and light, $4 75@5 40; packing and butchers', $5 25@5 50.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 22.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,193 head; shipments, 1,845 market strong. Hogs—Receipts, 2,280 head; market steady; choice heavy, $5 50@5 60; packing, $5 30@5 50; light grades, $5 25@4 40. Sheep—Receipts 1,200 head; market firm.

EAST LIBERTY, Nov. 12.—Cattle—Market active and a shad better than last week; 22 cars shipped to New York; prime, $5 00@5 50; fair to good, $4 00@4 25; common, $3 00@3 65; stockers, $2 25@2 85; feeders, $3 00@3 75. Hogs active; Philadelphias, $5 70@5 80; mixed, $5 60@5 65; Yorkers, $5 55@5 60; common to fair, $5 40@5 50; pigs, $4 40@5 00; 7 cars hogs were shipped to New York. Sheep active and 25c higher than last week; prime, $4 00@4 25; fair to good, $3 25@3 75; common, $2 00@2 50; lambs, $5 25@5 75.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—Hogs—Receipts, 21,000; market fairly active and lower; light, $5 25@5 55; rough packing, $5 25@5 35; mixed, $5 25@5 50; heavy packing and shipping, $5 35@5 60. Cattle—Receipts, 11,000 head; market steady; beeves, $3 50@5 75; cows, $1 50@2 90; stockers and feeders, $2 00@3 40; Texas steers, $2 40@3 00. Sheep—Receipts, 10,000 head; market strong; natives, $3 00@4 25; westerns, $3 20@3 60; Texans $2 50V3 40; lambs, $4 00@5 75.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 12.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 2,742 head; shipments, 2,767 head; market stronger for all classes; good to choice corn fed, $4 75@5 25; common to medium, $3 25@4 60; stockers and feeding steers, $1 50@3 50; grass range steers, $1 50@3 00; cows, $1 00@2 85. Hogs—Receipts, 5,267; shipments, ——; market steady; good to choice, $5 35@5 45; common to medium, $4 90@5 25; skips and pigs, $2 90@4 60. Sheep—Receipts, 2,595; shipments, 517; market steady; good to choice muttons, $3 50@3 75; common to medium, $1 50@3 00.

BUFFALO, Nov. 12.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,300 head through; 4,000 head sale; market firm at last Monday's prices to a shad higher; good steers, $3 75@4 00; mixed butchers, $2 85@3 25; stockers and feeders, firm at $2 50@3 25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,400 head through; 8,000 head sale; sheep firm; good to choice, $3 50@4 25; lambs firm, $5 50@6 00 for Western and Canada. Hogs—Receipts, 4,200 head through; 15,600 for sale; market steady and active; medium, $5 50@6 00; Yorkers, $5 60; pigs, $5 35@5 60; roughs, $4 50@5 00; stags, $4 00@4 50.

Boston Wool Market.

Trade is active and prices are firm. Ohio and Pennsylvania, 31@36c; Michigan, 30c; Territory, 15@23c; Texas, 13½@20c; combing, 25@32c; pulled, 23@25c; scoured, 40@53c.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—The Mark Lane *Express* in its review of the British grain trade, during the past week says: The changeable weather favored wheat sowing, and planting of the '89 crop progressed to such an extent as to make the outlook favorable beyond what average seasons afford conducive to an increased area being seeded. There has been no feature in the trade for old native wheats. Sound samples of new are locally dearer. The sales of English wheat during the past week were 59,422 quarters at 31s 8d, against 57,795 quarters at 30s 6d during the corresponding week last year. Country flour very dull. Barley trade drags. Good samples are against buyers; the rest neglected. The price of oats tends upward. Beans and peas unchanged. Foreign wheat buyers are depending on an increase of waterside stocks, with free shipments from Europe, and the large quantity afloat, also on the expected collapse of the speculative movement in the United States to serve their present purposes. The receipts have been large, amounting to 134,647 quarters for the week. One cargo of wheat arrived, one was withdrawn, four remained, including one of Californian. There is some inquiry for the uner grades of foreign flour. American patents 6d dearer. Corn steadier; prices against buyers. Foreign barleys firm. Prices of foreign oats hardened, notwithstanding the fact that there have been large arrivals. At to-day's market wheat trading was slow; sound native choice foreign kinds firm; damp and inferior grades in favor of the buyer. Flour steady; finest higher. Corn irregular and dearer. Barleys dearer, except the inferior malting kinds. Oats, 3d dearer. Beans and peas were firm. Linseed oil was 3@6d dearer.

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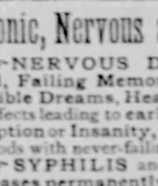

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